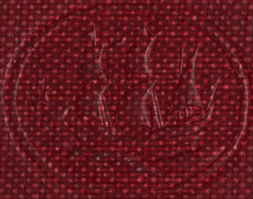

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THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE

THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE

A REVIEW OF SOME MEN AND EVENTS OF MY TIME

BY

SIR FRANCIS
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TO

E. L. Y.

THE BEST EMBODIMENT I KNOW
OF WHAT I HOPE FOR ENGLAND
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

When I was asked to write my 'reminiscences,' my first impulse was to refuse. Some years have still to run before my anecdotage sets in. Moreover, I have already written too much about my own doings. But as I read the invitation more carefully, I saw that what was really wanted was my mature views on men and events as I had seen them. This put a different complexion on the matter. And thus was I beguiled into writing yet another book.

For my own enjoyment I cannot go too often over the scenes of my early adventures. But there is a limit to human endurance in the public. I have therefore tried only to touch on them just enough to make of them a background for my story of the men and events with which I was connected. And my chief aim has been to sum up my experiences and form a judgment on them which may, I hope, be of interest to others. And if in the delight of looking on the old scenes once more I have been betrayed into dwelling too long on ground already familiar to my readers, I hope that they, being traditionally 'gentle,' will be lenient with my failing.

F. E. Y.

CONTENTS

PART I

DEFENDING INDIA

CHAP. PAGE

I. SIMLA 1

II. MANCHURIA 15

III. PEKING TO INDIA 28

IV. THE KARAKORAM HIMALAYA 42

V. THE PAMIRS 54

VI. HUNZA AND CHITRAL 65

VII. TIBET 79

VIII. LHASA 96

IX. EXPERIENCES REVIEWED 106

PART II

INNER INDIA

X. RHODES AND JAMESON 121

XI. RAJPUTANA 137

XII. INDORE 152

XIII. KASHMIR 164

XIV. INDIAN STATES 184

PART III

THE FLOWERING OF ENGLAND

XV. A FUNDAMENTAL INTEREST 197

XVI. PHILOSOPHERS 209

CHAP. PAGE
XVII. THE ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY 222
XVIII. *WITHIN* 240
XIX. AMERICA, WAR, AND GEOGRAPHY . . . 248
XX. LITERARY ACTIVITIES 262
XXI. GREATEST MEN 276
XXII. THE FLOWER OF ENGLAND 295

INDEX 303

MAP SHOWING THE RUSSIAN AND INDIAN FRONTIERS . 34

PART I

DEFENDING INDIA

CHAPTER I

SIMLA

INDIA has from time immemorial been subject to invasions from the north-west. The Aryans themselves came from that direction. Greeks, Persians, Afghans, and Moghuls followed. Always there has been pressure from the north upon India. The hardier races have wanted a place in the sun, and in no place can they find more sun than in India. And now the Russians have been following the same natural movement. For a couple of centuries past the impetus of their expansion has been towards India. And when I first went there in 1882 we were anxiously watching this process. It was not thirty years since we had fought the Russians in the Crimea, and only four years since we had sent our fleet through the Dardanelles to prevent the Russians occupying Constantinople and thereby threatening our communications with India. And we had been observing how they had been all the time advancing step by step across Central Asia, absorbing one principality after another till they had reached the borders of Afghanistan and were pressing it on two sides.

In 1885 matters came to a head. We were on the very brink of a war with Russia. And it was then that I began to take a part—a very humble one at first, and never a very great one, but still some part—in helping to fend off Russia from India.

The Russians had occupied Merv on the far side of the Caspian Sea, and were building a railway from there on to Herat, an important strategic point in Afghanistan. We were under obligation to defend Afghanistan if attacked, and we had to know how we stood in regard both to Russia and Afghanistan. Were the Russians contemplating any further advance, and if they were, how could we meet our obligations to the Afghan ruler—the Amir, as he was then called? To answer this a British Commission had been sent to meet a Russian Commission and determine the boundaries of Afghanistan, and the Amir had been invited by Lord Dufferin to meet him at Rawal Pindi, a big military centre in the north of India.

Now, my regiment, the King's Dragoon Guards, happened to be stationed at Rawal Pindi at the time; and it happened also that I was being temporarily employed on the divisional staff at Rawal Pindi, so when preparations had to be made for this meeting of the Amir with the Viceroy, and for the concentration of 20,000 troops, I was retained on the staff. I had, with three or four other young officers, to make myself generally useful—make reports on sites for camps, help lay them out, and allocate the different regiments and battalions to them, send out telegrams to the officers commanding at the various stations giving the times and dates for their arrival at Rawal Pindi, meeting them at the station and conducting them to their camps, and meeting generals also on behalf of Sir Michael

Biddulph, the Rawal Pindi general, and attending to their convenience. And as a cavalry officer I had to ride escort to the Duke of Connaught, and gallop for various generals, including the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Donald Stewart.

I did not get much sleep, as troops and generals would be arriving by night as well as by day. I had to sleep where and when I could, mostly in the waiting-room during any slack hours of day or night. But it was all very exciting to a youngster, and it became still more stirring when we found that this was not all mere show but might any day be turned into dead earnest. For, in the midst of the parades and Durbars, came the startling news that the Russians, coolly disregarding our Boundary Commission, had attacked the Afghans in Penjdeh and occupied it themselves. This was what was known as the Penjdeh incident ; and it nearly led to war. There was no outward excitement at Rawal Pindi ; but preparations were instantly made for moving the troops there assembled to the Afghan frontier. And I would have gone with them either with my regiment or on the staff (for my name had been put down among the staff appointments).

For a week or two peace or war hung in the balance. Mr. Gladstone's Government were prepared, if necessity arose, to declare war, and a special credit of eleven million pounds—an unheard-of sum in those days—was voted by Parliament for preliminary preparations. But if Mr. Gladstone on a point of principle was ready to go to war, the Government of India in actual practice was not. Since the Afghan War in 1881 a blight had fallen on

Indian defence ; railways to the frontier had been torn up, establishments reduced, armaments and equipment kept at a minimum. And now, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief, we were not in a position to oppose the Russians. This being the case, we had to eat humble pie, make the best of a bad job, ignominiously draw in our horns, leave Penjdeh in the possession of the Russians, and let the Amir think what he liked about our ability to carry out treaty obligations to protect him.

And so the great assembly broke up. Instead of moving to the frontier the regiments returned to their cantonments. The great show was over, and had not been turned into earnest.

But I had learned much. The Amir, with becoming Oriental disdain, had professed to be unmoved at seeing twenty thousand men paraded before him in one long line. But the sight had thrilled me. I had revelled in galloping at fullest possible speed with, as I imagined, the eyes of the whole army on me, carrying orders from the Commander-in-Chief, and delivering them in what I also imagined would be the peremptory tones a Commander-in-Chief would himself use, for had I not as a boy heard the Duke of Cambridge using the most dreadful language on a parade at Portsmouth ? And being on the staff, I had enjoyed splendid opportunities of seeing the whole parade and observing the great soldiers who took part in it.

The Durbar also I had seen. In it were assembled the principal Chiefs of the Punjab as well as the Amir ; and with their brilliant colours and glittering jewels they made a gorgeous display. But to me it was a tawdry exhibition in comparison with the brave show of the troops. And in my eyes the civilians cut a sorry figure beside the soldiers. I had all the subaltern's contempt for the civilian as such. And not without reason did I prefer the soldier. The Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governor were surrounded with much pomp and circumstance, and placed in Durbar above the greatest soldiers. But man for man, what were they in comparison with that fine old soldier, Sir Donald Stewart, or the dashing little Sir Frederick Roberts? And man for man, how could commissioners and secretaries to governments of all kinds compare with scores and scores of officers on parade there who had been tested in the ordeal of war and known the exaltation of life-and-death emergency? That was only twenty-seven years after the Indian Mutiny, and but five years after the Afghan War. And men who had been through these campaigns, and who might very soon be taking part in another and far greater war, were naturally more attractive to a subaltern than those who served only with the pen. And among the wielders of the pen upon whom my disdain then fell was no less a writer than Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, at that time unknown to fame, used to come to the office to glean information for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. On the eve of a great war, what was he compared with even a humble subaltern?

The captains and the kings having departed, I with others of the lesser folk was settling down to a dreary hot weather with my regiment, when another stroke of good fortune fell to me. My services were required at Simla in the Intelligence Department for six months. The actual work I had to do was nothing more exciting than revising the *Military Gazetteer* of Kashmir. But I had access to much secret information, and all my spare moments I devoted to studying the position of Russia in Asia, and the measures we were taking to counter any further move on the part of the Russians. Railways which had been heedlessly torn up were now being hastily put down again. Despite the heat, and despite the cholera, a marvellously engineered railway was being run to Quetta. Vulnerable points were being fortified; the tribesmen were being secured; and a mission under Colonel Lockhart (upon which I did my best to get myself employed) was being sent to Chitral and Hunza on the Northern Frontier.

All was intense activity behind the scenes, but outwardly all was gay. To the readers of *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *Under the Deodars* the Simla of this time must seem desperately wicked; but to a guileless young subaltern there was nothing more innocent than the gaiety. Dances were numerous; and the most indefatigable dancer was Lord Dufferin himself. Lord William Beresford organised the theatre; and the performances by the Amateur Dramatic Society were as good as at any ordinary theatre in London. Gymkhanas at Annandale there were too, and picnics in the various delightful spots round Simla. The lady who is commonly supposed to be the original of Mrs. Hauksbee was certainly looked upon with favour by the Adjutant-General, and perhaps some poor officer who might otherwise have had to remain in the plains was through her enabled to have a few months at Simla in an office. But probably the Empire did not suffer seriously through this. And certainly the Adjutant-General did not suffer, for he is alive to-day—well over ninety.

A beautiful place is Simla, set in the deodar forests, with wonderful views out to the snowy ranges on the one side and away over the outer ranges to the plain on the other, and with its clear atmosphere, exhilarating air, and gorgeous sunsets. And with work of absorbing interest, and as much or as little society as I cared for, I had as good a time as I could wish for if I could not be exploring. But upon exploring my heart was now thoroughly set. In the previous year I had spent my leave roaming about the Himalaya, and to make a journey was my great ambition.

And where I should explore was now shaping itself in my mind. In studying the position of Russia in Asia I had come to see the importance of Manchuria. I had been led thereto, firstly through a speech by the Russian general, Kuropatkin (afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army in Manchuria during the war with Japan), and, secondly, through discovering how rich in natural resources the country must be. Kuropatkin had said he greatly feared an attack from China, as it was impossible to say where it would end; the Chinese were arming slowly but continuously; no one knew the strength of an army the Chinese might be able to throw across the frontier, and it might prove so stupendous in numbers that no force Russia had available to place in time to meet them would have the power to stem so destructive a wave of Celestials. And General Sir Charles Macgregor, the then Quartermaster-General in India, in whose department the Intelligence Branch was included, had observed upon this : ‘ No time should be lost to induce the Government of China to attempt in the event of a war with Russia to regain the provinces south of Siberia which have from time to time been taken from them by Russia.’ He was in favour of an alliance with China, and of giving her officers and arms to be used against the Russians on the Amur and at Kuldja, in Chinese Turkestan.

It must be remembered that at this time the Siberian Railway had not yet been built, that the Russians were very weak in Eastern Asia, and that there was then quite a likelihood of China developing into what Japan has since become, an important military power. On our part, we had only recently gone to Egypt. We were not yet secure on the Suez Canal, and had still to fear the Russians emerging from the Black Sea through the Dardanelles, and attacking our vital line of communications. Beaconsfield had only seven years before thwarted the Russians at the very gates of Constantinople. The Russians were in consequence exceedingly sore, and were on the look-out for any point at which they could make us smart.

We may smile now at these ancient jealousies and rivalries, and laugh at ‘ Russian scares ’ and the ‘ Russian bogey,’ but we in India had had rough experience of European rivalry. We first had to fight hard against the Dutch. Then Napoleon had dreamed of an invasion of India, and for years we had been driven to struggling strenuously with the French. And in the nineteenth century the steady advance of the Russians across Central Asia had become a serious matter for us. We had then only 60,000 British troops in India. Our line of communications with England was, and is, dangerously long, and was liable to attack from Russia. At the same time Russia had an army vastly superior in numbers, which would issue from the heart of the country by an unassailable line of communications. Our position in India seemed forced and unnatural. That Russia should expand towards and even into India seemed almost a foreordained process of nature. Russia was always more of an Asiatic than a European Power; while Great Britain was an Island Power—and of an island at the extreme far end of Europe at that. All geography and nature seemed in favour of Russia. Her advance was likened to the irresistible progress of a glacier. And there need be little surprise that the responsible heads of the little army in India were anxious, and were on the look-out for every means of impeding it. And events have shown that they had good cause for anxiety. What the Russians did against the Chinese and Japanese in the Far East they might have done against us in India if they had thought they could act with impunity.

I plunged deeply into this problem, and, taking the cue of an attack by the Chinese on the Amur, I read up all I could find about Manchuria and the Amur provinces of Russia. And to my surprise I found that little was known. A few missionaries had been to the more inhabited parts of Manchuria, but there was no comprehensive description of the country which would enable us to appraise its value for military purposes. Nor was anything known of the strength of the Chinese in that quarter. Manchuria was clearly therefore the place where I should assuage both my ambition to explore and my ambition to be of some service in defending India from Russia. Exploration and military service could be combined in a journey to Manchuria.

But how to get on such a journey was the question. I had not the funds; and if I had, there would still be the difficulty of obtaining leave. Unless, of course, I could be sent there on duty. And why should that not be? In the evenings I accordingly drew up a report on our existing knowledge of Manchuria, and dwelt in moving terms on the urgent necessity of knowing more. And this report I meant at the close of my employment at Simla to show first to my immediate Chief, Colonel Bell, and then to Sir Charles Macgregor himself, and convince them that if the Indian Empire were to be saved I must be at once sent on duty to Manchuria.

But while I was working at this report in my spare time, help came from an unexpected quarter. Mr. James of the Indian Civil Service, whom I had met on one or two occasions and talked to about a journey he was then proposing to make in Chinese Turkestan, came one day to me and said that that journey was off, but that next year he proposed making a journey somewhere else, and asked me if I could come with him. Here indeed was a splendid chance. We talked things over, and I suggested Manchuria as a field for our travels. He also had been advised in the same sense. And Manchuria therefore was decided on. A journey there would give us some notion of the value of China as an ally against Russia.

So far so good. Still, permission to go either on leave or on duty had to be obtained. And when my report was complete I approached Colonel Bell and Sir Charles Macgregor. Colonel Bell was an engineer officer who had won the Victoria Cross in, I think, West Africa. He possessed great physical hardihood, and cared for nothing so much as making secret military reconnaissances. He was not an ideal head of the Intelligence Department, for he hated office work and was continually away. But he compiled most valuable reports on Persia and China. What I wanted now to do was entirely in his line, and I easily won his support.

Sir Charles Macgregor was of a different type. He also had made reconnaissances, and he had greatly distinguished himself in the Afghan War. But he was a very ambitious man, and he sought to play a great part in shaping the military policy of the Empire. He had written a secret book called *The Defence of India*, which I had come to know nearly by heart, and which, compiled before the Penjdeh incident, had forecast that move, and was intended to arouse the Government to the danger we lay in if we did not take steps to counteract the Russian advance. In a sense he was an alarmist, but only in the sense of stimulating Government to take proper precautionary measures. And he never doubted that if we exerted ourselves we could easily stave the Russians off, for he was fully aware of the difficulties that lay before them in any serious invasion of India.

He was a big, bluff, gruff man. When I was first introduced to him, all he had said was: 'Damned rum name that is.' Now, however, he was more interested in me. He at least listened to what I had to say. I asked to be sent on duty to China and Manchuria for eighteen months. He replied that I was too young (I was only twenty-two) and inexperienced to be sent at Government expense, and eighteen months was too long to be away, but he would do what he could to get me six months' leave. I thanked him, but gently implied that he must not expect to see me back at the end of six months: that was nothing like sufficient time. (In the event I was away nearly twenty months.)

Having arranged with James that we should start in March 1886, I returned to my regiment at Rawal Pindi at the end of October, feeling that at last I had got a move on.

CHAPTER II

MANCHURIA

SUBALTERNS are not usually enthusiastic when one of their number is constantly away from the regiment and they have to do his share of the work. There were therefore no marked signs of delight among my fellow-subalterns when I announced that I would shortly again be leaving the regiment. And twinges of conscience did, I confess, come to me at forsaking my brother-officers. However, I honestly believed that what I was working for was for the public good. In fact, I was almost ludicrously serious about it. I took it all in dead earnest, and thought that every consideration must give way before it. And after all, the number of officers apportioned to a regiment is based on its requirements in time of war. In time of peace there is no such necessity for so many to be with it ; and in reality some can very well be spared for the general work of the army. And such work is very good training and experience for them. The benefit of it is sure to be felt in the end.

But if my fellow-subalterns were not enthusiastic about my travelling, they were about my running. Bets were made upon my running 300 yards in 33 seconds. I consulted a professional runner in my troop about this, and he told me I could only do it if my stride was seven feet. I ridiculed the idea, for I am only five feet six inches in height. However, there it was. To cover 300 yards in 33 seconds you have to cover 27½ feet in each second, and that means four strides of practically seven feet each second. It seemed hopeless. But I did it; I ran the 300 yards in 33 seconds with a fraction of a second to spare.

Then they wanted me to walk fifteen miles in three hours. I said I would run it in two. We were now on the march down to Delhi to take part in a big camp of exercise, and going by the milestones on the Grand Trunk Road I ran the fifteen miles in one hour and forty-nine minutes. So, anyhow, I was in fit physical condition for the travels before me.

The manœuvres were on a big scale for those times, the opposing armies numbering about 20,000 men each, and being separated at the start by a distance of a hundred miles. A distinguishing feature was the presence, for the first time in India, of military representatives from foreign Powers, including Russia. Lord Dufferin, who had himself been Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, had been greatly struck with the efficiency and soldierly bearing of our Indian army; and he thought that we lost much diplomatic weight through this not being known by foreign countries. He therefore had invited these foreign representatives especially that this might be more widely known. And the Russians, to their surprise, were allowed to go everywhere—to go right up to the frontier even, in order that they might see the railways and fortifications we were constructing.

And that Russian officers *would* be impressed by our Indian Army I had four years later a proof. In the no-man's-land between the Russian and Indian Empires, I, with six Gurkhas as escort, met a Russian officer with six Cossacks. He asked to see my Gurkhas drill, and he very frankly and generously expressed his admiration of their soldierly qualities, saying that he saw that they were *regular* soldiers and not irregular as he had supposed.

Years later—this time with regard to the Germans—I remembered Lord Dufferin's action. When I was Resident in Kashmir I purposely asked the German Consul-General, a man of considerable position in the German Diplomatic Service, to spend a week with me ; and to him and to an officer of the German Imperial Staff, who came there at another time, I gave every opportunity and freedom for informing themselves. What these particular individuals reported to their Government I do not know. But though these and other Germans had the amplest opportunity of forming a right judgment on the position in India, they certainly formed a wrong one, for the German Government expected India to rise against us during the Great War, and little imagined that India would so whole-heartedly go into the war with us. Considering all the seditious talk there was in India during the years before the war, shallow observers might perhaps be expected to report that India would surely seize the chance of our being engaged in a life-and-death struggle to free themselves of us. But responsible agents should have been able to see deeper than that. And the probability is that they reported what their superiors would like to have reported. A Staff officer who reported that the Indians were, on the whole, very fairly well contented with the British, and certainly did not wish to have them replaced by the Germans, might think he would be suspected of having been got at by the British. Certainly a Russian who once made such a report was thus suspected, for I was told so by a Russian Consul-General. The poor man was not only suspected but accused of having been bribed by us ; and he was ruined by being no further employed.

We cannot *make* foreign agents report the strength of our position in India. But Lord Dufferin was quite right in giving them the opportunity of seeing it. The weakness is palpable enough. The strength needs showing ; and unless the strength as well as the weakness is realised we are liable to be involved in war—to our misfortune, indeed, but to the far greater misfortune of our enemy. The Bolshevists may yet have to learn this lesson.

From the Delhi camp of exercise I went to Calcutta to join Mr. James—afterwards Sir Evan James—the most kindly, affectionate, and generous of men ; and together we sailed for China on March 19th, 1886.

At Hong-Kong I felt my work begun, and I threw my whole self into it. I warily approached forts on the river to Canton and made notes about them ; and I eyed every Chinese soldier I met till I had summed up his inmost soul. I was determined to gather all the military information I could, and to form a true estimate of the military value of China.

At Shanghai we enjoyed the hospitality of a real merchant prince of the old style, Mr. Keswick, the chief representative in the East of Jardine, Matheson and Co. Eventually we reached Peking, where we were entertained by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Nicholas O'Connor, Ambassador in St. Petersburg and Constantinople. Sir Harry Parkes had recently died, and Mr. O'Connor was chargé d'affaires in his place. He was a middle-aged man and evidently very capable, but I remember my astonishment when he told me that now for the first time he was acting on his own responsibility. Up till then he had only copied out despatches and drawn up reports, but never had to bear responsibility. In India we have to act on our own initiative at a very early stage, and the contrast between the Indian Service and the Diplomatic Service surprised me.

From Peking we proceeded to Newchwang, the port of Manchuria, and from there, with Mr. Fulford of the Consular Service, made that journey round Manchuria which has been fully described by the late Sir Evan James in his book *The Long White Mountain*, and more shortly by me in *The Heart of a Continent*. We found the country to be extremely rich in natural resources. The soil was very fertile; there were vast forests of excellent timber; and there were signs of considerable mineral wealth. Added to which there was a numerous, industrious, and intelligent population. I was astonished, too, at finding an arsenal managed entirely by Chinese which turned out guns, rifles, and machine-guns. Quite evidently the Chinese had great capacity; but there was little evidence of real military efficiency. The cause was obvious.

Military officers were looked down upon. They were treated as inferior, and had no standing or influence in national affairs. And the men were not looked after by their officers. Both patriotic and military spirit were wanting. The material was good. The men were very hardy, and more intelligent than the men of European armies. But without *esprit-de-corps* and public spirit and a sense of duty to their country, they were of very little value. This was the impression I got from reading all available books and reports, from conversations with men of experience, and from observations of Chinese troops wherever I could ; and one of my ways of observing was to walk straight into a fort and proceed round it till I was turned out, sentries seldom being at their posts.

At the extreme end of Manchuria we crossed over into Russian territory for a few days, and were most hospitably received by the commander of an outpost near Possiet Bay. He had been with the Russian army before Constantinople, and was very sore at having been thwarted by our fleet just as the prize was within their reach. For all that he was very hearty in his welcome, and plied us with drinks innumerable. These Russians were the 'enemy,' so to speak, and the Chinese, according to the theory I had started on in India, were possible allies. But I cannot say that my heart warmed to the idea of having the European as the enemy and the Asiatic as the friend. The Russians were cheery, good-natured men, and I was much more disposed to be friends with them than with the Chinese.

At the conclusion of our journey Mr. James returned to Europe by America, Fulford went back to his consular duties, and I made my way to Peking, where I spent the winter in the Legation, gathering all military information obtainable from the Legation archives. Mr. O'Connor had left, and Sir John Walsham was now Minister. He was a very courtly diplomatist—a typical English gentleman and beloved by every one. He had only one failing, and that a very human one: he hated answering official letters. When the Foreign Office became exceptionally exasperated he would send a costly telegram. Otherwise their letters were deposited in perfect safety in the office. Eventually the Foreign Office had to ask him to return to England for personal consultation. Except for this failing he was an excellent representative. He was very straight and honourable, and the Chinese knew where they were with him. And our Consular Service in China felt that in him they had a Chief whom they could trust and who would support them.

To me he was most kind. He said quite firmly at the start that now I had come to the Legation I must do no more walking into Chinese forts. But he gave me a free hand in looking through the Legation archives, and would often take me into his study after lunch for a long talk and make me tell him about India. And to me it was surprising to find how little he realised the magnitude and importance of our administration in India. He seemed to have visualised the Viceroy as a glorified ambassador with only an unusually large Embassy staff. He knew nothing of the great departments which make up the administration, or of its immense power. Perhaps even now members of our Diplomatic Service are similarly ignorant of the great scale on which our work in India is carried on.

Mr. Goschen (afterwards Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador at Berlin at the outbreak of the war) was then First Secretary of the Legation. He did not immerse himself profoundly in Chinese politics, but he enjoyed life, was very sociable, and used to give cheery dinner-parties.

Mr. Hillier (afterwards Sir Walter Hillier, Consul-General in Korea and Adviser to the Chinese Government) was Chinese Secretary, and Mr. Jordan (afterwards Sir John Jordan, Minister at Peking) was Assistant Secretary. Both were very sympathetically inclined to the Chinese, and knew them well. They were the specialists to advise our European-trained diplomatists. And they were good enough to give me, too, much helpful advice.

Three months I spent at Peking, nearly all the time as the guest of Sir John and Lady Walsham. But I fear I was a very unsociable being. The archives were absorbingly interesting, and I strayed away from the purely military into exciting political topics. When you are young and fresh, documents marked Secret or Confidential have a peculiar fascination. And my mind was so congested with these secrets that I had, I fear, little small talk, and must have been a dead-weight at the daily luncheon- and dinner-parties. For Peking in those days was very sociable, and the Walshams most hospitable. Besides the family and members of the

Staff there were nearly always some people to dinner or luncheon. And the European community in Peking was small and mostly composed of the Legations, who were constantly entertaining one another. So the parties were of every nationality.

The doyen of the Diplomatic Body was the German Minister, von Brandt, who had been in Peking some years. I accompanied Sir John Walsham to a dinner of men only which von Brandt gave, and at which most of the other Ministers were present. They soon—except Sir John—started telling *risqué* stories. But before five minutes were up the French Minister held the field, and kept it for the rest of the evening. No one else could compete. His name was Constans. He was extremely clever, and subsequently became Minister of the Interior in France, and was the man who smashed Boulanger. Later he was French Ambassador at Constantinople. A greater contrast to Sir John Walsham could not be imagined.

The Russian Minister was Coumany, and I looked upon him much more as the 'enemy' than I had the military officers I had met in Eastern Siberia. I believe, in fact, there is all the world over a clannishness of professions. Whatever country they belong to, soldiers have a fellow-feeling for one another. Sailors have the same. And so have diplomatists. They forgather wherever they are. Certainly in Peking the members of our Legation and the members of the Russian Legation entertained each other with quite genuine good feeling—though personally I must confess to a repugnance to these Russian diplomats.

The Netherlands Minister was named Ferguson, and I can recall his trying to impress me with the superiority of the Dutch system of administering dependencies. His point was that the French had too many officials and were too dictatorial; that we had too few officials and were too slack; but that the Dutch struck the happy mean: they did not overload the people with officials, but at the same time they kept them in order. I would not admit that anything could be superior to the British. But I have always kept this Dutchman's views in my mind, and often thought there may be something in them. The conditions of our Empire are so extremely varied that it is impossible to generalise on such a point as this. But in the main tendency we may be disposed to ease off too much rather than tighten up.

A curious figure in Peking at that time was Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. He was employed by the Chinese to collect the custom dues from foreign trade, and was allowed a very big salary—nearly treble that of our Minister; and as long as he produced the money he was left to himself. He was a very efficient administrator, and produced far more than the Chinese had ever expected: they were therefore well pleased with him. But he was a great autocrat. He was not, like a Cabinet Minister, responsible to Parliament, or, like the chairman of a company, responsible to shareholders. He did as he liked without let or hindrance. He made his own appointments, promoted whom he liked, and transferred men hither and thither as he chose. But he undoubtedly created a fine service, and contributed largely to the Chinese coffers. He was a great worker and lived a very secluded life, but every now and then he gave a big dinner, to one or two of which he was good enough to invite me.

Sir Robert Hart had been offered the post of British Minister at Peking, but very fortunately for us had declined the offer. Though a firstrate man in his own line, he would have made a bad Minister, for he had not left China for more than twenty years. Like so many Europeans who live for long in China, he had become quite Chinesified. He was out of touch, therefore, with home feeling, and would not have represented his country effectively. It is quite necessary for a British Minister at Peking to understand the Chinese point of view ; but it is still more necessary for him to understand, and to have the force of character to *press*, the *British* point of view ; for the Chinese are perfectly capable of looking after their own interests, and they have of course a representative in London to put their own case before our Government.

Of the Chinese themselves I saw little during my three months' stay in the Legation ; for there was not much intercourse between the Minister and Chinese officials. This was fourteen years before the Boxer Rising, when the Chinese were still holding themselves very aloof and maintaining an attitude of utter superiority. It was indeed this arrogance on the part of the Chinese that had been at the bottom of so much trouble with China. For centuries they had really believed, and moreover had acted on the belief, that they were the

Middle Kingdom and centre of the world—and all other nations inferior to them. The Emperor was the Son of Heaven, and all other sovereigns must bow to him. By dint of persistent fighting for proper treatment the Ministers of Foreign Powers had come to be received with a certain amount of respect. But the higher Chinese still kept themselves very much apart in the Sacred City. And when a British Minister did not receive from the Chinese anything like the respect or consideration with which he would be treated at the Court of St. Petersburg or Berlin or at Paris, it was not likely that he would go out of his way to seek intercourse.

Sir John Walsham did indeed hope that more reasonable relations with the Chinese Government would be set up when the Marquis Tseng returned to Peking from Europe. He was one of the first Chinese of position to learn English and French and represent China in London more in accordance with European ideas. I saw him at the Legation on his return, and found him very pleasant and agreeable, as indeed all Chinese officials are if they receive or visit you at all: they are then most scrupulously polite. But Sir John told me that as far as business went the Marquis Tseng was more Chinese than the old lot: he had to show that he had not been spoilt by his visit to England.

On the whole, the impression I got at Peking was that the Chinese were a great people in many ways, but not nearly so great as they thought themselves—especially in relation to others. They were very cultured, had beautiful manners, and a fine feeling in art; but they suffered from an overweening pride, and this accounted for much of the trouble they brought upon themselves. No one could look upon their magnificent buildings, their exquisite porcelain, their beautiful silks, or observe the elaborate manners and remarkable conversational gifts of the high officials without being impressed with the greatness of the Chinese. But also no one could be long in Peking, thirty or forty years ago, without noticing—and resenting—a feeling of contempt which the Chinese bore to all non-Chinese. This feeling was ingrained in them. They had lived apart from the rest of the world, and it had grown up in them as part of their very nature. There was not in the Chinese the hot fanatical hatred of the Mohamedan frontier tribesmen for the heretical British, but there was a cold intellectual contempt capable of biting nastily on occasion.

CHAPTER III

PEKING TO INDIA

THE temporary quiet I was enjoying at Peking was suddenly broken at the end of March by the unexpected arrival of Colonel Bell, the head of the Intelligence Department at Simla, under whom I had served in the summer of 1885. His intention was to travel overland from Peking to India and make himself acquainted with the resources of China. I immediately begged him to let me accompany him. It was a rare chance. And it turned out better than I expected, for Colonel Bell said that it would be a waste of opportunity for two officers to go by the same route. He would be following the main line of communication between Peking and Chinese Turkestan, and visiting the chief towns on the way so as to see all he could of the country and its possibilities; and he recommended that I should follow the more direct route to Chinese Turkestan, namely, that across the Gobi Desert. From the military point of view it could not be of much value; but no European had followed it, and it was well, therefore, to know about it.

I jumped at the idea. My original plan had been to return to India by the sea-coast, visiting the chief ports and big trading centres so as to complete my report. But this plan of returning to

India through Mongolia and Central Asia aroused all the exploring spirit in me.

I at once told Sir John Walsham of the proposal, and he was quite sympathetic. But after dinner that evening he came up to me in the kindest way possible and asked me if I was *really* anxious to go. Perhaps the warm-hearted Lady Walsham had suggested to him that I might perhaps be inwardly nervous at the idea of going alone on such a journey —for I was only twenty-three—and that I would be glad of some excuse for getting out of it. But I was indignant at the mere suggestion that I did not want to go. And when Sir John saw how keen I was he promised to cable at once to Lord Dufferin urging that leave should be granted.

Sir John was dilatory in answering letters from the Foreign Office, but he was prompt enough to do a kindness. And he did me a further good turn which I did not hear of till long after. Lord Dufferin had cabled back granting me leave; and three days after it came I had started for India, Colonel Bell having already gone. But two or three days after I had left, a second cablegram came from India cancelling my leave. It seems that the military authorities had protested that the Viceroy had no power on his own initiative to grant leave to a military officer without consulting them. Sir John cabled back that I had already started. He did, however, communicate with me even after this, sending me some comforts for the journey; but through some lapse of memory he omitted to mention that my leave had been cancelled, and I was able to proceed on my way unhindered.

It was a venturesome proceeding to start off alone on what would be a journey of nearly four thousand miles, half of which would be through unknown country. And I should have to cross the largest desert and the highest range of mountains in the world. But with the confidence of extreme youth I did not doubt that I should get through all right. If difficulties arose I would rise to meet them. What difficulties did arise and how I met them, and what I saw on this journey, I have described in *The Heart of a Continent*, published thirty years ago.

The desert was both dreary and fascinating. We were a party of four—my Chinese servant, a Chinese camel-owner and guide, a Mongol assistant, and myself; and we had eight camels. Provisions for the whole ten weeks' journey across the desert were carried with us, and we rode on the camels. Plodding along day after day and week after week over barren wastes, and meeting only occasionally with nomadic Mongols, was monotonous. But I was not cooped up as we had been in the Manchurian forests. There were great spaces before and around me. And every evening I had the sight of glorious sunsets, and afterwards communion with the stars, for we travelled by night, starting at about five in the afternoon. And always there was the thought of adventure ahead, and new countries to be seen, and fame and name to be won.

Parts of the desert were desolate tracts of sand, but generally it was of stone or gravel, and the route took a detour to avoid the sand and keep along the outlying spurs of the Altai Mountains. The main difficulty was water. Only once or twice did we come across a trickle of a stream, and generally the only water we got was from a stagnant pool of water made all the more filthy from the camels or flocks which would be driven to it. Sometimes we would have to dig in a hollow till a little water came oozing up. Never was the water fit to drink except boiled and in the form of tea. About the best drink I have had in my life was from a stream of fresh, pure water we found as we ascended the Tian Shan—the Heavenly Mountains—at the end of our desert journey.

After that I marched through Chinese Turkestan for a thousand miles. The way was still across desert for most of the time. But it lay along the base of these Heavenly Mountains ; and the streams coming from them made beautiful green oases, so that at the end of each march I would find a cool house to stay in, and later on fruit in plenty—melons, grapes, peaches, and apricots. And the inhabitants were quite friendly. They were not an enterprising race, and had no venturesome, warlike spirit in them. They were timid and slack and listless. But they were at least hospitable, and very often would refuse to take any payment from me for letting my cart and party put up in the yard. Once, indeed, when I had left my Chinese servant and mule-cart, and was making a detour with an Afghan through Kirghiz country in the mountains, putting up in their tents at night, an angry crowd appeared in the morning and wanted to kill me, on the ground that I was the first European who had been there. But the Afghan was able to soothe them down and persuade them to let me proceed. And with this exception they were quite hospitable, and in their round felt tents I used to have my meals with the family and lie alongside them at night—men, women, and children together.

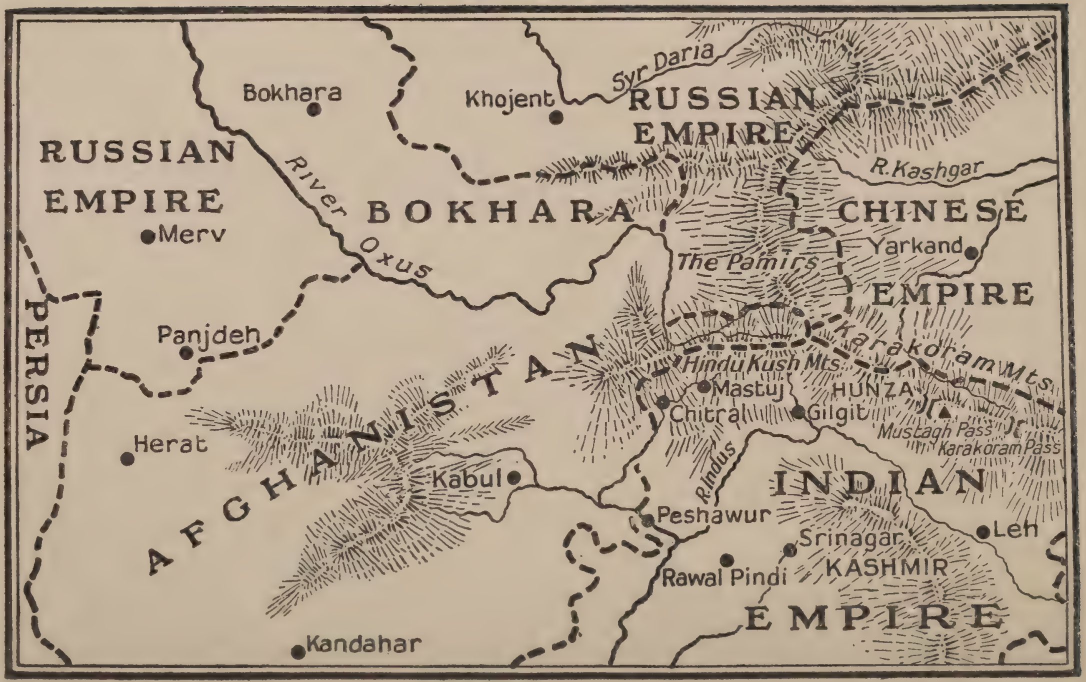
Kashgar, the chief town of Chinese Turkestan, I reached on August 18th. Here was stationed a Russian Consul-General, Monsieur Petrovsky. I paid him a visit, and he returned it in great state with an escort of sixteen Cossacks and a flag. I saw much of him four years later when I returned to Kashgar. He was a clever man, and well read in books on India. But here again I did not take to the diplomatic agent as I had taken to the soldier, and always felt it necessary to be on my guard. He was an agreeable man to talk to, but not a man you could trust a single yard.

I reached Yarkand, the chief centre for trade with India, on August 29th ; and again came one of those turns which made my return to India from Peking so dramatic. All through Turkestan I had heard of Colonel Bell having passed along a week or two ahead of me. Now I received a letter from him, written on the Karakoram Pass, and saying : ' I have heard nothing of you and do not know what to expect. . . . From a batch of letters received here I glean that your leave was granted. . . . Don't come back by any of the roads from Khotan or Yarkand on Leh. They are well known and all equally bad. I wanted to cross by the direct road on Kashmir, *i.e.* by the Shimshal Pass and Mustagh Pass, but the road is not open till September, and I could not wait. It is your shortest road—wants to be explored—any time that you may spend over your leave can be accounted for and you held blameless, and I will so inform authorities when I reach India—so don't hesitate to go. . . . Don't fail to try the Mustagh—it is your shortest route, and you have every excuse for trying it.'

I did not fail to try it, and did not fail to get over it, and by putting on a great spurt at the end of my journey I did not exceed my leave, but rejoined my regiment on the very day it was up. But the Mustagh Pass was a tough proposition, and I only succeeded in getting over it because the Indian merchants at Yarkand had got together for me a firstrate set of men.

Being young, I had a great advantage. Both the merchants and the guide they secured for me felt a responsibility for seeing me through that they might not have felt towards an older man. I had only to play up and show that I meant to do my part but otherwise could leave myself in their hands, and they would accept the responsibility and risk their lives to get me over the Pass.

We had to cross the entire breadth of the Himalaya, about six hundred miles, from the plains of Turkestan to the plains of India, and cross it just by a magnificent galaxy of peaks, one of which was only a few hundred feet lower than Mount Everest. We worked together all day long, had our meals out of the same pot, and in the highest parts had to sleep together on the ground in the open. It was cold at night, and in the morning I would wake up with my moustache and beard frozen together across my mouth through the moisture of my breath being turned into ice. But I was perfectly comfortable



MAP SHOWING THE RUSSIAN AND INDIAN FRONTIERS in my fur bag ; and there was something deeply stirring in the sight of those phantom mountains round about us, and in the impress of that starry host above glittering with a radiance they only have at the pure atmosphere of the highest heights. In the great stillness of the night the calm composure of the stars made me feel that I belonged quite as much to them as to this earth. We all seemed one together—my men and I, and the spotless mountains, and the radiant stars.

With no paths or tracks of any kind, we had hard work making our way up the bed of one stream to the summit of a pass, over it, and down the bed of another stream on the other side ; then up another stream to another pass. And I was thrilling with excitement as I pressed on, fearfully out of breath, to the summit of the last pass before reaching the great axis of the Himalaya. I was eager to see what the culminating range was like. And I fairly gasped as, only just across a deep trough, I saw arrayed before me a line of shining peaks set against a sky of deepest azure. More splendid than I had ever imagined was that view, so sheer and precipitous was the rocky base of these mountains, so pure were their summits as they glistened white in the sunshine.

I was filled with pride at being the first white man to see this sight ; but how to find my way over that formidable range was quite another matter. We descended into the valley, and then struggled up a glacier for three days till we came to that break in the mountains which is known as the Mustagh Pass. One of my men had been over it twenty-five years before, but since then it had been out of use. It must be at an altitude of about 19,000 feet ; and when I arrived at the summit after panting up a snow slope and looked on the other side, I thought it would be quite impossible to get down it. The old way by a ravine had been blocked with ice ; and now we would have first to cross an ice-slope ending in a sheer abyss, and then descend a rocky precipice on the far side. To trained Alpine climbers with ice-axes, a proper rope, and nailed boots, the pass would have been no serious obstacle. But we had none of these things. We had one pick-axe with which Wali, the guide, cut steps in the ice, and the rest of us had only alpenstocks. Our boots had no nails, and were of the ordinary native type, more like leather stockings than boots. And our ' rope ' was made up of pieces of rope used for the baggage and of the men's turbans and waistbands tied together.

I was full of a fearful dread as I went across that ice-slope and down the rocky precipice. It was so easy to slip, and a single slip meant death. But when we are young and thoroughly inexperienced we do get through critical situations in a way we never ought to. And after six hours of torture we arrived safely on the glacier at the bottom. The transport problem had been solved by throwing my roll of bedding, containing our kettle and a little food, over the precipice and picking it up at the bottom.

Three days later I arrived at the first village on the Indian side, without money, without food, and without any clothes but what I stood up in, but with the satisfaction of having surmounted the final and greatest obstacle on the way from Peking to India. A week or two later I was travelling through Kashmir in the full beauty of its autumn foliage, all the more appreciated now from its contrast with the rock and ice and snow and the stern grandeur of the mountains round the Mustagh Pass. And on November 4th, 1887, exactly seven months after I left Peking, and on the very day on which my leave expired, I arrived at Rawal Pindi.

My regiment was still there, and the subalterns quite frankly expressed the opinion that it was 'about time I came and did some work.' And as I had been away for a year and a half, they had some justification for taking this view of my proceedings. But the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Roberts, had fortunately sent a telegram of congratulations to the Colonel, so my brother-officers gathered that anyhow I had not been loafing, and they showed me quite as much consideration as I deserved.

After a day with the regiment, I was called to Simla for a fortnight to make my report. And there I found Colonel Bell. He was an undemonstrative man. He seemed to take it for granted that I would get through, and did not say much more than that he was glad. But he was evidently satisfied with my performance, and that was all I cared for. In ten days I had written up my report, and I then rejoined my regiment on the march to another camp of exercise.

How I got through the manœuvres I do not know, for I had forgotten nearly all my drill. However, a troop-sergeant-major is a very useful person, and mine saw me through many a nasty turn. And at the end my squadron-leader gave me one crumb of comfort ; he said I was damned bad at drill, but that he would rather have me on active service than any one else in the regiment. So after all, my travels cannot have been so very detrimental to my soldiering—if active service is what regiments are intended for.

My greatest gratification came, though, from Sir Frederick Roberts himself. He came to dine with our regiment, and immediately on entering the tent asked for me. I was very proud at being singled out like this before my brother subalterns, and I found him most easy to talk to. He was very simple in his manner, and seemed and *was* really interested in what I had done. And this fact alone of his wanting to talk to me showed his appreciation of my work ; for a Commander-in-Chief does not ask for an unknown subaltern unless the subaltern has something worth talking about. He gave me the impression that he attached importance to my journey, and this naturally pleased me. But he did more. He showed me that he had what can best be described as fellow-feeling with me. He seemed to understand that I must have had some pretty stiff obstacles to surmount, and to be glad that I was one of those who can get through difficulties. Some men have a way of creating tremendous difficulties in front of them, and then with superhuman energy forcing their way through. Sir Frederick Roberts in his talk gave the impression that even if there were terrible difficulties straight before his eyes he would not see them but walk through them as if they did not exist. And he had a way of making me feel the same. He seemed to assume that as a matter of course I would get through, and this gave me increased confidence in myself; though it also made me feel what a dreadful thing it would have been if I had *not* succeeded—if I had fallen below what he evidently expected of a British officer.

It is difficult to strike the right mean between dryly accepting a good performance as if it were a matter of course—between that and showing due *appreciation* of what it means. But Sir Frederick Roberts did this. He seemed to assume that I *would* do my job, tough though it was; and also to be pleased that I *had* done it. And he had that wonderful buoyant way of carrying you along with him and lifting you up—making you feel as if all things were possible unto you.

This interview with Sir Frederick Roberts put the final touch to my satisfaction. What I had set my heart on two years before at Simla had now been accomplished. I had made a journey big enough to satisfy my highest ambition. I had penetrated the dense forests of Manchuria; I had travelled over the open steppes of Mongolia; I had crossed the great desert of Gobi; and I had scrambled over the mighty Himalaya. I had traversed the Chinese Empire from the extreme east on the Pacific Ocean to the extreme west by the Roof of the World. And all this while I was only twenty-four. And, besides exploring, I had spent a winter at Peking, and had enjoyed other opportunities of estimating the value of China as an ally against Russia. All that I had hoped to do I had done.

And now that my journey was over and my investigations completed, what was the conclusion I had come to about China? It was that General Kuropatkin's fears were groundless. There was no prospect of the Chinese being able—of themselves—to attack Russia. In Manchuria and along the coast there was great military activity; additional troops were being raised and drilled, forts on modern lines were being constructed and armed with Krupp guns, arsenals were being built, telegraph lines being laid, and even a railway was being made to Tientsin. But these preparations lost nearly all their value, I considered, because of the corruption of the officials and the general military inefficiency of the nation. The Chinese were quite unable to assume the offensive against the Russians, and in Turkestan would not even be able to hold their own; the Russians would have little trouble in conquering the whole of Turkestan.

I had no opinion of China as an ally against Russia; but I did consider that we ought, for commercial reasons, to interest ourselves in her welfare. The more she developed her resources, the better it would be for our trade.

The sequel we all know. A few years later Japan easily beat China, so militarily inefficient was the latter. Russia constructed the Trans-Siberian Railway, then seized Port Arthur in the south of Manchuria, and ran a branch line down to it. Then she fell foul of Japan, and was driven from Port Arthur. And this same General Kuropatkin who had so feared the Chinese was beaten by the Japanese. As to the Chinese, they looked helplessly on while foreign Powers fought on Manchurian soil. And soon her whole system of Imperial Government fell, and a Republic was set up. But there is not yet stability, and the whole country is now embroiled in civil war and infested with brigands.

My estimate of China was therefore not far wrong.

CHAPTER IV

THE KARAKORAM HIMALAYA

HAVING proved myself by making a big journey, I had hoped that I should obtain some Staff employment. But none was forthcoming. Instead I was told to pass examinations. Whence cometh this faith in examinations we know not. But there is the noxious growth ; and as it increases, faith in men diminishes. Instead of trusting in the lower grades to fit themselves for the higher, and in the higher to exercise their judgment in selecting the best from among the lower, this deadening system of examinations is resorted to. Whatever a man does outside the examination room counts as nothing in comparison with what he does inside it. In political life, in business, and in sport, men are trusted to qualify themselves for the higher positions, and the leaders are trusted to make proper selection among their juniors or followers. But in both the civil and military administrations examinations have established their hold, and initiative and self-reliance are strangled in a man.

I was solemnly passing examinations in Military Law, Fortification, Strategy and Tactics, and preparing to pass others, when relief suddenly came from an unexpected quarter. If the military authorities could find no employment for me, the political authorities could. And in June 1889 I received a telegram ordering me to Simla; and I was then sent on a semi-military, semi-political Mission to the Northern frontier.

The Penjdeh business had been composed. The Afghan boundary with Russia was being settled; and the Russians were being staved off Afghanistan. But the Kashmir frontier was not yet safe. No big invasion could be expected from that direction; but the Russians might penetrate to some of the independent peoples on that frontier and cause us a deal of trouble. In those days they were regarded by the tribesmen on the frontier as the powerful, irresistible people who marched ruthlessly on. And if they got in amongst these tribesmen they might create so much unrest that we might be obliged to increase our military forces in that quarter. Our aim therefore was to fend them off the Northern frontier as we had kept them off the North-West frontier. And this might be done mainly by diplomatic means, through the agency of soldiers lent to and acting under the orders of the Foreign Department of the Government of India.

A beginning had been made in 1885 by sending Colonel Lockhart (afterwards Sir William Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief in India) to Hunza and Chitral. Now, in 1889, Colonel Durand was to be sent to both those states and was to establish a permanent political agency at Gilgit. Gilgit was then weakly held by Kashmir troops; and Hunza and Chitral owned some shadowy allegiance to Kashmir. But things wanted tightening up with a firmer hand, and this was now the British intention.

The part allotted to me was the highly congenial one of exploring all the passes leading into Hunza from the north. In 1888 a Russian, Captain Grombtchevsky, had actually penetrated to Hunza —a very enterprising feat—and he was known to be on his way down to the Northern frontier again. I was to proceed as rapidly as possible to forestall him. And, having explored the passes, I was to return through Hunza itself to Kashmir. It was a risky operation, because in those days the Hunza people were quite independent, and were accustomed to raid across all the country I should have to pass through. They had indeed, in 1888, done this very thing, and attacked the caravans on the main trade route from Kashmir to Central Asia as well as the nomadic Kirghiz living on it. However, I had to trust to the influence which Colonel Durand could exercise upon the Chief and to my own resource in emergency, and I was proud of the confidence which my 1887 journey had led Sir Mortimer Durand, the Foreign Secretary, to place in me.

The region I had to explore was about the finest in the world. It was the region I had passed through in 1887 by the Mustagh Pass, immediately round the great peak K2, which is only a few hundred feet lower than Mount Everest. It was entirely uninhabited, with no roads, or even paths. So I took with me only six Gurkhas and a native surveyor besides transport men. Our adventures I have described in *Wonders of the Himalaya*. For forty-seven days we saw no other human being outside our own party, and very little even of plant life. We were in a region of rock and ice and mighty mountains. I had an exciting and strenuous time exploring every glacier-valley for any pass ; and I then made for the stronghold from which the raiders issued and which covered the Shimshal Pass, one way at least into Hunza. This fort was romantically situated at the top of a cliff, with rugged peaks towering above it and stupendous snowy mountains rising in the background. I had a thrilling moment approaching it by a zigzag, not knowing what my reception would be like. But the wild raiders who manned the walls and pointed their matchlocks at me proved amenable to persuasion ; and passing through I achieved my main objective, crossing the Shimshal Pass. It had never been seen by a European, and proved to be quite easy—wide and open and free of snow, and very different from the Mustagh Pass. And this was important knowledge to have obtained.

This point having been settled, I returned again to the fort, and went on towards the Pamirs to examine what passes there might be into Hunza from there, and on my way met this Russian officer, Captain Grombtchevsky, who we had heard had been starting from St. Petersburg to carry out this exploration which I had now completed. I have described this meeting in *Wonders of the Himalaya*, so will not enter into details here. But there is one point which is worth making—the outspoken way in which he talked of a Russian invasion of India. He made no secret that the Russians wanted to invade India. Indeed, he boasted of it. This does not necessarily imply that the Russian Government, as a Government, had any set policy of invading India. But here before me was an actual instance of a Russian officer openly declaring to all and sundry that this *was* the Russian intention. And it was this and not an actual invasion that we had to be on our guard against. This kind of talk by a Russian officer in uniform and accompanied by a guard of Cossacks did upset the minds of frontier peoples. Unless there were British officers about to show that we were quite ready to stand up against the Russians, they would assuredly have come under Russian influence.

Passing him, I reached the Pamirs—the Roof of the World. I explored another pass leading into Hunza, and finally went down that remote little valley by a third, the Mintaka. I was received by the Chief in due state. But I had been warned that Safdar Ali Khan had shown great truculence towards Colonel Durand, and I was by no means sure how I should get past him down to Gilgit and Kashmir. He might have held me up or turned me back to the Pamirs again. Shut off from the world in this remote and secluded State, he was full of his own importance, and from the way in which the unprotected merchants on the caravan route, wandering Kirghiz, and isolated villages of Chinese Turkestan submitted to his raids and paid him the blackmail he exacted, he thought he was omnipotent.

The opening was not promising. He began by asking me in a rather offensive tone why I had come into his country from the north. Others had come from the south: why had I come from the north? My reply was easy enough to make. A Russian officer had been allowed to enter Hunza from the north, and if a Russian could come that way I presumed an Englishman could. When I referred to the raids which his subjects had made on the trade route to Yarkand, he said straight out that they were made by his orders, and it was only by raids that he and his people could support themselves.

I was not at all favourably impressed. He was most importunate, too, in asking me for presents. But I knew I must stand up to him. So I put on a bold front and had some considerable tussles with him, eventually standing on my dignity and saying I could not receive him as he did not know how to behave himself. I marvel now how I got through at all. I can only think that for dealing with rough tribesmen young men are better than old. I am quite certain that twenty years later I should not have dealt with the Chief so well. I was quite unconscious of the impression I was making; and I now often laugh over what I then said and did. But my way certainly had its effect, and no amount of examinations could ever have produced it in me. I was in perfect physical condition and thoroughly alert. From being accustomed to face danger I probably had a fearless look about me. Certainly I had quite a good idea of my own importance as I sat beside the Chief in my full-dress King's Dragoon Guards uniform. And I spoke to him very straight. At the same time I was fully conscious of the danger I was in, and was careful to speak in no provocative way. He had poisoned his father and thrown two brothers over precipices, and I had to be on my guard.

But I knew that he was a cur at heart, and I have no doubt he was impressed by my bearing.

One thing, however, men in such positions must be exceedingly careful about. They must tread most delicately the fine edge between assurance and arrogance. They may have a justifiable self-confidence and a legitimate pride in themselves as representing their country for the occasion, but they must beware, as of the devil, of slipping over into arrogance—or worse still, of being supercilious or patronising. If they make that slip they are done. Over the precipice they go, and that is the end of them. Arrogance and satire may be condoned elsewhere. With frontier people it is fatal. And I should imagine with frontier people in any part of the world. You may be as straightforward and downright as you like, but never arrogant or satirical. You will pay with your life for any mistake there.

On my return to India I went to Calcutta, and was warmly congratulated by Lord Lansdowne. The object of my Mission had been achieved to his satisfaction. Such passes as there were into Hunza I had explored ; I had forestalled the Russian, and arranged for the safety of the caravan route to Central Asia against raiders ; and I had found my way back in safety through Hunza.

The plunge from the remote Himalaya and mighty peaks and glaciers, and from a raider chieftain's capital, to Calcutta in the height of the season was rather sudden. But these rapid transitions are part of a frontier officer's life. And Calcutta was a very entertaining place to be in. Lord and Lady Lansdowne formed the best Viceregal pair I knew in India. He must have been expressly built to be Viceroy. He was full of natural dignity and courtesy, and had no need to strive after Viceregal effect. And he was straight and honourable as a British representative should be, doing *his* part with perfect competence, but leaving others to do their parts, and showing no feverish anxiety to do everybody else's work as well as his own. And Lady Lansdowne had about her a refreshing charm and grace. She gave the impression of enjoying life herself and of wanting every one about her to enjoy it too. She had no ambition to start any new scheme and make a mark of her own. But in her particular sphere she liked to have everything done to perfection. All who came to Government House felt the influence of a gracious English lady. And this was to them a real restorative; for men in India have to work under hard and un-English conditions, and sorely need this refining grace.

Prince Albert Victor, the elder brother of the present King, was then staying in Government House, and I had the honour of being presented to him, and to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Sir Edward Bradford, who was chief of the Prince's staff, was anxious to interest the Prince in all things Indian, so I was asked to see him specially, and had an hour's interview with him. I hope I was able to interest him. But I have a peculiar failing. As soon as my job is done I hate talking any more about it, and want to get on to the next. So I am not good at interesting people in what I have done, and may have bored the Prince. Also, I could feel that he himself was given more Indian food than he could possibly digest. All day and every day—nearly all night and every night—he had to be seeing 'interesting' things and meeting 'interesting' people. He must have hated the very sight of them.

I was now so absorbed in this military-political frontier work that I definitely decided to leave military service and throw in my lot with the Political Department. I saw ahead so much still to be done of this military-political character, and done at once, that I could not stand the idea of returning to my regiment and wasting year after year—and the best years of my life—in show parade work. I had been a very keen soldier when I entered the service, but in those days in a cavalry regiment more attention was paid to show than to preparation for war, and it irked me. My mind was so engrossed with this Russian question—though even as far back as that time another and a far greater question, of which I shall have something to say later on, was beginning to formulate itself in my mind—that I could not get myself away from it and settle down again to 'stables' and parade.

I was attached to the Foreign Office to prepare my report; and, as when I was attached to the Military Intelligence Department, and when I was given the run of the archives in the Legation at Peking, I seized the opportunity to read up all the secret and confidential papers about Russia in Central Asia that came my way. In my youthful innocence I imagined that now I had access to the secrets of the Foreign Office, I should come across dark, deep-laid plots and cunning devices for combating the Russians. Instead, I was struck by the frankness and fair-mindedness of what I read. Secrecy there was, for ‘ open diplomacy ’ is a fiction. Even in social life we do not blurt out all that we have in our mind. There never can be open diplomacy in the sense of speaking out loud so that every one can hear. There has to be reticence and, up to a certain point, secrecy. But secrecy does not mean dishonesty or anything dishonourable. With all your secrecy you may be perfectly straight. And this I believed we were in these papers I read. We intended to resist any action of the Russians which might endanger our position, and we told them so. But we were not going to plot against them in their own country.

With Lord Lansdowne and Lord Roberts in India, Lord Salisbury in London, and Sir Robert Morier in St. Petersburg, we had settled down to a steady policy in regard to Russia. The heavy, stodgy Lawrence policy of sitting still and doing nothing, and the brilliant, flashy policy of Lord Lytton which aroused needless animosity, were both abandoned. Instead came a policy which was active but not provocative—which showed the Russians that we were perfectly ready to take them on if they provoked us, but that if they would leave us alone we would leave them alone; and which would in time lead up to an attitude towards each other in which we could make a friendly settlement of Asiatic affairs.

This was the general line. And the Boundary Commission under Sir West Ridgeway was laying down with the Russians the boundary between Russia and Afghanistan, so that the limits of Russian expansion would be nearly fixed. But about the precise eastern limits of Afghan territory on the Pamirs and about the precise western limits of Chinese territory there was a doubt. There was debatable land here—possibly a gap. It had been visited by Forsyth's Yarkand Mission of 1873, and by Ney Elias, on behalf of the Government of India, in about 1886. And we knew the topographical details. But we did not know the exact limits of Chinese and Afghan claims. The Russians had been pressing down towards it from the north, and it was through this gap between Afghan and Chinese territory that Captain Grombtchevsky had come in 1889. Evidently, therefore, we ought to know more about it.

So I now suggested to the Government of India that this gap should be closed. Grombtchevskys were a nuisance, and must be prevented from dropping in of their own sweet will upon the peoples inhabiting valleys on the *Indian* side of the great main watershed of Central Asia. We did not want to extend across that watershed ourselves, but equally we did not want to have Russians coming over it to our side and talking to the people about a Russian invasion of India. And our frontier would be all the stronger if Afghan and Chinese territory were to meet on the far side of the watershed on the north and so prevent the Russians from actually touching the watershed. They were then more than a hundred miles from it, and we did not want them any nearer.

I suggested, therefore, to Government that I should be sent to the Pamirs to see what the position there was. That region was inhabited by nomadic Kirghiz, who moved about from place to place and gave a nominal tribute, sometimes to Afghanistan on the west, sometimes to China on the east, and sometimes to Russia on the north. I would try to find out what were the precise territorial limits of each of these countries, and watch every forward movement of the Russians.

Government agreed with my suggestion, and in the summer of 1890 I was sent to the Pamirs, travelling there by way of Yarkand so as to acquire all the information I could from Chinese authorities. This time I took no escort with me, as there was no danger. But I was accompanied by Mr. George Macartney (now Sir George Macartney), who knew Chinese perfectly and, as it turned out, became a *persona gratissima* with Chinese officials.

CHAPTER V

THE PAMIRS

THE crossing of the Himalaya by the main caravan route to Central Asia over the Karakoram Pass is about as dreary a piece of travel as I know. The part through Kashmir is delightful. After that, and especially over the Karakoram itself, the scenery is inexpressibly dull ; and as much of the route lies at an altitude of about 17,000 feet, and the pass itself is nearly 19,000 feet, there is a good deal of that depression which comes from high altitudes. And even in August the temperature was low enough at night for small streams to be frozen. It is a hateful journey. But descending into the plains of Turkestan was like ascending to Paradise. We passed through beautiful oases. Peaches, grapes, and melons were brought to us in quantities. And on our arrival in Yarkand we were installed in a roomy house and a shady garden.

Here I again met Captain Grombtchevsky. Since we had parted he had travelled over much the same route as I had previously explored, and had spent the rest of the time in exploring the southern part of Chinese Turkestan. He was now on his way back to Russia. We exchanged visits, and he was as full of *bonhomie* as before. Quite apart from our being rivals politically, we did, I really believe, have a good deal of fellow-feeling as travellers. I suppose we each thought we got the better of the other ; but in one matter at least I did have the better of him. On comparing notes I found that he could never actually have seen, much less crossed, the Shimshal Pass ; and the height he had given it was about 2000 feet too much. Perhaps the Russian plans for the invasion of India would not be greatly affected by this wrong information—but wrong it was.

I never saw Captain Grombtchevsky again, though I used to hear vaguely of him in high positions in Manchuria. But two years ago I had a letter from him from Warsaw sending me a book he had just written on his old travels, and including in it a photograph he had taken of our two parties. I then learnt that he was a lieutenant-general, but, being a Pole and a bourgeois, all his property had been confiscated by the Bolshevists, and he had been thrown into prison in Siberia. Through the intervention of a Japanese consul he had been able to get away to Poland, and he was now living in dire poverty in Warsaw, and so ill as not to be able to leave his bed. Early in 1926 he died. It was a sad ending to an adventurous career ; and the Russians are not so prolific of adventure-loving men that they can afford to discourage them in this way.

From Yarkand, Macartney and I proceeded to the Pamirs. Though it is dignified with the grand name of the Roof of the World, there is nothing very striking about this region. It does not approach in grandeur to that glorious region round

K2, and in Hunza, which I had travelled through in 1889. The valleys were wide, nearly flat, and about 13,000 feet above sea-level. The great massif of the Mustagh-ata, at about 25,000 feet in height, is fine. But in general the mountains do not run to more than a few thousand feet above the valleys, and are bare and rounded and ugly. My chief concern, however, was not with the mountains but with the people—those nomadic Kirghiz living in round felt tents. To whom did they own allegiance? As far as I could see they were ready to own allegiance to any one. They would have given allegiance to me if I had asked them to. All they wanted was to be left alone to wander about and to be protected from raiders. The limits of Russian territory on the north were marked quite clearly on the Russian maps. But Chinese and Afghans did not have maps: and on the spot the limits of their respective dominions just gradually faded away. There was no definite limit or boundary to either. There was therefore, as I had thought, a gap which the Russians might take advantage of.

I went inside Russian territory for a march or two. It was quite uninhabited. I did not even see wandering Kirghiz.

At the end of the autumn I descended from the Roof of the World to Kashgar, the capital of Chinese Turkestan, where I spent the winter. There was still stationed here the same Russian Consul-General, Petrovsky, whom I had already met in 1887 on my journey from Peking to India. As might be supposed, he was suspicious of my intentions, and he told a traveller some years after that Government were foolish to send so young and inexperienced an officer as I was. Perhaps they were ; but I dare say I was not quite such a fool as my juvenile appearance may have led him to believe. Anyhow, his own Government had not erred in a similar direction, for he was about twice my age and was full of experience—and a good deal of that experience he related to me during the nine months I spent in Kashgar. He did not, like Grombtchevsky, boast of invading India : he said such an idea was ridiculous. But he used to enjoy showing off his knowledge of India and his intimate acquaintance with all the peccadilloes of high Kashmir dignitaries, which I presume he must have gathered from the tittle-tattle of traders passing to and fro between India and Turkestan. He was a clever man in his way, but it was a trumpery kind of a way ; and he was a disappointed man at having been passed over for the post of Minister at Peking.

One story he told was a revelation of his character. Grombtchevsky held a civil post in Russian Turkestan, and Petrovsky was once staying with him on his way to Kashgar. ‘ I opened his drawers and looked at his papers and found out what he was up to,’ said Petrovsky to me, apparently quite unconscious that he was doing anything dishonourable in abusing Grombtchevsky’s hospitality. In fact, he had no sense of honour, and did not pretend to have any. He said frankly that he lied on principle, and thought we were hypocritical in pretending to be better than we really were. He acknowledged that we were straight and did not deliberately tell lies, but thought us fools not to. He was agreeable enough company in a place where there was no other. But he was of the type of Russian diplomatic agent that we had to fight hard against. The officers I had met in Eastern Siberia, Grombtchevsky and other officers I subsequently met, any Englishman would take to and be friends with, even if they were rivals. But Petrovsky and his like were quite a different matter. There was no possibility of friendship with them.

By the summer of 1891 rumours of a Russian movement towards the Pamirs increased in credibility, and I had to take action to see what was going on, for this was a serious matter. Leaving Macartney in Kashgar (where he remained for the rest of his service and by sheer ability built up for us a position which quite overshadowed the Russian), I proceeded again to the Roof of the World, taking with me a young officer named Davison, who had suddenly appeared in Kashgar without leave and without money, but anxious to ‘ do something.’

Arrived on the Pamirs, we found that a Russian force of about a hundred or more Cossacks had come down and given out that they were annexing the Pamirs. So the expected had actually happened. Part of the force had gone off westward and another southward in the Chitral direction. I sent Davison after the western party and I went after the southern party myself, for it was necessary to get first-hand information. I marched into their camp, asked to see the commander, and was introduced to Colonel Yanoff (or Ionoff). I informed him that I was an agent of the Government of India ; that I had heard rumours from the natives that he was annexing the Pamirs ; that I did not like to report this to my Government on mere native rumour, but should like to know from him personally whether this was the case or not. He replied that it was. I then asked him if he would show me on a map the exact extent of the annexation. He took out a map and showed me, marked in green, a large area extending right down to our Indian watershed, and including much of what was not merely debatable but was clearly either Afghan or Chinese territory. I did not discuss the matter with him. I only said that the Russians were opening their mouths pretty wide. Whereat he laughed and said that this was but a beginning. Beyond this we did not go. The Russians were quite friendly throughout, and at the close of the interview Colonel Yanoff asked me to dine with them that evening.

We had a cheery dinner, for they were very elated, as they had just returned from a raid right across the Indian watershed into Chitral territory, going by one pass and returning by another, and passing through Afghan as well as Chitral territory.

Next day they left, and I remained where I was—at a spot called Bozai Gumbaz on a branch of the Oxus. But a few nights later, as I was about to go to bed, I heard a clatter of hoofs outside my tent, and on looking out saw forty Cossacks drawn up, and in front of them Colonel Yanoff and three officers. They said they had something unpleasant to tell me. I got them into my tent, and sat them down to some supper and wine. Then they said they had received orders to remove me from Russian territory. I told them I was not on Russian territory: I was on Afghan territory. They said that they had told me the other day that they had annexed all this part. I replied that I could only recognise what was told me by my own Government. Till they told me it was Russian territory I should have to consider it Afghan. Colonel Yanoff said that anyhow I should have to go. I replied that undoubtedly I should, as he had forty Cossacks and I had not a single soldier. I would, however, only go under protest, and would report the whole matter to my Government for them to deal with. In the meanwhile we might leave the matter to our Governments, and he and his officers had better eat a good supper, as they must have had a long march.

They were all very pleasant and cheery, and there was no arrogance on their part or temper on mine. They said I had taken the matter like a gentleman, and they would let me go parole instead of carrying me under escort. And they left me next day to go my way while they went theirs. But I knew it was a serious matter, and I reported it by extra express to Government only an hour after I had got them out of my tent.

The result was dramatic. Lord Salisbury sent a sharp protest to St. Petersburg—so sharp, or delivered by Sir Robert Morier in so masterly a way, that de Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, thought we meant immediate war. He begged Morier not to be hasty but give the Russian Government time to inquire into the matter, as they knew nothing about it. Orders for my arrest had not been issued from St. Petersburg but, if at all, from the Tashkent Government, and St. Petersburg had not yet any information whatever—this news from the British Government being the first they had of the incident.

Later on I returned to India, incidentally discovering new passes on the way, as Yanoff had exacted a promise from me not to cross any in a list he gave me, and which he supposed included all possible passes leading to India direct. I had been instructed by Government to keep secret the fact that I had been arrested, so that there might not be excitement in India or in the Press. But there were rumours that something had happened to me, and the Press, to be on the safe side, had announced that I had been killed.

In Kashmir I met Lord Lansdowne, who was on tour there, and had a long conversation with him on the whole situation. He took in very clearly the essential points, and gave me the impression of intending to be quite firm in stopping these incursions by Russian officers in uniform with armed escorts across the watershed. All the country drained by water running to India was to be under our influence, and ours only. And on the Pamirs what was clearly Afghan was to be kept Afghan, as Afghanistan was under our protection. Upon this Lord Lansdowne was quite decided. He did not intend to let the Russian aggress without opposition.

From Kashmir I was instructed to proceed to Quetta to see Lord Roberts. He was staying with Sir George White, then commanding the Quetta Division. The train being late, I arrived in the middle of dinner, and, being dressed in King's Dragoon Guards mess uniform of scarlet and gold, I suppose I did not present the appearance of an explorer, for Lady Roberts said I looked much too civilised. But I must have been dull and disappointing, for I still had to be very mysterious except to Lord Roberts himself about what had happened. Next day he invited me into his saloon in the train, which was going to the opening of the Khojak tunnel leading into Afghanistan ; and there I told him all that occurred. I was surprised to find how very seriously he took it. It was a grave matter, I had realised from the first, but I had no idea that it would be taken quite so seriously. Lord Roberts had mobilised the Quetta Division, and, this tunnel being completed in the nick of time, and all the material for the continuation of the railway to Kandahar being collected on the Afghan side, he was quite prepared to go ahead.

As I left he squeezed my arm in that way he had of pressing a point home, and said : 'Now 's the time to go for the Russians. We are ready and they are not. Keep the Government up to the mark.'

I went on to England. The Secretary of State for India, Lord Cross, asked me to see him at the India Office. He took only a perfunctory interest in the case, and could not think of much else to ask me except if it was not very cold up there on the Roof of the World. The Under Secretary was, however, very different. He engaged me in a long and *real* conversation. That is, he did not merely ask questions, but gave forth his own views. He knew the whole subject well, and was keenly interested in it. No one else I had met—not even in

India—was so well informed and so enthusiastic as he was. And he was young and fresh and very alert and able. His name was George Curzon ; and this was his first appointment. My meeting with him then was the beginning of a friendship which lasted for thirty-four years, till his death.

After much correspondence and fencing, the Russian Ambassador in London apologised to Lord Salisbury. The Russians had to admit that Bozai Gumbaz, the place where I was arrested, was Afghan territory. Much of the Pamirs the Russians did annex ; and they established a fortified post there in a most desolate region about 13,000 feet above sea-level. But they did not touch the India watershed. Afghan and Chinese territory met in front of it. And from that time to this, thirty-five years, there has not been a single other Russian incursion across it.

This result, I take it, was due to our being watchful and prepared. As long as we were inert they advanced. As soon as we showed them that if they advanced they would be opposed, they stopped. From that time onward they moved off eastward. They built the Trans-Siberian Railway and commenced absorbing Manchuria, till they were stopped by Japan. Our policy of active watchfulness and readiness to oppose aggression had achieved its aim.

Whether if I had not gone to the Pamirs in 1890 the Russians might not have come down in 1891, is a question to be thought over. My activity might have aroused their activity. If I had remained quiet they might have remained quiet. But against this theory is the fact that Grombtchevsky with an armed escort came across the Pamirs in 1888 and entered Hunza, and came across them in 1889 and wanted to enter Ladak. He had twice crossed them before I had been there once, and he had an armed escort, whereas when I was on the Pamirs in 1890 and 1891 I had no escort at all. It seems hard, then, to uphold the theory that it was our activity that caused their move. They moved from the inherent tendency there is in strong peoples to expand until they come up against something solid to stop them.

That something we British in India afforded.

CHAPTER VI

HUNZA AND CHITRAL

Besides fending off Russia from direct contact with our frontier we had to consolidate our position inside it. We had made the watershed between India and Central Asia—that is, the watershed of the Hindu Kush—the limit of our political influence. But that influence we had to make effective. Between the plains of India and this watershed the mountainous country was inhabited by peoples of many different States. Most of them in varying degrees owned some kind of allegiance to Kashmir. But the furthest States of Hunza and Chitral were very independent, and Hunza also owned a certain amount of allegiance to China. And to increase our influence in Hunza and Chitral and among those border States generally, Colonel Durand had been working since 1889.

Hunza had, however, proved refractory. The Chief had been sending agents to the Russians when they were advancing on the Pamirs, and had been very contumacious with us. An expedition had therefore been despatched against him in 1892. A little campaign brilliantly conducted by Colonel Durand, and brilliantly described by the late Mr. E. F. Knight in *Where Three Empires Meet*, resulted in his defeat. He was forced to flee the country, and his half-brother was put in his place, and is still there.

As I am writing in the light of experience, and in the hope that others may benefit by experience, I am bound to say that I have doubts whether that campaign was ever necessary. After my visit to Hunza in 1889 no other officer was sent there. And I think this was a mistake. I think if Manners-Smith (a young Gurkha officer who afterwards won the V.C. in the campaign, and was on that frontier since 1889) had been sent to Hunza—and sent pretty often—he would have been able to keep the Chief straight enough for all practical purposes. We were closer to Hunza than the Russians were. We are more capable and experienced at this kind of game than they are. And we ought to have been able to do all that was necessary for the moment without fighting. In any case we ought to have tried. We ought to have sent an officer, and not letters, to Safdar Ali. The officer might have been killed. If so, he would have been killed in trying to effect a peaceful and reasonable arrangement between us, and the Chief would have had only himself to blame if trouble came. But this risk was not great, and would have been worth taking. In fact, here is the great use for British officers—on this and many another frontier throughout the Empire. Their personal influence should be made more of. The fullest use should be made of our prestige, our unrivalled experience, and the natural capacity of our officers for this kind of work. But this was not done in the case of Hunza. The Chief ran off the lines, and we had to turn him out.

While the campaign was in progress I was on short leave in England discussing the Pamir incident. On my return to India in the spring of 1892 I was first posted as Assistant-Resident in Kashmir, and then in August sent to Hunza as Political Officer. I was engaged for a couple of months in turning swords into ploughshares and raiders into levies, when trouble occurred in Chitral and I was ordered there. I was to join a Mission under the leadership of Dr. (afterwards Sir George) Robertson which was to support the eldest son of the ruler who had just died, and come to some arrangement with him as to the relationship which should subsist between us. The two other members of the Mission were Lieutenant (now Brigadier-General) Hon. C. G. Bruce and Lieutenant John Gordon, with an escort of fifty Sikhs. It was on the way to Chitral that Bruce first broached the idea of climbing Mount Everest, but my mind was so absorbed with Russians that I did not pay much attention to it at the time.

Robertson effected a settlement, and I was then left in Chitral with Gordon and his fifty Sikhs to keep things steady. The Chief was weak, but very agreeable and fond of shooting and polo. Shooting I was never keen on or any good at. But polo I enjoyed; and two or three days a week we used to play together, he and I, always on the same side, and that side always the winning side because he chose the players. We also went a tour together round the country, and in this way I was able to keep in touch with him. I do not profess to be half as good as hundreds of other British officers at keeping up personal influence with a chief of this kind, but I am certain that Government were on right lines at this time in keeping a British officer in Chitral. There he could be in constant communication with the Chief, hear all that was going on, check a trouble before it came to a head, and gradually attach the Chief, and through the Chief the people, to the British connection. He need not make himself an annoyance and thorn in the flesh to the Chief. But he might and ought to be a steadying influence, keeping the State together and safe from outer attack.

Unfortunately, Government became nervous about my position at Chitral. They thought I was too far away from support, and they ordered me back from Chitral to Mastuj, sixty miles nearer to Gilgit, the headquarters where the main body of troops were stationed. I pointed out that at Mastuj I was practically in as much danger as at Chitral, but had not the advantage of almost daily contact with the Chief; I could not foresee trouble so well or forestall it so easily. Sir Henry Fowler, the Secretary of State for India, saw this point when my protests arrived, and agreed with me. But this was not for nearly a year after, and before any action was taken trouble had already occurred.

In the meanwhile, during my stay at Mastuj in the autumn of 1894, a very welcome visitor arrived. Since our meeting at the India Office I had corresponded occasionally with Mr. George Curzon, and I had recently received a letter from him saying that he was coming out to see this frontier. His party was now out of office, and he was making a holiday visit, first to Hunza, then on to the Pamirs, and back through Chitral. I suppose I must have sent a man out to meet him, and with the man sent some refreshment, for Lord Curzon, in a posthumously published book, describes a discussion he had joined in many years later, the subject being what was the best drink each had had in his life, and Curzon had said that his best was a bottle of beer I had sent out to him on his way to Mastuj. But I have no recollection of having sent him this beer. What I do remember is that the next morning, when I was offering him jam at breakfast, he said, ‘ I ’ll bet this is your last pot of jam.’ I replied that as a matter of fact it was. He then banged the table and said, ‘ There it is. Always on the frontier the guest finds the last of the best things produced for him.’

We marched down to Chitral together, and he has given a description of our doings in the above-quoted book, and I have done the same in my *Heart of a Continent*, so I need not go over old ground. Lord Curzon was then both a pleasure and a trial. He was perpetually discussing frontier policy, which was agreeable ; but he was continually disagreeing with me, which was irritating. I did not discover till later that he was writing a series of letters to *The Times*, and that he was all the time forcing my views out of me. When he showed me the draft of the letter about Chitral which he had written, I found that it was entirely in accordance with my views.

All the same, Curzon did have an argumentative turn of mind—I suppose it was the House of

Commons debating habit—and it jarred on us up there on the frontier. We were most of us young men, and we were in responsible positions. We formed and expressed our opinions upon what was life or death for us personally in a quieter way than is usual in Parliament or at elections, where ability to talk and argue is the first consideration. And we resented Curzon's cocksureness. His manner grated on us on the frontier, as all through his life it grated on the British public. It might have been toned down if he could have been for a time with a regiment or served on the frontier; and he might then have attained the great position to which his ability, his tremendous power of work, his high sense of public duty, and his zeal for his country entitled him. But irritating though this manner was, it was yet compatible with remarkable tenderness of heart. In friendship he was warm and staunch. And for frontier officers he had a special affection. Soldiers in general he never understood or liked. But to frontier officers he always opened his heart, and all of us—and most certainly I—should be everlastingly grateful for the interest he took in our work and the way he supported us.

I returned to England in December 1894, meaning to leave Government service. All the time I had been in Chitral I had been pestered by Government to pass examinations—examinations in International Law, the Indian Penal and Criminal Codes, Political Economy, Indian History. Until I passed them I was given no permanent position in the Political Department; and even when I did pass them I was put at the very bottom of the list. All the service I had done on my Missions counted for nothing in comparison with examinations. I made no complaint—perhaps I ought to have—but from this, and from finding that I had very little say in frontier matters, I took less interest in them. Government gave the impression that they could get on perfectly well without me. And that being so, I felt no call upon me to remain in their service. Whereas I did feel a very strong call indeed in another direction, to which I have already referred, and to which I shall refer again later.

However, soon after I had returned to England startling developments occurred. The Chief of Chitral had been murdered by his brother. The whole of Chitral was up. Officers proceeding to Chitral had been attacked and killed. Lieutenant B. E. M. Gurdon (not Gordon), who had succeeded me, happened to be in Chitral when the murder occurred, and with great tact and coolness had held his own. But when Dr. Robertson and a number of other officers and three or four hundred troops arrived, and when they occupied the fort, the Chitralis rose against them. The little British force was besieged, and a force of about 20,000 men had to be sent up from India to relieve them.

I of course immediately offered to return to duty, but was informed that there was no post available for me. *The Times* then asked me to go out as Special Correspondent with the Relief Expedition. Government refused to give me leave. *The Times* then made a direct appeal to Government, and started me off to India at eight hours' notice. Permission was grudgingly granted, and seventeen days after leaving London I was in my brother George's tent in the Swat Valley, coming in for just the end of a day's fighting.

This campaign he and I have described in our book *The Relief of Chitral.* My own part in it was confined to making a dash with Major 'Roddy' Owen on ahead of the Relief Force into Chitral. And as Roddy Owen was the man I came most to admire of all I have met in my life, I would pause here to describe him. He was the best gentleman-rider of his day, and had ridden over three hundred winners, his final triumph being the Grand National. And having achieved his ambition in the racing line, he had thrown his whole soul into soldiering. Only a few days after he had won the Grand National he was off to West Africa on a small campaign. Then he went to East Africa. And now he had joined his regiment in India. A month or two back he had come to see me at the Geographical Society to consult me as to where he was most likely to see some fighting on the Indian frontier; and now we forgathered on this Relief Expedition. His regiment was not on it, but he had managed to get there as correspondent of the *Pioneer*, and we shared a tent, and were about together most of the day.

He was just about perfect in body and spirit. Beautifully built, tall and slim, slick and supple, and erect rather from natural and perpetual alertness than from barrack-square drill. And his eyes were absolutely fearless, and as keen as a hawk's, indicating the sharpest mind behind them. But the really wonderful thing in Roddy Owen was his charm. And this was no mere attractiveness: it was a forceful *compelling* charm—one which went out after you and seized you. He was quite irresistible. You simply could not help doing what he wanted, and would do anything for him. Partly this was because he never did want anything that was not daring and sporting, and partly because he would move the heavens in their foundations if *you* wanted anything. Also because, with all his strong language and directness of speech, he never lost his courtesy.

One instance of this has stuck in my memory. It was a trivial incident, and hardly worth mentioning. But it was typical, and it has stood to me for a great deal all these years. He and I were standing outside our tent when a rival correspondent came smiling up to us. Roddy, in that cheerful and courteous but very direct way of his, said, 'I don't know if you know it, but I 'm damned annoyed with you.' Roddy had caught him copying from his telegram in the telegraph office after it had been handed in, and had told him straight what he thought of him. 'Oh!' said the correspondent, 'I didn't know that.' 'Well, I am,' said Roddy. 'It was a damned mean trick.' There was no rasp in Roddy's manner as he said this. And the rebuke did not leave the man sore with Roddy: it left him sore with himself—and probably with an admiration for Roddy. He could be perfectly courteous even with those who had harmed him; but he was not going to treat the man who had done him an injury with the same cordiality as he would show a friend. He preserved the distinction between courtesy and cordiality. And the man who received only the courtesy was made to feel that he had all that was his due and something more, but had forfeited what he would have most liked to have.

This incident was typical of Roddy Owen's way. There was no meek submission to an injury done him, no indiscriminate loving of friends and enemies alike—and assuredly not of enemies more than friends. There was instantaneous and direct and forceful resentment of evil. But there was fundamental good-temper towards offenders even, with much directness of speech. There was cordiality with the generality. And there was warm and active friendship with those he deeply cared for. Courtesy to all, cordiality to most, friendship for the chosen, was the way of Roddy Owen.

Roddy was not a well-read man, and the despatches to his paper were not marvels of literature. But he had learnt much from men ; he was as fearless in conversation as he was in riding, and as a soldier ; and from meeting all sorts and conditions of men at Eton and in the Army, in London society, in country houses, and at race meetings, and from being quick and receptive as well as bold, he could talk well on most subjects of human interest and be very pointful in his observations. He had a remarkable way, too, of impressing men. What he did others did. And in whatever company he was he gave the lead.

When the Relief Expedition had crossed the Lowari Pass, 10,400 feet, and was forty-four miles from Chitral, I suggested to Roddy that we should ride on ahead straight through to Chitral in one day. He jumped at the idea. But we did not ask the General's permission, and he afterwards told us it was well we did not, for he would not have given it. It was risky, of course, but I knew these Chitralis and that they would be in a blue funk of the army coming up behind us. The Chitral garrison had been reinforced, too, by General Kelly's force from the Gilgit direction. So I knew the Chitralis would be beginning to quake.

At dawn we slipped past the sentries. We soon came upon a small gathering of Chitralis. Whether they would shoot at us or be friendly I could not say, but we rode straight in among them, and luckily found them quite meek. They wrung their hands like children when I asked them why they had been so silly as to rise against us ; and they devoutly wished they had not been so foolish.

Passing on, we came to Drosh Fort, the residence of a Chitral Governor. I sent a Chitrali in to say that Younghusband Sahib was outside and wished to speak to him. He came out as mild as a lamb, and gave us ponies and a guide for Chitral. By dusk we reached the besieged garrison without mishap. Very white and quiet and strained they all were, and fearful that even yet they might again be attacked. Quite naturally after their experiences they would give no chances. They had not realised that the attack had collapsed as suddenly as it had arisen, or how much the tide had turned in their favour. From Robertson, Townshend, and Gurdon we got an account of all that had happened, and were able to give to our respective papers the first connected account of the siege and the gallant defence. This was a journalistic coup for our papers, which brought us much gratitude.

We returned to the Expeditionary Force lumbering along Chitralward ; and from there I went on to Simla to discuss future policy with the Government of India. Should we *remain* in Chitral ? That was the urgent question. Events had shown that it was a risky place to be in ; and if we were liable to be called on for expeditions like this we had much better leave it—the game was not worth the candle. This was the argument of one party. The other party contended that we had had our expedition and shown that we were not to be trifled with, and we had better remain and reap the fruits of it. If we left, the Russians, who were now established on the Pamirs, would walk in ; and having left it ourselves, we would have poor ground for protesting. And with the Russians in Chitral we would have all the frontier tribes round playing them off against us. There was a fierce controversy going on at home about this, and Mr. George Curzon was in the thick of the fray contending lustily with generals and retired lieutenant-governors. The Liberals were in power, and were disposed to give up Chitral, but had not so far come to a decision. What was the attitude of the Government of India I was not aware of till I arrived in Simla. Then to my astonishment I found myself in great request. As an officiating Political Assistant of the 3rd Class but scant attention had been paid to my opinions. As *Times* Correspondent I was most graciously received by the Viceroy (now Lord Elgin), the Commander-in-Chief (now Sir George White), the Military Member of Council (Sir Henry Brackenbury), and the Foreign Secretary (Sir William Cuningham). The whole position was discussed most frankly with me, and I was relieved to find that I could go whole-heartedly with them. They were all for the retention of Chitral; so I could let myself go in *The Times* without any compunction.

Soon after, the Conservatives came in. Mr. George Curzon became Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and took full advantage of his position to press upon his Chief, Lord Salisbury, who was also Prime Minister, the urgency of retaining Chitral. Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, supported the views of the Government of India. And Chitral was retained.

It is well it was, for I afterwards heard that the Russians on the Pamirs had orders to march into it if we marched out. And they might have been there to this day—a nasty thorn in our flesh.

And what has the light of experience to reveal about these happenings? Just this: that the Chitral campaign need never have taken place. If the headquarters of the political officer had been kept at Chitral, and not moved sixty miles away from it, and if Gurdon had been left to himself, in all probability the murder would not have occurred, or, if it had, Gurdon could have kept the situation in hand. This is my own view, and it was Lord Curzon's. He said in public that if I had been there, and left to myself, I could have kept the place steady. Now, if I could have done this, *a fortiori* Gurdon could have done it, for, as he proved in subsequent years, he was the kind of man the Chitralis take to. He was very fond of them. He was keen on shooting as well as polo. And as likely as not he would have been out with the Chief on the day he was shot. Even as it was, with only eight instead of fifty men, he held his own through the first critical days after the murder; and I have not a doubt that he would have continued to hold his own if the agency had been permanently established there, and if he had been left to conduct affairs in his own way. For he was very cool and very firm. The Chitralis felt at home and comfortable with him, and trusted him. By tradition and instinct he knew how to tackle them. And it is my firm belief that if after the murder he had been left alone to deal with the situation he could have kept it in hand. The mere fact of his being young was no drawback: it was an advantage. He was known to be a good man or he would not have been sent to so responsible a position. And being a good man, he should have been allowed to carry on. Left to himself, he would have saved a campaign.

CHAPTER VII

TIBET

It was eight years before I again had to take a part in fending off Russia from India. Soon after I returned from the Chitral campaign in 1895, I was invited by *The Times* to go to South Africa. With their usual ' intelligent anticipation of coming events before they occur,' they had foreseen trouble in the Transvaal, and had sent me to Johannesburg before the Raid. I afterwards spent a year going round the whole of South Africa, including Rhodesia, writing letters for *The Times* which were afterwards published in book form under the title of *South Africa of To-Day*. When I returned to India I served in Rajputana and Central India, and was leading a gilded life of perfect security and much pomposity, about as different from the old frontier life as could well be imagined, when early in May 1903 I received a telegram ordering me to proceed at once to Simla, and I was then told I was to lead a Mission to Tibet. It was like being awakened. I was suddenly myself again, and all that exotic life of Maharajas and Durbars and gold chairs and scarlet chuprassies a sickly dream. Hardships and dangers I knew I should have. But men always do prefer risk to ease. Comfort only lulls and softens their capacities, whereas danger tautens every faculty.

Lord Curzon was now Viceroy, and he had remembered David. Ever since he came to India he had been extraordinarily kind to me. He had written from Simla saying that I was not to look upon him as Viceroy but as an old friend and fellow-traveller. The first part of the injunction was difficult to obey. It would have taken a man with a larger imagination than I have not to look upon Lord Curzon as Viceroy. The second part was easy enough, for never once, even in the most official dealings, did he treat me as anything else but a friend.

On my arrival in Simla he invited me to lunch at Annandale before some races; and during the races, sitting among the deodars, he told me of his plans for my Mission to Tibet. The general idea was quite simple. The Tibetans had for some time past been troublesome enough as neighbours; they had broken the treaty which the Chinese had made with us on their behalf; they had blocked the trade between India and Tibet, and they had knocked down the boundary pillars: we had grave grounds for grievance against them. Still, we might have put up with these annoyances for a long time yet if it had not been that while they were being so unfriendly to us, and even refusing to receive letters from the Viceroy, they were sending agents to the Russians and receiving emissaries from them. This communication with the Russians, while repelling communication with us, was the real cause of offence. If Russia were to establish a position in Tibet, and we had no means of counteracting her activities, she might cause anxiety for us all along the North-Eastern frontier, as she had along the North-Western and Northern frontiers, and we might have to increase our garrisons on that border. To counteract the growing influence of the Russians in Tibet was the real object of my Mission. And with Mr. Claude White, the Political Officer in Sikkim, and an escort of two hundred men, I was to proceed to Khamba Jong, about twenty miles inside the Tibetan border, and there meet Chinese and Tibetan officials, and negotiate a treaty with the Tibetans which would regularise our communication and trade with them, and put our relations with them on a stable and friendly footing.

Lord Curzon had wanted from the first to send the Mission to Lhasa, and to establish a representative permanently there. But this was too much for the Home Government. All they would sanction was the despatch of a Mission to the nearest place inside Tibet. And with this half—or rather quarter—measure Lord Curzon had for the time to be ontent.

I was proud indeed to have been selected by Lord Curzon for this task. The whole enterprise was risky. His own party was very lukewarm over it; and as soon as it became known the Opposition were full of gloom about it. Disasters were sure to come; the Mission would be cut up; we should have another 'little war' on our hands; and so on. Lord Curzon was risking much in pressing the scheme forward. And he was risking much in selecting me. I had never seen a Tibetan, or served on the North-Eastern frontier. All my experience had been on the Northern frontier and in Central Asia. I might make a hideous mess of it with the Tibetans. And if the object were a treaty, why not employ a civilian to make it ? I quite saw the risks that Lord Curzon was taking, and this made me all the keener to justify his choice.

Lord Curzon was anxious to give me every help I needed, so I asked him for two men. The first was some one who could speak Tibetan, and who would be acceptable to the Tibetans. And the second was a man from the Chinese Consular Service who could help me in tackling Chinese officials, for I knew well my own incompetency in that direction. Captain (now Sir) Frederick O'Connor, an Artillery officer who when stationed at Darjiling had employed his leave in learning Tibetan, and who had a genuine liking for the people, was chosen for the first. And Mr. (now Sir) Ernest Wilton was chosen for the second. They were both most fortunate choices, each exactly suited for his particular duty. And with them beside me my task was fairly easy. The one would keep me sympathetic, and the other would keep me steady. I had only to avail myself to the full of the aid which was so close at hand.

I left Simla for Darjiling early in June, and now for the first time saw that grand mountain, Kangchenjunga, 28,275 feet in height. Many splendid peaks I had seen ; but this mountain, as seen from Darjiling, is, I think, the most glorious sight of all. Most persons after they have seen it say, 'Words fail me to describe it,' and then pass on to a narration of troubles with their coolies. But with my usual rashness I stepped in where so many angels had feared to tread, and attempted a description of it in *The Heart of Nature* in the hope that my effort might some day stimulate a real artist to attempt the task and perform a duty which artists owe to mankind. What makes the beauty of the view is the mountain being far enough away for the spectator to see it in its entirety and due proportion, and yet not so far that its height is too greatly diminished. It is seen as the culminating point of a range stretching from horizon to horizon, and rising out of magnificent forests. To every one who sees the mountain the sight is a landmark in his life. It is an experience which is a joy to him for the rest of his days. He feels bigger and purer and higher for having seen it.

At Darjiling I was joined by O'Connor, and together we proceeded to White's most beautiful residence at Gangtok, set in the midst of the forest, with glorious views of the snows near by. From there the three of us marched to Tangu at the head of the deep gorge of the Tista Valley through which we had been marching since leaving Darjiling. In its lower portion, where it is only 700 feet above sea-level and almost within the tropics, there was a rich growth of tree-ferns, palms, bananas, orchids, magnificent creepers and great sāl trees ; and here, too, were numerous gorgeous butterflies. As we ascended we passed such glories as the *lilium giganteum* with its twelve or fourteen pure white blooms on a stem ten or twelve feet high. And higher up great roses and sheets of primulas and a wealth of Alpine flowers of innumerable kinds were seen.

Tangu might almost have been in Switzerland.

All signs of the tropics were gone, and we were surrounded by flowery uplands with glimpses of mighty peaks appearing through the clefts. But this was the end of copious vegetation, and when we crossed the 17,000-feet pass into Tibet we found ourselves on rolling open plains bounded by bare hills. But with the vegetation we had left also the clouds and the heavy rain, and were now in perpetual sunshine, with a clear sky of deepest blue.

Out in this plain by Khamba Jong we had our camp, and from it could look back on the great line of the Himalaya with Kangchenjunga, Makalu, and Mount Everest itself in sight ; and we could gloat over the thought that we were up here in a delicious climate while our fellows were sweltering in the heat of India. But negotiations there were none. The Tibetans were very amiable and very polite, but refused downright either to speak, to write, or to receive letters on official matters. They just presented a solid wall of obstruction. They had refused to negotiate inside our frontier, they now refused to negotiate just inside theirs. We were at a complete standstill.

I spent three delightful months there, principally employed in reading up the whole official correspondence on the Tibetan question till my mind was saturated with it. And in October I returned to Simla to discuss the situation with Lord Curzon.

On arrival I had a thoroughly characteristic interview with him. He first asked me to describe the situation. I did so. He then asked what I would propose now to do. I said that I did not believe that we should do any business unless we went to

Lhasa itself; at any rate, we ought to go to Gyantse, half way. He raised every objection. We might have the whole country up. We would require a considerably increased escort. How should we get them across the Himalaya, how would we get supplies, where could we find transport? Every objection he could think of he raised, and to all appearance was turning down the whole proposal. But I knew his ways by now, and had my answers ready. And when I attended a meeting of Council the next day, I found he had precisely the same views as my own, and pounced on any member who raised the objections that he had. The Council agreed with him. He sent recommendations home, and I awaited in Simla the orders of the Secretary of State.

One very important point I discussed with Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener while I was waiting. It was now October. Sanction for the advance to Gyantse could not arrive till November. Should we wait till the spring to make the advance, or should we make it at once? To cross the Himalaya in winter with a force of about two thousand fighting men, besides double that number of followers, seemed a risky operation; and so far it had always been assumed that the passes into Tibet could only be crossed in the spring and summer. But on the Northern frontier troops had been getting accustomed to moving across snow passes at all seasons of the year. I had discussed the matter with Major Bretherton, the Transport and Supply officer, who had served on the Gilgit frontier, and with Mr. White and Captain O'Connor, who knew the

Sikkim Passes, and I was convinced that crossing the Himalaya into Tibet in winter was a feasible proposition. And from my own political point of view I thought it highly important that we should. It would show the Tibetans that we could enter their country at any time we chose ; and I was afraid that if we did *not* advance in winter it would give them the impression that we *could* not, and that during the following summer they would just play about with me till the autumn, believing that when winter came we would have to retire.

Both Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener agreed with my recommendations, and preparations for warm clothing for the troops were made accordingly.

I then went to see Lord Kitchener about another point. In the force that was now detailed as escort to the Mission there were no British troops beyond a small detachment for two machine-guns. For political reasons I asked Lord Kitchener that there should be a few British troops. It would not do for the Tibetans to see *only* Indian troops. And if we found ourselves in a tight place a nucleus of British troops had a very steadying effect. Lord Kitchener readily agreed. A British mountain battery was substituted for the Indian mountain battery previously detailed. And half a battalion of the Royal Fusiliers was subsequently added.

Lord Kitchener at heart did not much care for this Tibet Mission. It was growing in size and making more and more demands on his military budget and leaving less and less money for his own schemes. But he was a very reasonable man to deal with, and, I may add, extremely appreciative when the Mission succeeded. If he did not mean to do a thing he said ‘ No ’ quite decidedly, and there was an end of the matter. If he meant to do a thing he said ’ Yes,‘ and saw it through.

And to all appearances he had very little work to do. His room in the Military Offices was not stacked up with papers. Nor were his Staff officers going about with bated breath as if there were a lion inside the room. He had none of the theatrical man-of-iron, making-everyone-quail-before-him air about him. He seemed to have plenty of time on hand. His officers were at their ease with him. And business went through rapidly. He liked to have things in his own hands, and he liked to have his own men about him. But having got them he did not try to do their work : he left them to do it themselves. And he did not mind being stood up to. He liked it. He might growl a bit ; but he was big enough to see if the objector was right, and after the growl Kitchener would accept his point of view. He thus saved himself from many a blunder. Mere querulousness, however, he would stamp on at once.

On leaving Lord Kitchener, I passed a room with the words ‘ Inspector-General of Cavalry ’ on the door. I knocked and went in. I had been at Clifton with Sir Douglas Haig, but had not seen him since. He was too busy at the time to have a talk, but asked me to lunch, and I remember the power and keenness with which he questioned me about the situation on the frontier. He wanted to get the hang of frontier problems. He had the reputation of being brusque in manner and strong in language when inspecting. If a man sees a danger ahead and wants men to prepare for it, he has to be. He has to sting them into action. On one occasion in Tibet, when I was spending the night at a small post on the line of communications, I happened to be up at dawn, and saw a body of several hundred Tibetans weighing down upon us. My language to our still sleeping garrison was appalling. It had to be. It was the only way of stirring the men to instant activity. Soldiers with vision must feel a similar need when they have to prepare troops for a war they see ahead. And this was the root reason of Haig's impetuous manner. With all his might he would force his branch of the army to be more efficient. They must be ready for the danger when it came.

Early in November sanction from the Secretary of State to advance to Gyantse with an adequate force as escort arrived. I had a farewell interview with Lord Curzon, and left again for Darjiling, where General Macdonald, who was now in command of an escort to the Mission of three battalions and a battery, had also arrived. Upon him now fell the onus of the arrangements for crossing the Himalaya by the main route to Lhasa leading up the Chumbi Valley. And he fortunately had as his Supply and Transport the very energetic and resourceful and highly practical Major Bretherton.

We crossed into Tibet on January 9th in the very depth of winter, the thermometer that night registering −18°: just fifty degrees of frost. The Pass was 15,200 feet high, and there was practically no descent on the other side. We had arrived on a plateau. I had given out that we would not attack the Tibetans if they did not oppose us : we were simply advancing to Gyantse to negotiate there. But General Macdonald naturally had an anxious time, as there was a force of three or four thousand Tibetans close by, and the ground was frozen so hard that no entrenchments could be dug round the camp. On account of the cold, too, double sentries had to be posted at night and changed every hour. It seemed almost impossible to maintain our position in these conditions. But next morning we found quarters in the village of Tuna, and it was decided to leave the Mission there with an escort of five hundred men, while the bulk of the force returned to the Chumbi Valley to make preparations for a further advance.

Here at 15,000 feet I spent the winter months doing my best to enter into communication with the Tibetans. But as at Khamba Jong, so here I could not get them to receive a letter or an agent or myself. For fourteen years before my Mission, and again now, they simply would not have anything to do with us. At last I could stand it no longer, and, taking only Captain O'Connor and Captain Sawyer with me, I rode over without any escort, and without giving them warning, straight into the Tibetan camp about fourteen miles away. I had wakened in the night with the strong conviction that this was what I ought to do, and I had proceeded to carry my conviction into effect the first thing next morning. My very trusted and wise adviser, Wilton, when he heard of my resolve, strongly counselled me not to go, urging that the head of the Mission ought not thus to risk himself. And afterwards Lord Curzon and General Macdonald wrote to me to the same effect. And, ordinarily, I do not think a British Commissioner should thus take personal risks : it endangers the position of the whole Mission, and doubles the difficulties of his Government. He should send one of his junior officers. But I went only as a last resort. Fighting was almost inevitable now. I wanted to make one last bid to achieve my end without resorting to force. And I wanted to get the *feel* of the Tibetans. I had no long previous experience of them. I knew little about them. And I was not comfortable in my mind how to tackle them. If I could once meet them face to face I should be able to size them up, get the hang of them, and know how they should be handled.

This was my object as we three rode off into their camp. We were politely received, for the Tibetans are naturally courteous ; and I proceeded to explain to them what our objects were, how we quite understood their desire to be left alone, and for a century had left them alone, but when they started having regular communications with the Russians while they declined to receive a single letter from us, we felt bound to protest. They listened but would make no reply, and even refused my request to report to Lhasa what I had said. Things so far had not proceeded favourably. On the other hand there had been no hostility displayed. But as I prepared to leave there was a sudden change to extreme danger. Three Lamas who had been sitting at the end of the room hissed out that I should not leave till I promised to return to India with all my men. The atmosphere became tense as lightning, and the situation was only saved through our keeping perfectly cool. It takes a lot of nerve for an Asiatic actually to lay hands on an Englishman who is keeping calm. The Tibetans hesitated. And once the first moment of excitement was over their nerve was gone, and we were able to talk them over and get away back to our own camp.

There had been risk, but I had achieved my object. In tense moments like this you can see in a flash the real position. I saw that the peasantry (as represented by the soldiers) and generals were friendly enough. The trouble lay with the priests. They feared for their influence, and they feared that contact with us would ruin the whole way of life in Tibet. I could quite understand their feeling, but I saw that the only way to get at the root of the trouble was to go to the capital, force ourselves into contact with the Chief Lamas in Lhasa, and then treat them well and let them see for themselves that we were reasonable beings and that their fears were unfounded. The treaty was a secondary matter. The essential thing was to change the attitude of the priesthood. Alter that, and treaties and everything else would follow.

Conflict was now almost inevitable. The advance to Gyantse must be continued, and it would certainly be opposed. Yet I was still anxious to avoid fighting up to the very last moment, and, if fighting there was to be, to let the first shot come from them. The terms of my relationship with General Macdonald as laid down by Government were these: that he was to carry out my wishes except in the event of their involving what in his opinion would cause a grave military danger, in which case he was to give me this opinion in writing. It was a difficult position for Macdonald, but was necessitated by the consideration that this was not the usual military punitive expedition, but a political mission. The object was not to destroy an enemy's forces, but to make a treaty.

When, therefore, all was ready for the continuance of the advance, I gave warning to the Tibetans of our intention, but again said that we would not attack them if they did not oppose us. And when we came close to their position I halted, and got their generals to meet me. I then gave them another opportunity of withdrawing from the wall they had built right across the road. Again, when after half an hour's grace we advanced against the wall, I asked Macdonald not to fire till they fired. And when we were right up against the wall, we on one side and the Tibetans on the other, within a few feet of each other, I still tried to get them to let us pass peacefully through. But their general fired a revolver as we were trying to disarm the Tibetans, and the fat was in the fire. We had lost all the advantage of long-range fire, and with the weight of their superior numbers they might have swept General Macdonald and myself away, for we were only a few yards off. But Macdonald was of course prepared and on the look-out for any eventuality, and in a few minutes about three hundred of them were killed, while we lost only two wounded. It was a curious result, for we should certainly have lost more if we had stormed the position in the usual way. By asking our troops not to fire, I was asking them to risk much. But in the end they suffered less than if they had fired from the first.

Once fighting had begun, military operations were in Macdonald's hands. The Tibetans opposed our advance at other places on the road, but Macdonald successfully broke a way through and established the Mission at Gyantse. And once we were there I tried to get negotiators to meet me. I waited a month, but still there was no sign. The people of the country were friendly enough and brought us in supplies for sale ; but there was no indication whatever of negotiators arriving. On the contrary, news came of levies being summoned and a force being collected to attack us. And an attack on us must have seemed to them an easy matter, for, on account of difficulties about supplies, Macdonald, with the bulk of his troops, had returned to Chumbi, leaving the Mission with an escort of five hundred men under Colonel Brander in a fortified farmhouse by a river with two months' supplies and plenty of ammunition. A larger force had been necessary to break through opposition. But this was enough to fend off any attack.

When Colonel Brander heard of the Tibetans gathering forces, he asked me to let him take three hundred and fifty men and go out and attack them. This entirely fell in with my own view of what should be done in such a situation, and I readily gave him leave and added my blessing. Every consideration had been shown to the Tibetans up to the time hostilities began, but if they meant war they must have it.

Off Brander went, therefore, leaving the Mission protected by only 150 men. And the night after he had gone the Tibetans suddenly attacked us, firing into my tent through our own loopholes at a distance of a dozen yards. For a moment or two the situation was critical, but Captain Luke in command was able to get his men up to the walls before the Tibetans got in, and then we were able to beat them off, and I could send Brander a note to say we were all right and wishing him good luck. He had his fight on the Karo-La, 16,300 feet, and beat the enemy, the mounted infantry pursuing them half-way to Lhasa. Having dispersed them, he returned to Gyantse. But the Tibetans summoned up more levies from other parts, and gathered some 8000 men against our 500. We had to be on our guard; but Brander kept up a continual offensive, attacking fortified villages and any armed forces which tried to come out of or into Gyantse fort, till the Tibetans were almost as much besieged as we were.

For two months this continued. Then Macdonald arrived with reinforcements. And now some Tibetan negotiators also arrived. Under a white flag they came into our camp, and I told them I was ready to negotiate with them, but not until they had evacuated the fort which had been firing into my camp for the last two months. I would give them forty-eight hours to clear out; if they were not out by then, General Macdonald would take the necessary action. They did not clear out. Macdonald took the necessary action—and very brilliant action it was. The strongly built masonry fort, set on a commanding hill, was stormed and captured and the Tibetan forces dispersed in every direction. And with some champagne which Lord Curzon had thoughtfully sent us before he went to England for a six months' interval in his Viceroyalty, we celebrated this turning event in our dealings with Tibet.

CHAPTER VIII

LHASA

By this time the Home Government had come round to the conclusion which Lord Curzon and I had held all along—that negotiations to be effective must be carried on at Lhasa itself. I was therefore authorised to advance to the capital. And now the real thrill began. Lhasa had been visited by Europeans before. But there has always been something mysterious about this sacred city hid away so far behind the Himalaya, and no European had been there since Pères Huc and Gabet had made their bold journey there more than fifty years previously. We knew not what reception we should meet with. It *might* be favourable. But all we knew was that the Lamas were fanatically hostile, and that in and close around Lhasa there were nearly twenty thousand of them. By the time we reached Lhasa we would be nearly three hundred miles from our base in British territory. We would have passes of 15,000 feet and 16,000 feet, and the great Brahmaputra River in between. We would be right in the midst of the hottest hostility. And we might have the Tibetans buzzing about us in such numbers that we would be stung to death.

The Opposition in Parliament naturally saw the worst possible horrors in the position. But they were not always consistent in their condemnations. Sometimes we were brutal aggressors who cut down harmless Tibetan peasants. Sometimes we were foolhardy adventurers who would all be murdered when we got to Lhasa, and thereby involve the country in a great and costly war. That was how others regarded us. How we regarded ourselves was neither like the one nor the other. Frightfulness was no object of ours. If fighting were necessary we fought. Otherwise we tried to carry the people of the country with us. We attended carefully to the wounded, and we paid liberally for all supplies. We made the prisoners work, but paid them for it, till they were so comfortable that they asked not to be set free. As to being foolhardy adventurers, we were quite aware of the risks, but Macdonald took every precaution and prepared for every danger.

The Tibetans put up one more feeble fight at the Karo La. And these two fights on the pass of 16,300 feet must surely be the highest at which fighting has ever taken place. After that we marched steadily on. Half way to Lhasa negotiators appeared, and I said I would negotiate with them as we went along, but could only conclude our negotiations in Lhasa itself. Three marches from Lhasa I received a letter from the Dalai Lama begging me not to proceed ; but still we pressed on.

On August 3rd, 1904, we had reached our goal ; and now commenced the real tussle. I was determined that all and sundry should *see* us, have a good look at us, and make up their minds for themselves whether we were devils or the reverse. I was confident in my own mind that we were the reverse; and I wanted to convey that confidence to high and low in Lhasa. On the very day after our arrival I put my intention into practice. I and all my staff donned our full-dress uniforms, and with an escort of three hundred men, including some of the Royal Fusiliers and a sort of band from the Gurkhas, we marched right through the city of Lhasa making all the noise we could. The crowds loved the tamasha, and no mishap occurred.

Then came endless talks with both Chinese and Tibetans, and it was well for us that O'Connor revelled in talking all day long with the Tibetans, while Wilton in his cool, quiet, sagacious way dealt with the Chinese. Not being able to talk either Tibetan or Chinese, my own task was light. I had only to give the general line, be scrupulously polite to both Tibetans and Chinese, and put on an air of adamantine firmness. To any request for concession I had but one reply to give, namely, that the King would cut my head off if I dared make any such proposal to him. And while all the talk was going on, White, Landon (the *Times* Correspondent), and others would be visiting the temples and monasteries, and doing their best to get on friendly terms with the monks.

The Dalai Lama himself had withdrawn to Mongolia for three years' spiritual contemplation a few days before our arrival, so I had not the privilege of seeing him. But he had left his great seal with a venerable old gentleman styled the Ti Rimpoche, and he was the chief personage with whom I had to deal; though I had also to discuss matters with the Cabinet Council of four, and with the entire National Assembly. They were dressed in beautiful Chinese silks, and all were dignified and courteous, and argued their case with considerable ability. But they *all* disagreed with the *whole* of the treaty. By the end of August things were getting serious. Not a line of my treaty had been agreed to, and the military were saying they must be back over the passes before winter.

Things were not so bad as they seemed, though. We had been making way with my main objective. We had slowly been changing the disposition of the Lamas towards us. They were discovering that we were not so black as we had been painted ; that though we had the upper hand we yet treated them with more deference than the Chinese ever showed. Our politeness to them, the good behaviour of the troops, our liberality in payment for supplies, were all beginning to tell. They were becoming more and more disposed to agree to the treaty, though no single individual among them liked to be the first to propose it. I felt the psychological moment had arrived when they wanted a little outside pressure put on to force them to agree. So I had them all up together, and in the presence of the Chinese Resident (who was supposed to have authority over them, but had none at all, and a year later was killed by them) I said that I would negotiate with them for a week longer, but that if at the end of the week the treaty was not signed I would resume military operations against them. They made loud protestations. I was now brutally talking of war when I had so far been talking of peace. If I meant to fight they would fight too. But when I told them that I knew they could do no such thing, they suddenly collapsed, burst out laughing, and forthwith agreed to the whole treaty, lock, stock, and barrel. No single one of them had any responsibility; they had all made their protest, but had been forced to agree—that was how they looked at the matter; and they were happy at the responsibility now being off their shoulders. But they would not have been happy if the ground had not been well prepared. We had to make them *disposed* to agree. The pressure had to be applied at the exactly right moment. If I had put it on when we first arrived nasty fighting would have been the result.

Now another decision had to be made. It might seem foolish and unnecessary to raise a thorny question just when the main matter was so happily settled; but I was determined to sign the treaty only in the Potala, the Dalai Lama's palace. In Asia you must appeal to the imagination. That the British had signed a treaty in the Potala would be known through Asia. And if the treaty had been signed in the Potala it must certainly be one of no disadvantage to the British. The Tibetan policy of seclusion must be at an end. British and Tibetans must have come to terms with one another. The signature of the treaty in my quarters would have no such public effect.

When therefore the Tibetans had agreed to the terms, I said that there was only one more question to decide, and that was the place where the formal signature should be made; and there was only one place where I would sign it, and that was the Potala and the finest hall in it. Again there were loud protestations : no European had ever been in it before : they would sign the treaty in my camp or in the Chinese Resident's office, but never in the Potala. But I replied that the signing of the treaty would be a highly ceremonious occasion, and that for such a ceremony only the most ceremonial hall in the city would be fitting.

They at last agreed, but I had qualms that night as to whether I had not gone a step too far. However, next day all went off perfectly. The Tibetans signed in high good-humour ; and I then released the prisoners we held, and in general abandoned my pose as the adamantine monster.

I visited their monasteries and the cathedral, and dealt out presents with a lavish hand and, at the expense of Government, gained a great reputation for generosity. And now the load was off their minds the Tibetans proved to be a cheery, genial people at heart. We were not going to fight, and we were not going to seize their country. We were better than they had expected.

During the remaining fortnight that I was in Lhasa I did begin to feel that I really had obtained my main object. I had the treaty signed, but I had wanted a good deal more than the mere signing of a document. Throughout my Mission I had as a warning in my mind the disastrous conduct of the Mission to Kabul in 1840. That had left a raw behind which had remained to this day. I was determined that my Mission to Lhasa should have no such calamitous results. We might have had to fight the Tibetans, but we need not leave any rankling animosity in their hearts. And I wanted if I could to leave them better disposed to us when we left than when we entered the country. And in this I could now feel that we had succeeded. From being implacably opposed to us they were now firm friends, and did indeed actually ask me to take them formally under British protection.

And I say *we* had succeeded, because it was not my work alone. Although I, as British Commissioner, could give the general line, yet the actual bringing of my intentions into effect was the work of others, and of men as fully conscious as I was of the importance of securing the goodwill of the Tibetans. General Macdonald had himself served in a political capacity in East Africa, and he and commanding officers like Brander, Hogge, and Campbell, of Indian regiments, were as keen as I was to carry the Tibetans with us. And Captain O'Connor, upon whom fell the brunt of dealings with the Tibetans, happily had a particular liking for them ; and White and Walsh, who had long experience of them on the Bengal frontier, were naturally anxious to get the Tibetans with us. To all of these I was indebted for working to the same end and helping me to achieve what I was aiming at.

And all through I had Lord Curzon's firm support behind me. It is not often that we have the luck to be specially chosen for a big work, but it is a very agreeable experience when it occurs. And it was doubly agreeable to be selected by a man like Lord Curzon, for he knew his subject and his mind ; he was warmly appreciative of every difficulty, and he was able to put into me all his own keen enthusiasm. He let me write quite freely to him. He wrote me numbers of long letters in his easily flowing hand and with his well-turned sentences and scarcely ever a correction or addition. He supported me in all my requests. He was patient with me in my many irritabilities (for I do not disguise the fact that I was irritable—there are few men who are not when strung up at high tension, and those that would be calm at sea-level succumb at 15,000 feet altitude, as scientists will tell us). And he kept a steady flow of encouragement and good counsel running unceasingly to me.

With such support from behind, and with such splendid men with me, my task had been greatly lightened. And my satisfaction at having accomplished what I set out to do was enhanced by the telegrams of congratulations which now came pouring in. Six days after the treaty was signed came the first. It was from the Viceroy conveying the congratulations of King Edward—and it is not often that an Indian officer is honoured with the congratulations of the Sovereign. The Viceroy (Lord Ampthill), Lord Kitchener, Lord Curzon (from England), and many others also telegraphed ; and later came a most warmly appreciative letter from Lord Curzon, and another from Lord Roberts.

On our return to India, Lord Ampthill, who after Lord Curzon had left India had been hardly less kind in his support, honoured my staff and myself with an invitation to stay with him at Viceregal Lodge, Simla. And on the night of our arrival we all dined with Lord Kitchener, who was warmer than any one in his congratulations, for he had much feared that from military exigencies we should have to come away from Lhasa without any treaty at all ; and he could fully appreciate the difficulties we had had to overcome.

And soon now came a proof that, in standing out for proper treatment by the Tibetans when they were communicating with the Russians but keeping us at arm's length, we were not acting without good reason. Immediately my Mission was sent to Tibet the Russian Ambassador in London had begun making protests ; and now that a treaty had been signed, he redoubled his remonstrances. But what grounds had he for objection ? Even the far-away, almost uninhabited, northern portions of Tibet are several hundreds of miles from the Russian border, while Tibet directly touches British India or its feudatories for nearly a thousand miles. If any one had a right to an exclusive influence in Tibet, it was the British rather than the Russian. But we had neither sought nor obtained an exclusive position. We had obtained the right to trade at three places in Tibet and to keep trade agents there to watch trade. But we had not attempted to obtain any control over either the external or the internal affairs of Tibet, or to exclude Russians. And if Russia should think it necessary to protest against what we had done in a country which did not touch her territory but did touch ours, it showed that it was high time to take the notice we did of her activity. There was in our action nothing offensive to her ; but it did safeguard our frontier against any such steps as she was at that very time taking in Manchuria against the Chinese and Japanese.

However, the Russians could protest to their heart's content : we were now as much at ease about our North-Eastern frontier as we were about our North-Western and Northern. At the one remaining point the Russians had been fended off our Indian frontier.

CHAPTER IX

EXPERIENCES REVIEWED

SECURITY for India had been the result of a policy of active watchfulness of Russian movements and of preparedness to resist any aggression. The inertness of the Chinese, their want of preparation, their inability to oppose the Russians, had only invited aggression. The Russians had overrun Manchuria and seized a port on the south coast. And the Indians by themselves would have been in no better way to stop the Russians than the Chinese were. The Russians would have swarmed through India too, as Moghuls, Afghans, Persians, and Greeks had before them, and seized a port like Karachi or Bombay. As it was, India had been kept secure.

By showing the Russians that we had the virility and the readiness to oppose them, that we were alive and on the look-out, and had both the means and the spirit and intention to resist aggression, we gradually removed any thought of it from their minds ; we inclined them to come on good terms with us ; and we paved the way for that friendly agreement which was eventually made.

For the Russians are not an unfriendly people. They are not naturally warlike. They are a restless, wandering race, accustomed to great steppes, with room to move about. But they are not a pushing, adventurous people as we are. If anything, they are disposed to be lazy. They have their impulsive bursts of activity ; and if there is nothing much to oppose them they flood on. But as soon as they come up against something capable of resisting them, they do not resolutely set themselves to overcome the obstacle : they betake themselves elsewhere. They have had plenty of room in Asia, and there has been no reason why they should not. They had expanded over the weak Khanates of Central Asia ; they had seized Merv and Penjdeh and the Pamirs ; but when they saw that they were up against what would firmly resist them they edged off to Manchuria. And then, finding that we were quite ready to be friends with them, they came to an agreement with us. And having made it they kept it. We both realised that it was to the interest of each to be friends with the other in Asia.

Now we are at enmity again ; for the present controllers of the Russian people make no secret of their desire to break up the British Empire in order that their own system may prevail. Their own fabric is not secure till they have got the whole world to be built on the same lines. And the great obstacle in the way of the world adopting their theories of social and political government is the British Empire. So their aim is to destroy it.

It is not then territorial expansion that we have now to fear, so much as the expansion of ideas. But the one has to be guarded against just as much as the other. For we have no reason to suppose that their ideas would be in the least advantageous to us, or that the Soviet theory of government is any better for us than our own. Russians have not had the experience of governing that we have had. Nor have they ever been conspicuously successful in governing themselves. They cannot show us any good grounds for abandoning our own system and adopting theirs. And when in order to promote their own ideas they interfere in our affairs, foment trouble, and stir up ill-feeling against us, we have to resist them with the whole force of our energies.

In China, along the Indian frontier, in India, and in England itself, we have to oppose the aggression of ideas. And this form of aggressiveness is an even more serious danger than that against which we were contending in the manner described in the foregoing pages. It is already causing us grave anxiety in Afghanistan. But the methods we employ to secure our Empire must be the same in the one case as in the other. As before, there must be neither the complacent inertness which fancies that all will come right by sitting still and doing nothing, nor the flashy action which simply arouses hostility; but there must be that alertness of eye which sees every move that is made, and that readiness to spring and repel which deters an aggressor before he aggresses. We must show them in the future as in the past that we are on the vivid lookout for any encroachment; that we intend, and are able, to resist the slightest aggression; that as long as they mean no harm to us we mean no harm to them; and that in the long run it will pay them better to have us as their friends than to arouse us into being their enemies.

Then in due course we may be friends again, much to our mutual advantage. This cannot be for some years, but it will come in time. The Russians work with appalling energy on a given line for a short period. But then they suddenly give it up. Their present mood will not last. It will soon give way to another. From war, from pestilence, from famine, from their own selves, they have suffered as no people has ever suffered before. Their soul is cruelly seared and wounded. But the soul of Russia is a great soul ; and it will spring forth again. The time may come when Russia will be glad enough to have the steadying influence of our friendship. And when that happy moment arrives we should be ready and eager to meet her. For Russia and Great Britain ought to be friends and not enemies in Asia. In the essential character of the two peoples there is much to make for friendship. After long years of enmity we became friends once ; and after the present period of enmity we may be friends again. That friendship is what we should always have at the back of our mind as the ultimate object to aim at, though for the time being we have to keep watch and ward against hindrances to our own work in the world.

So much as regards the Russians. As for our dealings with the peoples on our frontier, I have these few remarks to make—and they are probably as applicable to other frontiers of the Empire as to the Indian frontier. First, I would say that in frontier matters there is safety in risk. Time after time risk pays. Deliberately, and with your eyes open and in full confidence, run a risk for a good end and you will come out safe with your end achieved. Shrink from running a necessary risk, and danger will relentlessly pursue you, hunt you down, and crush you. That is what my experience has taught me.

As a case in point I will take Chitral. Government shrank from the risk of keeping me in Chitral, withdrew me sixty miles to Mastuj, and consequently neither I nor Gurdon, my successor, was able to exercise a steady, continual watchfulness and influence ; trouble arose which we might have prevented ; and a whole expedition became necessary. If Government had been readier to take risk this need never have occurred.

Nor, in my opinion, would the Hunza campaign have been necessary if we had run the risk of sending a young officer there from time to time to keep in touch with the Chief.

At times the officer who takes the risk is killed. But in sacrificing his life he may bring security for years after, as Major Daniell did in Chilas in 1893.

But the best example both of the folly of inertness and of the good that comes from running risks for an adequate object is Tibet. Warren Hastings, nearly a century and a half ago, did not scruple about running the risk of sending an agent to Tibet—and be it noted, quite a young man, Bogle. Later Samuel Turner was sent. And in both cases no harm, but on the contrary good, resulted. And if Warren Hastings' policy had been followed up we would gradually have created a neighbourly feeling with the Tibetans, drawing them bit by bit closer to us. As it was, we left them frigidly alone for a century. And our forbearance did not endear us to them: it only made them truculent. I was shocked to find on my arrival on that frontier how low our prestige was. We were held in no esteem whatever in those parts. My Mission was looked upon as doomed. We had the greatest difficulty in getting men from Darjiling to accompany us. And this lack of prestige was the direct cause of the fighting which occurred. The Tibetans were ignorant of both our power and our goodwill, and when confronted by us behaved like a pack of schoolgirls. And all this need never have been if we had followed Warren Hastings' example and continued to send agents into Tibet to keep the Tibetans in touch with us and accustomed to look on us as friends. And what has been done since my Mission by O'Connor, Bell, and Bailey shows how the Tibetans can be kept friends by having an agent in touch with them in their own country.

And of the good which comes from running carefully weighed risks, Lord Curzon's action in Tibet is an excellent example. And that it was a risk I have his own word. He told me afterwards that if the Mission had been anything less than a complete success his whole Viceroyalty would have been damned. He was ready to stake his reputation upon the action. And the result has been that the Tibetans have been friendly ever since, and we have been free from anxiety for that frontier. And in the actual conduct of the Mission risks had to be run again and again—in crossing the Himalaya in winter, in establishing the Mission at Tuna for the winter with only a small escort, in advancing against the Tibetan position without firing, in going out from Gyantse to attack the gathering Tibetans, in assaulting the Gyantse fort, in marching to Lhasa, in marching through Lhasa, in insisting on signing the treaty in the Potala—but in all cases the results proved that it was worth taking the risk. Taking risk meant the difference between success and failure.

In the conduct of frontier affairs it pays, then, to run risks. The cautious is not necessarily the best course. In most cases it is the worst.

But with this willingness to run risks should go a readiness to seize opportunities. An opportunity should never be lost. A frontier agent should be alert as a hawk to snatch it. It comes and goes in a flash ; and failure to seize it may mean years of ponderous and expensive effort for Government. In my experience Government was constantly blowing hot when some Chief was blowing cold, and cold when he was blowing hot. When all he was wanting was to be left alone, Government would force itself upon him. When he was sorely in need of help, Government was coldly unresponsive. A more flexible, adaptable attitude is needed. It may be taken for granted that the main wish of Government anywhere at any time on any frontier is to preserve order. When therefore an opportunity occurs of extending or exerting our influence so that we may be in a better position to maintain order, it should be seized. This should not mean aggression, or determination to dominate a people and curb their independence ; but it should mean finding a more effective way for preventing the usual disorder. A type of such opportunity is when a tribe is in trouble and wants our aid against an aggressor, or when on the death of a Chief there is a scramble among the sons for the throne. Opportunities here occur which if seized flow on to fortune. But action must be swift. And if it has to be swift, and if it is not to be rash, there must be full previous knowledge of all the conditions, and there must be perpetual fitness in the agent to play the decisive part he may be called on to take. As likely as not his own life may be involved, let alone the safety of that part of the frontier. And if rapid action is to be taken he must have kept Government well posted beforehand, so that he and they may act confidently together.

But seizing opportunities and taking risks mean both Government and agent being at high tension. And when an agent is at high tension in a lonely position, perhaps suffering considerable physical hardships, and with no distraction, like an hour in the club or an evening at the theatre, to take his mind off the responsibilities of the situation, he is apt to be obsessed by his task and to become touchy, irritable, and perhaps petulant. And against this he must be on his guard ; and for this Government must allow. In all serious affairs there are contending interests which have to be reconciled, and on the frontier the contention of those interests is often acute. Probably there is a conflict of military and political interests. From a political point of view the people have to be treated with the finest delicacy and their susceptibilities most sensitively respected. But the military officer in command may be urgently wanting supplies or transport from the people, or to occupy some building or position for defence which the people do not want him to be in. He cannot be responsible, he says, for the security of that part unless he is given what he asks for, or allowed to do what he wants ; whether the people like it or not he must have his way. So there is friction between the military and civil authorities.

Then between the agent on the spot and his superiors at headquarters there is more contention of interest. The agent is determined to do his best for his small part of the frontier. He sees with microscopic clearness precisely what ought to be done for his own part. A golden opportunity is suddenly presented : if only Government would let him seize it ; if they would only let him go to a particular place, or send him a few more troops or a little more money, or allow him to promise some help, he could have his political charge secure and orderly for years to come. But Government has thousands of miles of frontier to look after ; they happen to be engaged in some troublesome expedition in another part ; and the Viceroy is away in camp, or the Finance Department will not give the money, or the Military Department the soldiers. And the poor agent on the spot sees the chance go by and gets irritated with Government. Or while Government is harassed from a variety of causes, the agent on the spot is inert about a situation which has suddenly arisen, a call is made on them for troops and money when they least want to have to give him, and they get annoyed with the agent. Or just when the Government of India and the agent on the spot are in agreement that some combined political and military action is needed, the Home Government, whose sanction has to be obtained, talk of international considerations and the wider outlook, and so on; the season for military operations slips by, the tribesmen gather in strength through our inaction, and double the effort is eventually necessary—and both agent and Government abuse the Home Government.

The conduct of frontier affairs is an exasperating business. And it is well to take it for granted that conflicts of interests and differences of opinion due to differences of points of view are all part of the normal state of affairs, and that there is nothing unusual in them. A frontier officer must not only live at high tension, be willing to take risks and snatch opportunities, but prepare himself to engage in nerve-shattering contentions with his own folk. In every sphere of life men and women have these conflicts. For life is a battle. But on the frontier they are especially acute, because matters of life and death are involved in them. A frontier officer should see to it, then, that he is as fit in nerve and temper and spirit as he is in body and mind. He should not be taken unawares by the most heart-rending contentions. He must be capable of keeping his temper, maintaining his spirit, and pressing his opinion with equal equanimity and effectiveness. And he will be able to do this all the better if he can avoid saying a word or doing a thing which is likely to dispose men unfavourably to him beforehand, and if he can remember always that he and they are working in the country's service. A very great advance in harmonious working has been made during the last hundred years. A century ago there used to be fierce brawls between political and military officers, agents, and Government. Tempers were lost, unforgivable words were said or written, and the service of the country suffered accordingly. Now the temper is better. But still improvement can be made. And officers, as part of their professional duty, should deliberately train their nerve and temper for the shock of inevitable conflicts of opinion.

An agent must, too, learn the way of carrying the Government with him. He and they are both bent on the same object. There may be differences of opinion as to the ways and means of carrying it out ; but it is important that he should understand the Government's point of view and that they should understand his. He should soak himself in the Government policy till he is saturated with it. But when he has completely absorbed it he should present the local conditions clearly and convincingly to Government. He and he alone can do that, and he should learn to do it with effect. I failed in Chitral to present the local point of view effectively, and a whole expedition was the result of the failure. When I was withdrawn from Chitral I knew it was a mistake and I protested. But I did not protest in a manner to convince Government, as I might very easily have done if I had gone about the matter in the right way—in the last resort asking for leave to go to Simla and see the Viceroy. British Governments are excellent Governments to serve. They are most reasonable and considerate and accommodating with their agents. And if a local case is put temperately before them, and backed by sound arguments, they are perfectly ready to accept the views of the man on the spot. Or if they cannot, he can, after presenting his case, feel he has done his duty.

On a larger scale Lord Cromer was a perfect example of the way in which an agent on the spot can carry Government with him. In the midst of all the sharply conflicting interests he was able to preserve his equanimity, and present his case equably, firmly, logically, and persuasively to Government, and year by year to build up in the mind of Government such confidence in him that they became anyhow predisposed to accept whatever he recommended. And to create in the mind of Government such a predisposition in his favour should be the aim of any frontier officer. It is only thereby that he can be effective in his work.

But if all these high qualifications are needed in frontier officers, obviously special care must be taken in selecting them. Mere conscientious plodders are of no use. What are wanted are men who can be trusted to rise to an occasion; who when suddenly stirred to action will instinctively do the right and not the silly thing. And such men must be chosen by those who know what frontier life means, not by a board of examiners. And they should be young, for young men are both alerter and more adaptive. They are also more acceptable to primitive peoples. I was better at thirty than I was at forty; and if I had been five years older I certainly would not have been fit to lead the Tibet Mission. And these young men should know and be known by the high officers of Government. Roosevelt said after his journey through East Africa and the Sudan that two things had struck him: one, the splendid work done by young British officers; and the other, the ignorance of people at home of what these officers had done. If frontier officers were received as Mr. George Curzon received me in 1891, they would understand far better what was expected of them, and what was the general point of view of Government; they would have opportunities of presenting their local point of view to Government; and the high official who was fortunate enough to see them would find a breeze of fresh air blowing into his musty office and doing a world of good for the health of his soul.

When such a happy state of things has been established Government will be able to leave young officers a freer hand. And if they are selected carefully, clearly instructed as to what is expected of them, and then given responsibility, they can be trusted to rise to the occasion and save Government from many a little expedition. It is for this frontier work all round the Empire that British officers are especially fitted; and the country would do well to make the fullest use of the splendid material it possesses.

PART II

INNER INDIA

CHAPTER X

RHODES AND JAMESON

I MUST make an interlude now to record my experiences in South Africa as *Times* Correspondent during and after the Jameson Raid. While I was on leave in England after the Chitral campaign in 1895, I received a letter from Moberly Bell, manager of *The Times*, asking me if I would be willing to go anywhere for three months. I replied that I was. He then informed me that he wished me to go to South Africa to report on the mines. I was taken aback, and replied that I knew nothing about mines. After dinner, however, he became more communicative. Trouble was brewing in the Transvaal. The Uitlanders (foreigners) in Johannesburg were resentful at being taxed without representation. An insurrection was likely, and a force from Rhodesia might have to be sent to support them. I was to go out and report exactly what the situation was. About unimportant matters I was to send only short telegrams; but about any really important event my telegram need have no limit: not even if it filled a whole page of *The Times*.

On arrival at Cape Town I went, at Moberly Bell's suggestion, to see Cecil Rhodes, who was then Prime Minister and at the height of his power. He was anything but forthcoming. I had been accustomed to show deference to and receive courtesy from Generals, Commanders-in-Chief, and Viceroys. But Rhodes disliked being shown deference—being addressed as 'Sir,' for example—and the more I showed of it the ruder he became. He was a great gentleman at heart, but out in South Africa he cultivated a kind of pose of rough pioneer manners. He was a man of very free hospitality. He liked to have his house full, and opened his beautiful gardens to any one who cared to walk in them. But the less of outward respect his visitors showed, the better he seemed pleased.

About the situation in the Transvaal I was able to get little information. He invited me to dinner at his famous house, Grootschur. And he talked in a dreamy, soliloquising way about many things. But about the Transvaal he said I had better consult his brother Frank at Johannesburg.

Thither, therefore, I proceeded; and found Colonel Frank Rhodes a very different person. He invited me to stay in his house as long as I liked, admitted me completely into his confidence, and was all kindliness and geniality.

I had expected to find Johannesburg a glorified mining camp of the Bret Harte novel type, and to see men with revolvers stuck in their belts ready to shoot at sight. It was nothing of the sort. There were fine buildings, comfortable houses, an excellent club, but not a revolver to be seen. The only slight resemblance to the mining-camp of novels was in the matter of drink. I used to be offered champagne at ten o'clock in the morning at the Rand Club, and drinks were ordered at the slightest excuse. It was a nuisance.

Staying with Frank Rhodes, I now began to know the leading men and to hear what was going on. The atmosphere was tense with conspiracy. For years the Johannesburgers had been remonstrating with the Boers against the injustice of being taxed as they were without having any say in the government of the country. Nearly the whole of the revenue was contributed by the Uitlanders, but the Boers kept all the voting power to themselves. The Johannesburgers had made speeches and sent deputations ; but all to no purpose. Now they intended to act. They were secretly importing arms ; they were counting on help from British territory ; and they meant to rise and seize the Government.

It was a risky business. The few ‘ in the know ’ had to get in others ; but as the circle enlarged, so did the risk of the plan being exposed. Yet the circle had to be widened ; for without numbers how could a rising take place ? Already, when I arrived in Johannesburg in December 1895, there were rumours about in the town ; and soon paragraphs began to appear in the papers. The Boers must surely know about it ; and if they did, how could success be likely ?

As I watched what was going on I thought to myself how difficult it must be to get up a rising on the Indian frontier without news reaching us. But I thought also how difficult it must be for us to be sure that a rising would actually take place, even though we knew it was brewing. Often I had had to watch for a rising. Often I had received reliable information that a rising was being planned. And then nothing after all would come of it. So we could never be certain, even with firstrate means of intelligence. And it might be so now with the Boers. They might have accurate information of what the leaders—Reformers, they called themselves—were doing. But they might have laughed at it all and said that both capitalists and workers were making far too much money to be running revolutions.

And if they had said this they would not have been far wrong. The leading business men of Johannesburg were very rightly exasperated at the contemptuous treatment they received from Kruger; but they were not born revolutionaries. And miners receiving often a pound a day were not very inflammable material. And to this conclusion the leaders themselves came towards the end of December and asked me to go down to Cape Town, see Cecil Rhodes, tell him how matters stood, and ask him to stop Jameson entering the Transvaal to support a revolt, as that revolt could not be made.

I arrived at Cecil Rhodes' house at the time I had arranged with him, and found him seated in the verandah—stoep, as they call it there—with about a dozen men looking as if they had nothing on earth to do except loaf all day long. He hardly noticed me when I joined in, but after a time said to me, 'Where have you come from?' 'Johannesburg,' I replied. 'How are things going there?' he asked. 'Much the same as usual,' I said. And he then began talking to others.

But presently he said casually to me, 'Have you seen my hydrangeas? I should like you to see them.' And off he lounged with me up the garden. But as soon as we were out of earshot he said, 'Now tell me sharp what you have to say; we can't be away long or those fellows will be suspicious.' I told him that the Johannesburgers were not for it and wanted Jameson stopped. He said, 'What! do you mean to say that there is not a man in Johannesburg who will get up and lead a revolution and not mind if he 's shot?' 'Apparently there isn't,' I said. 'Would you do it yourself?' he asked. 'Certainly not,' I replied. 'I don't want to lead revolutions in Johannesburg.'

He gave his customary grunt as if he thought the whole crowd, including myself, were a white-livered lot; and then said that as Johannesburg would not rise he would telegraph and stop Jameson.

I left Cape Town the same evening—I had been there only a few hours—and told the Reformers what Rhodes had said. They all thought the whole thing was now 'off.' What was their surprise, then—and consternation—when a day or two afterwards they suddenly heard that Jameson had actually started and was on his way to Johannesburg. Apparently he had received Rhodes' telegram, but thought he would try his luck. The fat was indeed in the fire. However, the Reformers put the best face they could on it. They had only a little over two thousand rifles when they had expected to have twenty thousand. But they dealt them out with great assurance, formed corps, and commenced drilling.

Jameson approached nearer and nearer, and when he should be within reach of Johannesburg I rode out with a Dutch-speaking companion to meet him. At about twelve miles we met a Boer patrol, who proceeded to point their rifles at us in an unpleasant manner ; but we held up our hands to show that we were unarmed, and they let us pass on. We then rode straight into a Boer commando, and I went up to the Commandant, Cronje, told him that I was Correspondent of *The Times*, and asked him for news. He said the news was that Jameson had just surrendered, and I might go and see him and his men being marched off. I did so ; and then galloped back as hard as I could to the Johannesburg telegraph office, sent off a telegram to *The Times*, and went on to the Reform committee-room. I was the first to bring the news of the disaster.

It was a bad business, and the position in Johannesburg was precarious ; for the Reformers had neither the arms nor the men of sufficient training to meet the victorious Boers, who were now assembling from all sides round the town. They asked me to go over to Pretoria to ascertain what the feeling there was. I went to an hotel full of Boer commandants, and from there went on to the Boer Government offices. I saw a door with 'Commandant - General' written over it, so I knocked and walked in. I told General Joubert that I was Correspondent of *The Times*. (I was nearly as portentous about being Correspondent of *The Times* as I had been about being the Envoy of the Queen of England when I visited the Hunza Chief.) Joubert said that *The Times* was the very paper which was most down on the Boers. I replied that he had now an excellent opportunity for putting before it the Boer side of the question. And this he proceeded to do, much to my journalistic delight.

Next day I returned to Johannesburg and reported to the Reformers that what the Boers' principal talk was about was putting holes through them. The Boers were more down on the Reformers than they were even on Jameson. One or two Reformers who disliked having holes made in them said that in that case they had better off it to Cape Town while they could. But Frank Rhodes, George Farrar, and Lionel Phillips said that as they had gone in for this business they would see it through. This they did. They pluckily stayed on in Johannesburg, where they were all arrested, put on their trial, and sentenced to death—but finally let off with a fine of £25,000 each.

The whole affair was bad in its inception and miserably managed. And no one knew better than Jameson what a horrible blunder he had made; and no man ever did more than he did to retrieve a blunder. But the blame is not all on the side of the British. Through Jameson's fatal error Kruger was able to pose before the world as the injured innocent. But he would only have received his deserts if he *had* been turned out. The Boers were not the centuries-old inhabitants of the Transvaal. They had only occupied it in Kruger's own lifetime. They were quite newcomers. Moreover, they were actually under the suzerainty of the British. The Uitlanders—in which term were included Cape Dutch as well as British, German, French, and American—were showing all the enterprise in opening up the country, supplying the capital, doing the work, and paying nearly all the revenue, while the Boers were sitting idly on their farms. It was not a state of things which could possibly last.

I had an interview with Kruger, and asked him if he could hold out any hope of granting the franchise to Uitlanders, and he replied that he would grant it to every man who would take the oath to fight against the British. I admired the old man for his sturdiness. But such an attitude was bound to lead to trouble in the end. The stout-hearted but unprogressive Boer pioneers could not expect to keep men of the capacity to start and develop the great gold-mining industry of the Transvaal for ever without any voice in the government of the country.

And Rhodes was in this matter just as foolish as Kruger. Throughout his career up to the time of the Raid he had acted on sound lines. Temperamentally he was disposed to like the Boers. Their big, free way appealed to him. He was a big, free man himself. And till now he had deliberately striven to work with them in South Africa. His aim was a United South Africa, and he wanted to carry the Dutch with him in all he did. And in the Transvaal affair he had at first pursued the same line. The Cape Dutch were just as furious with Kruger as the British were, for they also were treated as Uitlanders; and Rhodes had meant to have them working with him. Later on a change came over him. Perhaps it was his success in the Matabele War. Perhaps it was the knowledge that his weak heart meant a short life, and that he might not outlive Kruger. Whatever it was, he forsook his old sound, natural policy, and embarked on this pitiful adventure.

But for one thing, even in this, we can give him boundless admiration. Jameson had gone on in spite of his effort to stop him. But Rhodes never rounded on Jameson. He stuck to Jameson for the rest of his life, and Jameson stuck to him till his death, and after Rhodes' death spent his life in retrieving his blunder. The friendship of those two men was the great redeeming feature of the whole disastrous episode.

It is said that the British Government must have known perfectly well that Jameson was on the frontier prepared to advance into the Transvaal. Of course they did. And British regiments were ready to advance into the Transvaal. But no one supposed—or at any rate Lord Rosmead, the High Commissioner, did not suppose—that Jameson would be such a fool as to *start* a trouble in the Transvaal. He might *support* a rising if such spontaneously occurred. But that he, from outside, should go in and start one was more than Lord Rosmead could give him credit for.

And of course the British Government was prepared for a rising. Governments do not keep their eyes and ears shut. They have to watch what is going on, forecast future possibilities, and take precautions against probable troubles. For years past trouble had been seething in Johannesburg. If it came to a head, what should be done? This was a question which Government would naturally ask themselves. The Government of the day had certainly discussed it with Lord Rosmead before he was sent out to South Africa as High Commissioner. And it was then decided that *if* the trouble came to a head he was to go to the Transvaal with 10,000 men and tell Kruger that he must come to a settlement with the Uitlanders, for we were not going to stand having the peace of South Africa perpetually threatened any longer. Matters were known to be very nearly coming to a head in December 1895. The reliefs to India were accordingly sent that year round by the Cape instead of through the Suez Canal, so that troops would be close at hand if required. But there was never any intention of Government to initiate or foment a rising in Johannesburg. And directly Lord Rosmead heard that Jameson had started he issued a proclamation recalling him and every officer with him.

I returned to England in April; spent a week-end at Bearwood with Arthur Walter, the proprietor of *The Times*, and there for the first and only time met Lord Wolseley. I remember his remarking that everybody was blaming everybody else for the Raid, but the only person he blamed was the man who put in Frank Rhodes to lead a revolution. Wolseley had a most attractive personality, and was full of good cheer and interesting talk. He dumbfounded us by saying he could provide all the troops required for home defence, and still have sixty thousand men to put into France. Sixty thousand was an unheard-of number in those days.

I also saw Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the Colonial Office. He had very clear, clean-cut ideas, and expressed them incisively. He had not much patience with the Reformers; but he said that if Kruger attempted to carry out the death sentence on them it would mean war.

In July *The Times* asked me to return to South Africa, go all round it, and report on the whole situation. This I did, and reported in a series of letters which, with my previous letters on the Raid, were afterwards published in my book *South Africa of To-Day*. I went back to Johannesburg and Pretoria, had another interview with Kruger, now coming much under the influence of the Germans, whom Dr. Leyds was teaching him to look upon as a counterpoise to the British, and then travelled through the Free State, visited Basutoland, saw something of the eastern province of the Cape Colony, drove across Pondoland to Natal, returned to Pretoria, and from there went to Delagoa Bay, took a steamer to Port Beira, and, in a wagon with Harry Cust, trekked from Massa Kessi to Fort Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland.

Mashonaland had now for some months been in rebellion. And I did not wonder at it. The Chartered Company had assumed the government of the country, but they had not the men to govern with. They had excellent business men and rough settlers, and Rhodes himself had political experience and a natural instinct for government. But the local agents he had to work through were petty traders. They were chosen because they could speak the language, but they had no training or tradition in administration, and in all good faith did things which alarmed and irritated the Mashonas. It is not astonishing, then, that the Mashonas broke out in rebellion, and proceeded to massacre every white man they could lay hands on.

All Rhodes' dreams seemed now to be shattered. The Raid had destroyed his position in the Cape Colony. He had resigned his Premiership. Government had also made him resign his directorship on the Chartered Company, and had put an Inspector of their own into Rhodesian administration. The Matabele had risen round Bulawayo, and the Mashonas round Salisbury. In addition, rinderpest had destroyed all the herds and chief transport animals, and the whole country was reeking with the stench of their dead bodies. It was a dark time for Rhodes. He was allowed no position whatever in the country named after him. There were an Administrator, a General, and an Inspector-General, all wielding authority. But he was allowed none. Yet so great was the power of his personality that even with everything thus against him he was the one man in the country who counted.

When we first arrived at Salisbury he was not there, and all the settlers were grumbling against him. He was the cause of all the trouble, they said, and they would tell him so straight. But when he reached Salisbury he faced the cruellest blow of all as he had met his other troubles. He made himself accessible to all. They could come to him and have their grumble, and he would enter into their troubles, give them advice and encouragement, and in a large number of cases money out of his own pocket to help them tide over bad times. It must have been very pleasant to have money enough to be able to do this. But he had not a penny that he had not himself made by his own skill and enterprise and hard work. And what he had made he preferred to spend in making a new colony rather than in pleasures in England. Soon grumbling ceased. By his courage and firm will he carried Rhodesia through its troubles. And this, to my mind, was by far his finest piece of work, though I did not realise it at the time.

Cust and I stayed with him for a fortnight at Salisbury; and here he made what in his curious way was meant to be his amends to me. 'I was rude to you at Cape Town, wasn't I?' 'Well, yes, you were,' I replied. 'I was damned rude, wasn't I?' 'As you put it that way, you were,' I said. He gave a grunt of satisfaction. Quite frankly, I did not take to Rhodes even then at Salisbury. He surrounded himself with a little court of very inferior men, and a lot of his talk was dreadful rubbish. He was a very poor judge both of men and of political situations. Among the military officers in Salisbury at the time were Baden-Powell and Godley (now Sir Arthur Godley, a soldier who much distinguished himself in the Great War), but these he never or seldom had in his house. And the only reason why I was there was that I was *Times* Correspondent. But I made a mistake in being put off by Rhodes' idiosyncrasies. I failed to see the bigness of the man; and I failed to see that this childish talk with small men was in reality easing his mind from the great things weighing on it.

Yet even when you have understood that a lot of this loose talk was merely easing his mind from heavier thoughts, it was still difficult to understand some of his serious conversations, for he had such extraordinary ideas of right and wrong. One day he complained of Government having prevented him from seizing Beira, the Portuguese port on the coast of East Africa. He said it was the natural port for Rhodesia ; and, that being so, he had a few years ago marched down some Chartered Company's troops to take it. He was quite willing to give the Portuguese compensation, but as they were making no use of it, and it was necessary for Rhodesia, they should be made to give way to those who would make use of it. The despatch by the High Commissioner at Cape Town of an officer to stop him was only another instance, Rhodes said, of petty ' interference from Downing Street.'

I could hardly believe that he was talking seriously. And it was only after his death that I discovered the idea which underlay this and other similar proceedings. Darwinism was then much to the fore. Rhodes when he started for South Africa as a young man was convinced that the survival of the fittest was the rule of the world ; he believed that the British were the fittest to survive ; they therefore should take precedence over others. He was not sure whether there was a God or not, but, assuming that there was, this was evidently the lines on which God worked, and he (Rhodes) must act in accordance with God's principles.

In his mind he had a vision of the present slothful inhabitants of Africa braced to work as hard as he worked himself, and the vast wastes being made to produce what they were capable of bringing forth, so that room might be found for countless human homes. He was not harsh and overbearing to the 'unfit.' He had no notion of exterminating them or of keeping them in thraldom. But he did deem it his duty to fit them for better things. And his was not an ignoble dream.

His settlement with the Matabele at the meeting with them in the Matoppo hills near Bulawayo was one of the best examples both of his methods at their best, and of the influence of his personality. Rhodes was not, like Roddy Owen, only happy when he was running personal risks. He hated danger. He was a business man, and from a business point of view it was silly to risk your life when you might be safe. Yet, when circumstances required it, he could screw himself up to face danger as composedly as the bravest. The fighting with the Matabele had been dragging undecisively on, a heavy drain on the Chartered Company's resources, and of no possible advantage to the Matabele. And Rhodes saw that it must be stopped. He guessed that the Matabele must have had quite enough of it and be wanting to get back to their fields, though their leaders might not like to make a move for settlement. So at great personal risk he, with an interpreter, but without escort, went to a place of meeting at a distance from the British camp, and there talked the whole matter over with the Matabele chieftains. And the confidence he then showed, the reasonable-ness with which he talked, and the generosity of his terms, brought the Matabele round; and peace was established. It was a fine feat, and is a standing example of the wisdom of letting wisdom go by the board. And it was all the more remarkable because, as I have said, he was then without any official position whatever and was at the very bottom of his luck.

I am myself no great believer in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The *sacrifice* of the fittest is what makes the world go on. My experience has been that it is the brave and the daring and the venturesome who get killed, and the lazy, luxury-loving stay-at-homes who survive. The Everest climber succumbs: the plainsman survives. But in this case the fittest did survive—at any rate for a few more years. And I do not wonder that Rhodes afterwards chose as his burial-place the hills amid which this striking settlement was made.

CHAPTER XI

RAJPUTANA

I HAD intended to leave the Government service and explore in Central Africa, after I had travelled round South Africa. But the more I saw of Africa, the more I liked Asia. To me the Asiatic—even the wild tribesman of the Indian frontier—was so much more attractive than the African. And I gradually succumbed to the arguments of my affectionate companion, the late Harry Cust, and decided to return to Asia. He persuaded me that it was in India that my work really lay. I had training and experience there which should be utilised.

To India, therefore, I returned in November 1897. A few months previously I had married, and to a married man his destination is a matter of some concern. As a Political Officer I might be sent to Baghdad or the Persian Gulf, or to anywhere in India from Mysore in the south to Gilgit in the north. But not till we arrived in Bombay was I informed where we should have to go. I was posted as the third out of three assistants to the Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, with headquarters at Mount Abu.

The Government of India had shown no marked enthusiasm in welcoming me back to India. The appointment was the lowest they could give me;

and I did not bless them. However, Abu would be a pleasant place to spend the next hot weather in, and I should be gaining an experience of office work and central administration which should be useful. So I settled down, and for the first time since I was a subaltern with my regiment had a more or less comfortable house of my own to live in. Always on the frontier or exploring, I had lived in either tents or native houses. I now at least had a house and a garden.

My chief was Sir Robert Crosthwaite, a typical Indian Civil Servant—able and thorough, and possessed of a high sense of public duty. I found that there was not so much man-to-man dealing, like on the frontier, as paper work to be done. An immense correspondence with Residencies and Political Agencies all over Rajputana on the one hand, and with the Government of India on the other, would be dealt with by us three Assistants—Captain Impey, Captain Bruce, and myself—and placed before Sir Robert Crosthwaite for his instructions. Assisted by a large staff of Indian clerks, we would put up all the previous papers on a case, make a summary of it, and, in minor cases, offer suggestions for its disposal. At this work I was not good. I was interested in the cases, but offering suggestions for disposal was a stumbling-block. If the responsibility were on me I would feel quickened to make a decision ; but when the responsibility was some one else's, ideas simply would not come. And the more ' minor ' the case was, the greater the difficulty in offering a suggestion. It did not seem to matter twopence how it was decided, but a decision had to be suggested and good reasons for it. Should or should not a Resident have another messenger, for instance. There were weighty reasons why he should. On the other hand, another Resident had just been refused an additional messenger. I would humbly suggest that to keep up the due prestige of the Viceroy's representative the extra messenger should be allowed. But then my Chief in a few incisive sentences would record his decision that there was enough display already, and more economy must be exercised.

Or there would be a dispute between two Maharajas about the exact boundary between their States. A river was acknowledged to be the boundary ; but the river was broad, and each Maharaja claimed up to the far bank, the one on the west claiming the river up to the east bank, the one on the east claiming up to the west bank. Each supported his claim by masses of documentary evidence going back to time immemorial. Each was supported by the British Political Agent. As I read the correspondence a brilliant idea occurs to me : why shouldn't the boundary be in the *middle* of the river ? Then both parties would be satisfied. I make the suggestion. But my Chief, to my chagrin, turns it down. He knows full well that the last thing the Maharajas want is a settlement. The dispute has been going on for years, and fighting over it is pure joy to them. The case is referred back for fuller information ; and so the ball is kept rolling.

A more serious matter is the education of a Maharaja's son. The Maharaja wants to send him to England. The Political Agent contends that the youth would only go to the bad in England, and become estranged from his own people. Here I simply put up the case. This is high politics. To venture an opinion would be presumptuous on the part of a third Assistant. My Chief fully agrees with the Political Agent, but thinks the Maharaja's wishes should not be thwarted: he should be warned that the results may not be so good as expected, and after that warning the responsibility must be left with him.

In another case the finances of an Indian State have gone wrong. The Political Agent suggests that the services of a British official of financial experience should be lent to the State. But against this the Maharaja violently protests: it would lower his dignity, he says. My Chief cannot allow the State to go to pieces, but he wants to respect the Maharaja's feelings, so he proposes to the Maharaja that an Indian from the Government service and not a British official should be asked for.

Or the construction of a railway through several different States has to be negotiated; or the succession to the gaddi decided; or a quarrel between a Maharaja and his nobles composed; or a guardian found for the son of some Maharaja. In all these cases papers would have to be put up, precedents searched for, the general instructions of Government consulted, and the Agent to the Governor-General saved as much trouble as possible. And Sir Robert Crosthwaite was Chief Commissioner for Ajmere as well as Agent to the Governor-General; and Ajmere is a British district administered directly by the Government of India, so there were matters of Education, Land Revenue Settlement, Taxation, Education, Police, Justice, etc., to be dealt with. And in all these Sir Robert Crosthwaite's notes were an education to me. How ignorant I was! How little all those examinations I had so laboriously passed now helped me! How distant seemed the frontier! And how much more difficult all these minutiae of administration were! Neither my own life nor any one else's was in danger however silly the note I put up to the Agent to the Governor-General; but how much more difficult it was to write it than to tackle the Hunza Chief face to face in his own den!

For nearly a year I groaned and wrote notes and compiled 'annual reports'; and then I went to Simla to see if nothing better than this were in store for me during the term of my natural existence. The Foreign Office stirred into life, and in September 1898 I was posted as Political Agent at Deoli in Rajputana.

I was now on my own responsibility once more, and had to superintend the affairs of three Indian States—two Hindu (Bundi and Shahpura) and one Mohamedan (Tonk). A delightful experience it was and interesting in many ways, but how lifeless in comparison with the frontier! Over all there was the blight of security—guaranteed security. There was no chance of these States being invaded, or of a Chief being murdered by his brother and the whole State being put in an uproar. The Chiefs were safe on their gaddis—safe from outside invasion and from internal disturbance. But not thus safe because they had won safety with their own right arm or by the exercise of character : only because the power of the British Government was shielding them. They had a right by treaty to this protection. Nevertheless, it had a most enervating effect upon them. Peace is an excellent thing, no doubt, but it has its drawbacks as well as its benefits. And its chief disadvantage is its tendency to enervate. The sap seemed to have gone out of these people. There was no spring in them. They lived in a past. That past had, it is true, its lurid side. It was a state of perpetual warfare between State and State, and between all the States and bands of marauders and aspirants, like the Mahrattas, to the throne of Delhi. And no one could wish it back. Still, this warfare at least kept them from stagnation. And I kept wishing some means could be devised for preserving the full life and zest of these people while maintaining their security according to treaty. Could not some form of emulation be devised which would keep the blood red ?

For picturesqueness, however, my reception at Bundi could not be surpassed. Bundi is not built on the flat plains of India ; it is situated in a narrow gap between rugged hills. A fort palace climbs the hills on one side, and the whole top is an embattlement. The Chief is of the noblest blood in India. For more than eight hundred years, without interruption, his ancestors have ruled in Bundi. And his immediate ancestor was a magnificent Rajput Chief who had been on the gaddi for nearly sixty years, and was so old-fashioned that he would not travel even in a carriage. He rode all the way to Delhi to Lord Lytton's first Imperial Durbar.

The son, who was now ruling, and who came three miles out of Bundi to meet me, had so far ' progressed ' as to use a carriage. But he brought with him a gorgeous array of nobles on horseback, and retainers on elephants and camels as well as horses—all magnificently apparelled in brightly coloured raiment, and decked with flashing jewels. In the dazzling sunshine, with pipal and mango trees by the roadside, and with the fortified hill in the background, this meeting with the Bundi Chief was a brilliant spectacle. There was not the bite in it that my meetings with the Hunza and Chitral Chiefs had. My life was perfectly safe. The Bundi Chief's life was perfectly safe. Nothing important hung on how we comported ourselves to one another. Yet I could not be slack about this comportment. Indeed, one has to pay more attention to it than to anything else in an Indian State. Be careful about that, and you can do anything you like with these Chiefs. Ignore it, and they will obstruct you at every turn.

After I had paid my official visit to the Chief in his palace he came to return my visit. And here I made a slip of etiquette. On these return visits it is the custom for the Political Agent to get into a carriage and solemnly drive down the road to a certain stone about a quarter of a mile away, where he meets the Maharao Raja and gets into his carriage. I had told my head messenger to warn me of the right time to leave ; and when I was warned I got into my carriage and drove off. But, to my annoyance, when I got there I found the Maharao Raja and all his following halted dead exactly at the stone: they would not budge an inch beyond it. I entered the Chief's carriage, apologised earnestly for the discourtesy I had unintentionally shown, and on the return went beyond the allotted point.

I doubtless made many other slips in ceremonial observances with this and other Chiefs, as I had no training in ceremonial. In a regiment one does get a certain respect for it. But a Political Officer in India should seize every opportunity he can get, both in India and in England, for observing and catching the spirit of ceremonial. For it is not mere tawdry display with which a commonsense man should not trouble himself. It has deep meaning and significance. And on ceremonial occasions a Political Officer cannot be too ceremonious. He is for that occasion representing the British Government, and by his manner he is, or should be, expressing the feelings of his Government towards the Chief. If he is casual in his demeanour the Chief and the Chief's people think that Government have small regard for the Chief. Most Maharajas on non-ceremonial occasions are as 'free-and-easy' as the most democratic of rulers. But during State ceremonies they like to see State preserved. And they are quite right.

War no longer visits these peoples in the interior of India; but famine and pestilence do. And before I had been at Deoli a year they were on us.

In July 1899, after the usual monsoon had broken for a fortnight and the crops begun to sprout, the rain suddenly ceased. The sky was still overcast, and heavy clouds hung over the land, but no rain fell. A week went by, and not much notice was taken of the cessation, for there are often such ‘ breaks ’ in the monsoon. Then a fortnight passed. Then three weeks. And men began to get anxious. Then a month went by, and still the clouds but no rain. The shooting crops began to wither. Still, even yet, a few weeks of rain would save them. But week after week went by. Then the clouds rolled away. The monsoon was over. No rain had fallen ; no crops had ripened ; and famine was certain.

In the British-administered portion of India a famine can now be tackled without any very great loss of life. Railways and roads are extended everywhere. Famine at the very worst does not affect more than a third of India ; and from the other two-thirds, and from the rest of the world, grain can be imported. But in a remote and backward State like Bundi the case was very different. The capital was then ninety miles from a railway. The State machinery was quite unable to cope with a famine. And as far as that goes, I myself had no experience of a situation like this.

I went to the Chief and had a long private interview with him where we could talk together with perfect freedom. I said that we could both see the gravity of the situation, and I asked him what he proposed to do. He replied, ‘ I will trust in God.’ I asked how he was going to show that trust: what action was he going to take? He said that the calamity was being sent by God, and it would be impious to oppose it. The tradition in his State in case of famine was to submit to the will of God. If the famine were very bad a new temple would be built. I told him that the Government of India took the view that something ought to be done to relieve the people. Government would help with advice, with the loan of officers, and with the loan of money, but they did expect that an effort should be made. The Chief then said that if Government really wanted this it should be done. His father on his death-bed had made him promise to do anything that Government 'really wanted,' and he would keep his promise.

After the monsoon clouds had rolled away we had glorious weather—a lovely cold-weather season. Every day was beautifully fine, and the season exceptionally healthy. But through all the sunshine a great fear was creeping over the land. As I rode from village to village crowds would come out imploring me to help them. Poor things! these simple villagers have pathetic faith in the capacity of a Government official to do anything for them. If only I would give the order they would be saved. But what was I to do? If the villagers could pay for it, grain no doubt could be procured from somewhere and brought to them. But they had not the money: they were accustomed to live on the produce of their fields, and they had no cash in hand. Grain might be bought for them, then, and *given* to them? But who was to pay for it? The Bundi State could not afford to. The British

Government could hardly be expected to, for there were many other States besides Bundi affected, and British provinces as well. And even if the grain were bought, who would organise its distribution to the villagers ? Such an organisation was quite beyond the capacity of the Bundi State. Gratuitous relief of this description was out of the question.

But public works could be started—for example, railways or roads, or irrigation reservoirs and canals, which would provide work for the people, and payment for which would be given in the form of grain. And this was the plan adopted by His Highness, under the advice and guidance of Government, while gratuitous relief was reserved for the sick and aged who could not work. The drawback to the plan was that the people would not leave their villages to go any distance for work. They would remain at home selling their clothes, their women's jewellery, their household utensils, the very doors and framework of their houses, but not come on to the relief works till they were starving and not fit to work.

By May 1900 the worst began. The people ate berries and leaves and roots. I even saw men seizing burnt human remains from the funeral piles and gnawing at them. Scorching winds blew across the parched-up plains. The sun was pitiless. The wells were nearly dry, and what water remained in them was unfit to drink. Yet the people drank it, and as a result got cholera. Cholera then raged through the land. With pure water almost unobtainable, and the people in the last stage of emaciation in spirit as well as body, they were an easy prey to it, and it seemed as if those who were spared the famine would be carried off by pestilence. Hundreds and thousands died of the dread disease. The famine grew starker and starker. Children hideously thin and mothers like skeletons appealed piteously for help, and dead bodies lay everywhere by the roadside. June came and passed. The heat grew intense. The monsoon ought to have arrived by now. But this year of all others it was later than usual. Not a cloud was there in the sky. The sun still burnt down like a furnace. The first week in July passed, and still no sign of rain.

The second week came. And then, at last ! down, down came the rain, in torrents and torrents. It was eagerly sucked up by the thirsty earth. A great sigh of relief went over the land. Green, fresh, luscious grass began to appear. And now came a miracle. Six thousand fat, sturdy plough cattle were seen marching to Bundi. They had been bought by the Famine Commissioner, Colonel (afterwards Sir James) Dunlop Smith, in Southern India, where there was no famine, and railed up to Rajputana directly the rains started. Lists of competent surviving cultivators had been previously prepared ; and now to all these were given plough cattle, implements, and money ; and for their women-folk clothing was provided ; and they were all sent off to their villages to prepare the new crops.

A deeper satisfaction I have never had than when I witnessed that scene. The women spontaneously broke out into their marriage song. The men salaamed in deepest thankfulness. And from the plain outside Bundi City they radiated in every direction in their brightly coloured garments, with their fat cattle and their ploughs. It was like life coming out of the very jaws of death.

Thousands and thousands had succumbed, but under the Maharao Raja's directions, and through the devotion of Dr. M^{c}Watt and my assistants, Lieutenants Haworth and Jacob, and Mr. G. E. C. Wakefield, about fifty thousand who would otherwise have died had survived.

When all was finally arranged for, and my report written, Lord Curzon invited my wife and me to stay with him at Simla for a week. She had remained in the plains all through the famine, working among the sufferers in Deoli itself. From famine we had no cause for fear, for there was no chance that we personally would be starved, and our own suffering was seeing the suffering of others. But from cholera there was very much to fear, and we were a cause of deep anxiety to each other when I was away inspecting. However, in spite of the horrible sights all round, and of the cholera, and of the heat, my wife bravely remained with me all through that dreadful time, and administered relief in Deoli itself from funds which our relations and friends collected in England. And she, not less than I, was grateful to Lord Curzon for this change he now gave us.

And sharp indeed was the contrast. Famine had been our one thought for a whole year, and we could never escape from its horrors. Its gloom had penetrated deep into us, and we seemed past even imagining people in the enjoyment of life. Then came this sudden change to Simla, now, in October, with the rains just over, at its very freshest and prettiest, and full of people enjoying themselves as they never cease to do there, however hard-worked they may be. And Lord Curzon himself was the very kindest of hosts. All Viceregal pomposity vanished as he welcomed us. There was not a trace of it left as he laid himself out to make us enjoy ourselves. He was just the warm-hearted English host doing a kindness to friends who had had a hard time. He sent us off to see plays—and plays at Simla are more enjoyable than anywhere else—and he placed ponies at our disposal to ride as much as we liked. We were to have a good time, he said, and get the thoughts of the famine right out of our minds.

Which of course we did in time. But now that it is in my mind once more, I must put on record that we Political Officers ought to have done a great deal more than we did. We were both helped and hampered by the Famine Codes which were provided for us. They were based on experience in a British province. But they could not be applied without a deal of modification to Indian States differing widely in their degree of development. Much better than reading up Codes would have been a visit to a British Famine District to see how experienced civil administrators there were dealing with the disaster, and then using our own resourcefulness to apply what we learned to our own particular circumstances. Indian States are enervating places to live in. Political Officers get accustomed to breathing an air of tradition and precedents. They lose their sense of initiative. And when a shock like the famine comes they are apt not to deal with it with sufficient promptness. This visit to a British district would freshen them up, and they would be able to give the Chief really useful advice, and carry him along with them. And of all things that is the most essential, for unless he is with them they never can do much in an Indian State.

This at least I was able to do in Bundi. Maharao Raja Raghobir Singh, once he realised how much Government could and would help him, gave the full weight of his support to the famine measures. He broke the old tradition that nothing should be done—and in the old days nothing much *could* be done—and he established the new tradition that a famine should be definitely tackled. In recognition of what he had done for his State, the order of G.C.I.E. was conferred upon His Highness. And his is the very last honour conferred by Queen Victoria, for his name was added at the last moment to the last list of honours submitted to the Queen.

CHAPTER XII

INDORE

FAR different from Bundi was Indore, to which Lord Curzon posted me as Resident in 1902. Bundi was a compact little State. Indore was not really a State at all : it was a collection of pieces of rich land scattered about both Central India and Rajputana. The Bundi Chief's family had ruled Bundi for hundreds of years. The Indore Chief—always known as Holkar—was the descendant of a soldier of fortune who had won his way to high command when the Mahrattas were breaking away from the Moghal Empire only a century and a half ago. Bundi was poor : Indore was rich. The Bundi Chief was a gentleman through and through. The Indore Chief was not distinguished for the refinement of his manners.

The day I arrived at Indore he left for his seat in the country. As he showed no signs of returning, I wrote to him that I would visit him there in order to make his acquaintance. He asked me to bring my own cook with me, so that if I died while I was with him they would not be able to say that he had poisoned me.

When I saw him at last he said that I might have heard that he was disloyal. I said that I had seen no mention of it in the official reports I had read.

He said, ‘ Well, I am. I hate the Government of India and all you Residents.’

This I could well understand, for we must be very irksome to Chiefs. But we have to be. The Chiefs enjoy the advantage of being able to come on to the gaddi without a life-and-death struggle against rival brothers and cousins and uncles, such as I had seen in Hunza and Chitral; and they run no risk of being murdered while on it, as the poor Chief of Chitral had been by his brother. They must expect the rough with the smooth, then; and put up with the presence of a Resident who has to see that order is preserved and that the State does not become stagnant. And this most of them do with a good grace. But to a man of Holkar’s impulsive nature the whole tribe of Residents must have been anathema—and I did not wonder at it.

What did surprise me was what he went on to say. After telling me how he hated the Government of India and us Residents, he continued, ‘ But I am loyal to the Sovereign.’ This statement should not have astonished me, for I knew well how deeply attached the ruling princes of India are to the Throne. But coming from a man of so untamed a nature as Holkar’s, I certainly was surprised. He added that he had heard Queen Victoria spoken of as an ugly old woman. All he could say was that such people could never have seen her, for, if they had, they would have known that she was divine. To be in her presence was like being in a temple.

Holkar was a many-sided man. He had an ungovernable temper, and when a fit was on it was dangerous to be near him : it might cost you your life. But when in the mood, he could talk well on many subjects ; and he spoke English perfectly, and had been in England for Queen Victoria's first Jubilee. The only drawback was that his mind was so little under control that he could not keep it on to one subject for any length of time. It had to wander as it would from subject to subject.

You could not call him a sportsman, for he had not the instinct of fairplay which we associate with that term. But he was a good shot and fond of shooting. He loved to roam the great jungles on an elephant and shoot what could be beaten up for him. And he was a very good judge of a horse, and had a fine stable.

He was also a humorist, though his humour sometimes took a sardonic turn, as when he levied a contribution from the leading bankers of Indore to pay for the reconstruction of a cotton factory of his which had been destroyed by fire ; his argument being that it was unfair that he alone should bear the loss. He alone owned the factory, but others should share the loss occasioned by a natural calamity.

Bankers he was never very fond of ; and one day he harnessed the Indore bankers into the State coach and, getting on the box himself, drove them round the city.

Many other such vagaries did he indulge in. But the odd thing is that his people did not resent them. I had to remonstrate with him upon one of these aberrations, which I could not help taking notice of, though I shut my eyes to a good deal ; and he said, 'Don't teach me how to rule my people. We Chiefs know better how to govern our people than you Europeans know how to govern yours. In Europe and America, Kings and Presidents of Republics are always being assassinated or shot at by their subjects; but in India you never hear of a single Chief being killed by his people.'

And what Holkar said—and he made many other astute remarks of the same kind—is perfectly true. Even on the frontier it is by rivals for the throne, not by his subjects, that a Chief is killed. And you do not hear in India of a Chief being assassinated like the Czar Alexander, President Carnot, or Abraham Lincoln, and two other American Presidents, by one of the people. The reason perhaps is the existence of a strong feeling among Indians that the ruler is placed there by God to rule them. If God had not placed him on the throne he would not be their ruler. As God has placed him there they must accept what he does. And accept it they do. Terrible things Holkar did at times when he had lost all control over himself—and things involving loss of life—but the people as a whole did not complain, and he was not an unpopular ruler.

Indeed, in many ways he was an able ruler. He had managed to attach to himself a devoted Chief Minister, Nanak Chand, who every now and then used to run away from Indore in fear of his life, but whom Holkar always managed to get back; and the administration was carried on surprisingly well. The Indore State included some of the richest land in India, much of it black cotton soil and poppygrowing land, which yielded valuable cotton and opium crops. A big revenue could be raised from this land, and the State finances were in good order in this Holkar's time.

Holkar was a man of big ideas, too. He was spasmodic and fitful in carrying them out : he had no capacity for sustained concentration. But these ideas were interesting to hear of. During Lord Curzon's great Durbar at Delhi I said to Holkar, ' This is a fine Durbar, isn't it ? ' ' No,' he replied. ' It isn't at all fine.' I asked him what was the matter with it. He said, ' You oughtn't to have a big Durbar like this in a tin shed ; and you oughtn't to be in tents : it looks as if you were here to-day and would be away to-morrow.' ' What would Your Highness have, then ? ' I asked. ' First of all, make up your minds what place is your capital,' he answered, ' whether it is Delhi, or Calcutta, or Bombay ; and then build a big Durbar Hall there and houses for high officials ; and we Chiefs will build houses of our own in a big avenue leading up to the Durbar Hall.' ' And which place would Your Highness have as capital ? ' I asked. ' Bombay,' he replied, ' because there you could have a great Durbar Hall, and your troops would be out on the Maidan, and your ships of war could be in the bay. It would be a fine spectacle.'

I had an anxious time during that Durbar week ; for though Holkar was agreeable to talk to like this, I never knew what he might do during the long, tedious ceremonies. With other Chiefs it was possible to talk over details of the ceremonies and see that they knew the part they would have to play; but with Holkar this would have been quite impossible, and I did not attempt it. I could only keep him entertained and in a good humour up to the very last moment, and then, when his turn came, give him a few words of quick advice and trust to luck.

One racking moment I had when the Chiefs were all drawn up at the railway station in strictest order of precedence to receive the Duke of Connaught. As His Royal Highness alighted Holkar made a great plunge forward to greet him. It was purely an impulsive act, but it would have deeply offended the more senior Chiefs if Holkar shook hands first with the Duke. There was no time for words: I had to act. I firmly seized his coat-tails as he made the plunge. The 'coat-tails' were of the most gorgeous silk; but they held, and the situation was saved. By such resourcefulness in emergency do British officers keep the Empire together!

Soon after the return from the Durbar Holkar abdicated. And perhaps it was well. Like all of us, he had his good points, but he was apt at times to lose hold over himself; and one or two things had happened which if they came to be known publicly in India might have caused a serious scandal. He held a great Durbar which was attended by the Agent to the Governor-General, Sir Charles Bayley, and myself, as representatives of the British Government. And at this Durbar he put his son on the gaddi in his place, and performed the ceremony with great dignity. But as the son was still a minor a Council of Regency was formed, of which I, as Resident, was President, though all the work was done by the Chief Minister, Nanak Chand.

Nanak Chand was one of the ablest Indians I have met. He was not a native of Indore : he was born and brought up in a British province. But he had served Holkar faithfully for many years. His chief characteristic was his marvellous self-control. When most people—certainly I—would have been irritated past endurance, he remained unperturbed. It was only when he was in actual bodily danger that he fled from Indore. With this imperturbability he had an exceedingly quick brain. And he was ardently devoted to the interests of Indore. All I had to do as President was to support him in his endeavours. And fortunately he was not hampered by financial difficulties. There was over two million pounds sterling in solid cash in the Treasury. Holkar had made me promise that this should not be invested. And I kept my promise. But I told Nanak Chand that he could spend it. So for new roads, hospitals, etc., there was never any lack of cash.

Another promise I had given Holkar was not to increase the percentage of outsiders in the employment of the State ; I was not to fill Indore up with men from outside. Accordingly, I asked Nanak Chand to let me know what the existing percentage was. It turned out to be nearly ninety per cent. Nanak Chand himself was an outsider. And my experience of Indian States is that their administration nearly always is carried on mainly by men from outside—generally from British provinces.

The subject on which Nanak Chand and all the other Ministers were most keen was education. They were all well-educated men themselves, and had risen to their present positions mainly through the education they had received ; and they wanted the Indore people to have the same advantages which they themselves enjoyed. I left them to their own devices, for they knew much more about education than I did, and were indeed much better educated than I was as far as book-learning goes. But I interested myself in the matter, and used to go round the schools to see how they were managed. And on one fundamental factor I took special care to inform myself. Nanak Chand was intent on giving the education a religious basis ; and I so fully agreed with him as to the importance of religion in life that I discussed the whole subject deeply and frequently with him.

Nanak Chand was himself a Vedantist, and he lent me many books on the Vedantist philosophy. He was a great admirer of Swami Vivakenanda, who was recently dead and who had made a considerable stir in Europe and America ; but who in my opinion was nothing like so spiritually great as his predecessor, Ram Krishna—a really saintly character. But as Nanak Chand and I discussed the question of religious instruction in the schools, the greater became the difficulties. Indore was a Hindu State, so the religion taught would have to be Hinduism. But what form of Hinduism should it be ? A textbook was found which was supposed to contain the essence of Hinduism ; but all sects of Hindus did not agree that it *did*, and some said that in the process of distillation all the life-giving properties of Hinduism had been evaporated away, and what was left was too insipid to be of any value as the fountain-spring of education.

To acquaint myself better with Hinduism I got a delightful old Brahmin to come and read the *Bhagavat Gita* with me. He would read it verse by verse in Sanskrit ; and I would have an English translation by me, and we would discuss it together. But I gathered more of the spirit of Hinduism from the intonation of his voice as he read the sacred book, and from his general manner and bearing, than from any of the books on Hinduism. A deep reverence he had for spiritual things ; and the reverence and devotion gave him a charming courtesy. He was dressed in plain white cotton clothes, and these were always spotlessly clean. His whole life seemed beautifully compact and well ordered. And no doubts ever shook his mind. His religion was incontestably the one and only religion, and he, a Brahmin, was one of the divinely appointed exponents of it. I asked him once what, according to his views, I might become in the next life if I were very good in my present life. He replied that I might become a Raja. This would be very pleasant, I acknowledged ; but what if I were quite extraordinarily, exceptionally good ? 'Ah ! then,' he said, 'you might become a Brahmin like myself.'

There, in a flash, I saw how immeasurably superior Brahmins consider themselves to us British—and to their fellow-Indians also. I did not pursue the matter further. I was thinking all the time how much superior I was to him. But I did not tell him this. So he was happy and I was happy. And we enjoyed our talks together.

Another old Brahmin I used to go and see teaching his school—making the boys repeat the sonorous verses of the sacred books. And here again I seemed to catch the spirit of Hinduism, with its deep reverence and intense spirituality. It could not be taught out of a textbook in a State school. It had to be caught from religious personalities. Religion should certainly be the basis of education. But these old Brahmins were the persons to convey it.

Hearing I was interested in the teaching of religion, two holy men from outside Indore came to see me. I advised them to go to the Chief Minister and talk the matter over with him. They haughtily replied that they would come to me as Resident, but that it was the business of the Minister to come to them, not for them to go to him. These holy men have indeed a very good idea of themselves.

A particularly holy swami came to Indore. He sat daily on a mud platform outside the city in a state of almost complete nudity. He had thrown up all worldly possessions and devoted his life to religion, and was regarded with extreme veneration. Every one, including the Minister, went to see him ; and I also went. He was supposed to be absorbed in contemplation, and conversation was difficult. But, at a suitable opportunity, I remarked how much I admired him for giving up his life to spiritual things. No reply being vouchsafed, I continued, ‘ and doing so much for the good of others.’ Whereupon he burst into a hearty laugh and said that he was not thinking of others: it took him all his time to look after himself.

Some of these swamis, like Dyanand Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj, are reformers. But many of them are like this one—frankly concerned only with their own spiritual welfare. Nevertheless they are—and deservedly—very highly respected. They represent for the Hindus the ideal of manhood. And it is entirely right that the people should put men of religion, and not business men, politicians, or scientists, in the highest place in their esteem.

In direct contrast with this old-time man of religion was a very modern Indian missionary of the Brahmo Samaj. This is a body of Western-educated, highly intellectual Indians, who claim to have absorbed the best in Hinduism, Islam, and Christianity, and to have a New Dispensation. They had a meeting-house in Indore, and I went to hear a very eloquent missionary who I was told had arrived there. Eloquent he certainly was. He spoke in English for an hour without a note and without a pause; and his phrasing was perfect. But the discourse was marred by repeated abuse of Christian missionaries. He was a young Bengali, named Bepin Chandra Pal, who afterwards became famous as an agitator and vehement opponent of the British.

There were several Brahmo Samajists in Indore, and they lent me their books, including a Life of Christ. They will not subscribe to the creeds and catechism of Christianity, but they have much veneration for the life and teachings of Jesus. His Asiatic life and His Asiatic surroundings enable

Asiatics to understand His teachings better than we do; and there have been many striking instances in recent years of the appeal that what I might call original Christianity makes to Indians. And I often wonder what would have been the result if the whole impetus of primitive Christianity had been directed eastward towards Arabia, Mesopotamia, Persia, and India, instead of westward towards Greece and Rome.

I used to enjoy talking over these various religious questions with both the old and modern schools of Hindus at Indore. And it was while I was leading this placid, peaceful existence, watching Nanak Chand turn Indore into a model State for India, that the telegram came in May 1903 ordering me to proceed to Simla, there to be given charge of the Mission to Tibet, of which I have already told.

CHAPTER XIII

KASHMIR

On my return from Tibet I was given long leave to England. The British public are extraordinarily appreciative of anything done for the Empire; and everywhere I was shown the greatest kindness. King Edward himself was the kindest of all. He honoured me by receiving me at Buckingham Palace in a private interview with no one else present; and for three-quarters of an hour he spoke to me in the kindliest possible way. He knew about the different officers and what they individually had done, and he took a keen personal interest in them. Of all the men I met he was the easiest to speak to. About questions of policy I do not think he much troubled himself. But about the human element in large affairs he interested himself greatly.

Then from society generally I received the kindest welcome. I dined with the Prime Minister (Mr. Balfour), many City Companies, and various Societies and Institutions. For months for every evening my wife and I were engaged to dinner. And we paid visits to Princess Christian in Cumberland Lodge, to Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, Lord Zetland at Aske, and to many others of our beautiful country houses. All this London society and country-house life was more than I had been accustomed to. But here my wife was of great assistance to me. Till our marriage she had spent her life between London and country houses; she had many friends; and they were good enough to welcome me for her sake.

And I enjoyed the experience. Under the influence of King Edward, English society had then burst out into a new brilliance. Things were done on too lavish a scale, perhaps; and there was too marked a tendency to exalt the rich man rather than the man of fine old English birth. But people certainly endeavoured to make themselves agreeable to one another; and King Edward had managed to instil a spirit of great kindliness into society. He was himself a staunch and undaunted friend; and his influence made for friendship and good cheer in society generally. The old starchy primness was beginning to melt, and men and women were encouraged to be human.

Besides this welcome from society I had several honours conferred upon me. I was invested with the Knight-Commandership of the Order of the Indian Empire by King Edward. Cambridge and Edinburgh Universities conferred honorary degrees upon me; and Cambridge made me Rede Lecturer. The Royal Scottish Geographical Society presented me with their Gold Medal. And the Alpine Club made me an honorary member—a rarely conferred distinction which I particularly appreciated.

All this was very pleasant; but I found it hard work, for unless you are in thoroughly good training for social life and public functions the strain is severe.

At the end of December 1905 Lord Curzon resigned the Viceroyalty after the trouble with Lord Kitchener. I went down to Dover to meet him. And Sir Hugh Barnes and I spent the night with him at the Lord Warden Hotel. He talked till midnight about the whole question, and was exceedingly sore at his treatment by Government. Kitchener had threatened to resign if he did not have his way, and Government were certainly open to the suspicion that, if it were a choice between the resignation of Kitchener and the resignation of Curzon, they would prefer the latter. To an outsider it would seem that what Government ought to have done was to have said firmly and decisively to both that they would accept the resignation of neither ; that the public service demanded that they should work the constitution to the best of their ability ; that where alterations were necessary they would be made, but until they had been made they should carry on as their predecessors had done. An unseemly public quarrel between the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief was disastrous for India.

It was also disastrous for Lord Curzon. He had done an immense work in India. He had braced up the whole administration. Agriculture, education, archaeology, had all been put on a better footing. And those who were capable of doing things and wanted things done felt they had in him a strong Chief who would see them through. But he did not suffer fools gladly—far from it : he left them in no doubt that they were fools. And, as always when a strong man is down, those who had suffered from him began to yelp. His name in India was never after what it was before he resigned. And I am convinced that he also lost his nerve. He felt he had been let down by Government. And if he had been let down once he might be let down again. He never afterwards worked with the same confidence.

In 1906 I returned to India. As the Kashmir Residency, for which I was destined, was not vacant till June, I was attached for a month or two to the Foreign Office at Simla, and was there set an unusual job. When the present King, as Prince of Wales, was visiting India, the Maharaja of Benares had petitioned him to have restored to him the lands which had been confiscated from him by Warren Hastings. All the original documents, including letters in Warren Hastings' own handwriting, with Philip Francis' notes on the margin, were placed at my disposal, and I was asked to give an opinion.

This case was one of those on which Warren Hastings was impeached by Parliament, and figures prominently in Macaulay's essay. Most dramatic was the story unfolded in these faded pages. A fast sloop of war arrived at Calcutta with the news that Great Britain had declared war on France. Immediate preparations must be made in India, for it was then just in the balance whether we or the French were to be the dominant power. Cheyt Singh of Benares was the one powerful Chief on that side of India upon whom we ought to have been able to rely. The conditions on which he held his lands were that he should support us with arms or money on demand from us in case Bengal was threatened. Bengal now was threatened, and Hastings made the demand; and it was ignored. For a year Cheyt Singh prevaricated, waiting, in fact, to see which of us—the French or the British—came out top. Then Hastings with a small force went in person to Benares. And Cheyt Singh's reply was to murder the Resident and his escort. But upon the very day of the tragedy, and when a similar fate might befall himself, Hastings sat down in his tent and indited a carefully reasoned summary of the position for the Council in Calcutta.

That document in original was before me. It was written in a clear, even hand, in perfectly straight lines, with an equal space between each; and it was composed of those interminable sentences which were the fashion of the time, and which no one but Hastings could have brought to their proper ending under such circumstances. Hastings sized up the situation. He was in a precarious position, and a good many chances were against him. Still, on the whole he thought he could hold his own and get the better of Cheyt Singh.

And this he eventually did. We came out top and the French went under. And yet years after, when the danger was over and our position in India was assured, Burke and Sheridan had the unspeakable meanness to spew out venom on this great Englishman; and Macaulay in mere craze for literary effect was to connive in the blackening of his name. I had little difficulty in showing that the Maharaja had not a shadow of a claim to these lands. They had been awarded to Cheyt Singh by Warren Hastings, and they had been taken away by Warren Hastings, and there was the end of the matter. One empire was being broken up, and another was being constructed. Cheyt Singh had put his money on the wrong horse, and had to suffer the consequence.

On June 26th, 1906, Colonel Pears reached his fifty-fifth birthday, and so had to retire from the Government service, and I drove into the Residency at Srinagar in Kashmir to take his place. It must surely be the most delightful appointment in the whole world. And the most delightful part of it is to think that while others are spending their hard-earned savings to come there for a holiday, you are being handsomely paid by Government to go there, and are provided, by the generosity of the Maharaja, with a beautiful house and garden at Srinagar, with a house-boat on the river just outside, with another house at Sialkot in the plains, and with a châlet up in the mountains at Gulmarg.

Visitors from all over India, including many old friends, flocked to Kashmir. In September came Lord Kitchener with three of his staff, Birdwood, Fitzgerald, and Wyllie. He was the easiest of guests to entertain, for he was out to enjoy himself, and what he was out to do he did. I took the opportunity of particularly noting the impression he made on the Indian Ministers and high officials. He had the reputation of being a very severe, hard man. Every one was supposed to quiver before him. And the Ministers were in some trepidation of him. But when they found that he had both a natural dignity and also a very genial consideration in talking to them, they were delighted, and came away thoroughly pleased with themselves. They had had a good talk with the great Kitchener, and were as proud of themselves as an English schoolboy is when he is spoken to by the Captain of the Eleven. This is the impression he made. And for this reason I was afterwards all in favour of his going to India as Viceroy. He need never have actually taken repressive measures. His name would have sufficed to keep order. Seditionists would have thought twice before they preached throwing bombs ; the ordinary law-abiding citizen would have been able to go about his business in peace ; and reformers could have reformed to their heart's content. For Kitchener had a great sympathy with Eastern people, and liked to see things moving. All he would not stand was disorder—and especially disorder caused by futile little men with petty personal grievances.

After Lord Kitchener came the Viceroy and Lady Minto and their three very charming daughters, and three A.D.C.'s and the Foreign Secretary and the Military Secretary and the Private Secretary. They honoured us at the Residency for a few days. But for most of the month they spent in Kashmir they were the guests of the Maharaja and of the Raja of Punch.

The Maharaja is suzerain of Hunza, Nagar, and many other of the little States on the Gilgit frontier, as well as of Ladak and Baltistan. And in the foot-hills bordering on the Punjab are also a number of picturesque Chieftains who owe allegiance to him. So I suggested to His Highness that on the occasion of Lord Minto's visit he should summon all these to Srinagar. This was done, and the Durbar was a revelation to the Maharaja himself. He had not realised what a variety of peoples were in varying degrees dependent on him—proud Dogra Rajputs from his own original State of Jammu in the border hills; patriarchal old Mohamedans from peoples who had escaped into the hills to avoid the perpetual swarms of invaders of the plains, and who looked as if they had walked straight out of the Bible; Hindu Pandits of Kashmir proper; Buddhist Lamas from Ladak; and Chieftains from the remotest and loftiest regions of the Himalaya who up to even my time had perpetually been raiding one another.

Polo matches were arranged between these raider States. Hunza played against Nagar, Yasin against Panial, and so on. So excited were the players that the timid Kashmir officials wanted the game stopped. But the excitement was merely due to the men throwing themselves so whole-heartedly into the game, and no harm was done. To me it was a great joy to see men whom I had known as raiders now disporting themselves before a Viceroy. And the Chief of Hunza was the man who had been told off to look after me when I visited Hunza in 1889. He was half-brother of the then Chief, and he still rules over Hunza.

Riding out to the shoots, I had many opportunities of talking very freely with Lord Minto, and found him strikingly different from Lord Curzon. Neither his ability nor his capacity for work was equal to Lord Curzon's. But he had what Lord Curzon lacked, a good manner and a power of intuition. By instinct he would see the right thing to do. He could not argue about it with Curzon's ability, but he would see it and courageously do it. Coming straight from Canada, he was impressed with the backwardness of India in the way of democratic development, and he was already planning his schemes for a greater measure of self-government. And in this he was right, though at the time I thought he was going too far. I had spent all my time with Chiefs ; and Chiefs are anything but democratic.

The reforms eventually introduced were called the Morley-Minto reforms. But Lord Minto struck me as the more genuinely and sympathetically democratic of the two. Morley was an autocrat pure and simple. Once he was in power he was a dictator—dictating his own doctrines. He regarded the Viceroy of India as merely his agent. And he interfered in details of government in India to a degree that was gravely objectionable. Even with the judiciary he interfered. And the greatest credit due to Lord Minto during his Viceroyalty in India is for the patience with which he suffered the unconstitutional encroachments of the Secretary of State. He did raise objection to them. But if he had brought them formally to the notice of the Cabinet and insisted on a stop being put to them, he would have been well within his rights. Lord

Morley was of course a very vain man. He had got it into his head that he was many degrees superior to Lord Minto and the sun-dried bureaucrats who surrounded him in India, and he accordingly proceeded to dictate to them what they should do. We were told at the time that we should consider ourselves lucky to have Morley rather than some other Liberal at the India Office : we might have had some one very much worse. I doubt it. Sir Henry Fowler had been an excellent Secretary of State for India. He was a democrat without being an autocrat ; and the Liberal Party might quite well have produced another like him. They did afterwards, in Lord Crewe, produce just the kind of Secretary of State that India needed. And Lord Buxton was also available.

Early in 1907 sedition began to spread through India. A good many causes contributed to it. The downfall of a Viceroy was one. The advent of the Liberal Party with a strong Labour contingent was another. But these were only minor factors. The real cause was the defeat of Russia by Japan. This set all Asia agog. If Japan with thirty-five millions had been able to defeat a European Power, what might India with three hundred millions not do ! If every Indian spat on the ground at the same place, a pool big enough to drown every Englishman in India would be made. Why brook the British any longer ? These were the ideas which were being spread about. And nasty riots had occurred.

One nearly very serious riot had occurred at Rawal Pindi on the borders of Kashmir. And Kashmir itself was being invaded by agitators who were preaching the doctrine that Europeans should be cleared out of Kashmir. If the Maharaja were anything of a man he would get rid of the Resident and send every European packing. Some were urging that all Europeans should be murdered. Now, Kashmir is not like other Indian States, surrounded by British territory. British territory touches only on one side ; on other sides Kashmir is open. The power of British authority is therefore not very apparent at the capital. The nearest British troops are two hundred miles away across the mountains. Even the Resident's guard is not of British Indian but of Kashmir troops. And when officers came to me and asked me what I was going to do about protecting their wives, whom they would be leaving up there for the rest of the season, I replied that there was no means of protecting them.

But I did have a confidential talk with the Maharaja—quite an informal talk as we walked together up and down the Residency garden during a party. The late Maharaja was a great gentleman and very loyal, and I knew that I could speak to him quite straight without causing offence. But I also knew that it *was* necessary for me to speak, for even he, if he were continually hearing one side and never the other, might get influenced. So I told him that I knew what these agitators were preaching, and I was quite aware that if he lifted his little finger it would be the end of all here present at the garden-party ; but the end of us would not be the end of the whole matter ; at long last the British always came out top, and it was wiser to stand by us than go against us ; his father had stood by us, and had been rewarded by being given the right of adoption of an heir to the throne in case natural heirs failed ; and if he himself stood by us he would not regret it.

I did not put it quite so baldly as this in actual conversation, but that was the gist of what I said. The reply of the Maharaja was immediate. 'Leave it all to me,' he said, 'and I will soon settle these agitators.' The very next day he issued the strongest possible proclamation. And to the end of his life, which occurred only the year before last, he remained staunch in his loyalty to the British Crown ; and sedition never had the slightest chance in Kashmir.

He was a very firm friend, too, of British officers. There was not a Resident or high official whom he had known that he did not write to once or twice a year long after he had left Kashmir. Sir Walter Lawrence told me that for over thirty years the Maharaja had corresponded with him. And he was devoted to children. I fancy he had made pets of successive Residents' children. Certainly he did of our little girl, who was five years old when she first went to Kashmir. There was nothing he enjoyed more than walking hand in hand with her at Residency garden-parties while she prattled away to him and told him about the flowers. He insisted upon being photographed with her sitting on his knee ; and this photograph of him, looking so pleased, is the best of him there is.

He was always scrupulously clean, changing his white cotton clothes five times every day. This was part of his religion, and he was a very religious man, performing most punctiliously all his religious ceremonies. Also he was very observant of Residents in the matter of religion, and informed himself of how often they went to church and stayed to Communion. He respected every man who was regular in his own religion. And among the Chiefs of India he was himself much respected on account of his strict regard for religion.

This Maharaja—Pratab Singh—was not an able administrator. His grandfather was the small Chief of Jammu, and his descendants have been apt to rule Kashmir on the lines of a petty State. But he was greatly liked by his subjects ; and in his brother, Raja Sir Amar Singh, he had a very able Chief Minister.

Between these two brothers there was a lifelong feud. Each suspected the other of working ' black magic ' against him. And how firmly the Maharaja believed in the efficacy of occult means he himself stated in an official letter to me. He said that I might not believe it, but he did ; and he must be taking measures to counteract it. So he kept a medium for the sole purpose of protecting himself against the medium he was convinced Sir Amar Singh was employing.

The two brothers carried on a secret battle throughout their lives ; and yet, with it all, down at bottom, they were really fond of each other. I was in Sir Amar Singh's house half an hour after he died. In accordance with custom he had been placed on the ground on the ground floor to die: and there was the Maharaja crying bitterly, and repeating again and again, 'Oh! if only it were me!' And though Sir Amar Singh often spoke to me of the Maharaja's hostility, he never once said a word against him.

The manner of Sir Amar Singh's death was pathetic. He had some internal complaint, and he sent for an English doctor. This doctor found the windows all shut, and the patient being fed on every kind of unwholesome food. So, as is the wont of English doctors, he said, 'Open the windows, let him have plenty of fresh air, feed him on milk, and give nature a chance.' But to be on the safe side, Sir Amar Singh's relatives had also called in an Indian doctor. And his prescription was much more in accordance with Oriental ideas. He ordered powdered pearls to be administered to the Raja. Whether it was the fresh air, or the milk, or the powdered pearls, or, as some believed, the black magic, poor Sir Amar Singh gradually sank; and knowing that he was dying he sent for me. His son, Hari Singh, was in the room, and Amar Singh placed Hari Singh's hand in mine and begged me to look after him. What I knew he had in mind was the succession to the gaddi. And that was settled the year before last. Hari Singh is now Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, as his father had hoped.

We had much entertaining in Kashmir. We had many visitors—and from other countries besides our own. Perhaps the most attractive were three young Frenchmen who were devoted to each other, and had planned a trip to India and Kashmir as a special enjoyment. They were the Marquis de la Baume, Comte de Casteja, and Vicomte d'Oysonville. For years afterwards they sent us little remembrances. But all three are now dead. Two were killed in the war. They were of the very best type of Frenchmen and devoted to France, but because of their aristocratic birth they had little chance of ever rising to any high position.

A very agreeable German who stayed with us was Count von Quadt, afterwards Minister in Persia. And our last summer we had the honour of entertaining H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi and his party on their way to the Karakoram Himalaya. His manner with the natives throughout that expedition was perfect, and he consequently got the best out of them. He was very courteous, paid them daily, and looked after them well; and he was full of daring and courage himself, and ready to suffer every hardship. He was an ideal explorer.

Another foreign visitor whom we entertained was an officer of the Russian General Staff. He was returning to Russia by the trade route across the Himalaya to Yarkand in Central Asia. Times had indeed changed. Our agreement with the Russians in regard to Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet had recently been signed, and we had just begun that brief period of friendship with Russia.

So I had a very pleasant time in Kashmir.

But it is necessary to add that besides entertaining people and enjoying myself I did have a certain amount of work. It was not easy to do, for Kashmir is essentially a holiday place, and with every one round me either going off shooting, or playing polo, golf, cricket, or tennis, and dancing most nights, it is not easy to settle down to work. However, some had to be done.

In the Maharaja's hands was the executive control of the State ; but Kashmir was of such importance as a frontier State that in those days the Resident had to exercise a general supervision over the administration. The Budget had to be approved by him, and he had to be consulted in regard to any changes in the chief officials of the State. In the past Kashmir had not been very happily administered, and this amount of supervision had become necessary. Besides which the Resident had to conduct the relations between Kashmir and adjoining British territory. Cases between Kashmir subjects and British or British-Indian subjects, or Europeans, had to be tried in the Residency Court. And all European visitors to Kashmir were under the control of the Resident, and in case of misconduct could summarily be removed by him from the country.

The Resident was not expected to interfere in details of administration or unnecessarily harass the Maharaja and his Minister, but he had to be kept aware of the general measures which were being taken in the assessment and collection of land revenue, the construction and improvement of roads, the prevention of floods, the provision of hospitals and dispensaries and the prevention of cholera, smallpox, and other diseases, the establishment of schools and supervision of education, the maintenance of justice, the furnishing of police protection, the improvement of agriculture, the promotion of trade with Central Asia and India, the conservation of the forests, and the protection of the frontier.

To assist him in this work he was provided with three Assistant Residents and a personal assistant or A.D.C. during the summer months to lessen the work of entertaining. And at Gilgit, in immediate charge of the frontier under the Resident, was a Political Agent with an Assistant and officers of the Imperial Service troops.

In performing his duties a Resident is torn in two directions. All the energetic efficiency-loving part of him urges him to make use of his influential position to develop the natural resources of Kashmir and improve the lot of the people ; to get a railway constructed into the country, have good roads everywhere, open up the mineral wealth, double the yield per acre by improving the methods of agriculture, increase the culture of fruit and of silk, turn the water-power into electric-power, develop the timber, do everything to attract visitors and bring their money into the country as it is brought into Switzerland. But then comes the pull in the other direction. The Maharaja is the responsible ruler. Why interfere with him ? If he does not want to have railways built and mines sunk and oil extracted and factories set up, why bother him ? And after all, isn't Kashmir much more delightful *un*developed ? Can we not now go about this beautiful country and see it with its natural beauty unspoilt ? Why then spoil it ?

So the Resident, if he is indolent, can find plenty of excuses for being lazy and enjoying himself. When his zeal for improving things slackens he can pose as the ardent protector of natural beauty, and old customs and the ancient privileges of Ruling Princes.

Personally I was more particularly interested in the frontier. And to that attention *had* to be paid. There could be no slackness in that quarter. And as Political Agent at Gilgit (which is included in the Resident's charge) was Colonel Gurdon, who had many years before succeeded me first in Hunza and then in Chitral. He was devoted to these frontier people, and had a most happy way with them. They had the greatest confidence in him, and the frontier was now perfectly quiet.

But before I left Kashmir it did for a week or two look as if trouble were coming. Down the Indus are a number of independent turbulent tribes who showed symptoms of intending to attack Chilas. The Gilgit Agency made all preparations against the expected rising; but in the end the tribesmen thought better of it: they remembered that in 1893, when they last rose, they had been badly knocked, so they thought it better not to try it on again.

And hereby hangs a tale, and one which embodies a principle in frontier management. The officer who had given them the knock which had produced this lasting peace was Major Daniell; and in giving it he lost his own life. He and I had been together in the Gilgit Agency in 1892-3, and he had often discussed with me which were the better course to pursue if you were in one of these frontier forts and a rising took place. Should you stop in the fort and allow the tribesmen to ram their heads against it, or should you go out and hit the rising hard before it had time to come to a head. He was strongly in favour of the latter course. He argued that if you stopped in the fort the rising would gather strength and confidence, and Government might have to send a force to relieve you. I went on to Chitral, and he went to Chilas in the Indus Valley. And only two months later these Indus Valley tribesmen did rise. But instead of awaiting their attack Daniell went out of his fort and attacked them. He was killed, as I have said, and it was thought by superior authority at the time that he had sacrificed his life unnecessarily, and would have done better to remain in the fort. But I never held that view. I always agreed with Daniell. And it was a great satisfaction to me that my last experience of the Indian frontier was a proof of how right he had been.

It is not safe to generalise for all occasions. There are times when your own force is so small and the rising already so great that you cannot afford to go out and attack. But that Daniell's is the right spirit for a frontier officer to have there is no question. It is that spirit which keeps the frontier quiet.

The present Maharaja is Sir Hari Singh, son of the late Maharaja's brother, Sir Amar Singh. Indians, if they want to know about a man, ask what his disposition is, and Sir Hari Singh's disposition is certainly amiable. He is a kind and a gentle-natured man. He has much natural capacity, too; and with time and experience may develop the capacity for affairs that his father showed. But he has many difficulties to contend with. He is a Hindu, and ninety per cent. of his three million subjects are Mohamedans; the population is very varied; the frontier has to be defended; the European visitors have to be placated and Indian visitors entertained; applicants for appointments and privileges satisfied; and Residents duly respected. There must be many thorns on Sir Hari Singh's path. But it is something to be ruler of perhaps the most beautiful country in the world, and to have plenty of money in your pocket. And perhaps a happy day does come to Sir Hari Singh every now and then when he can get away with a friend or two into that forest-clad valley with the sparkling trout stream which is kept as a reserve for game; and where he can be certain of finding all the sport his heart can desire.

Through one such valley my wife and I travelled during our last autumn in Kashmir. It was the Lolab. Day after day was brilliantly fine, and there was a crispness in the air which gave us vigour for enjoyment. The mountain-sides were clothed with pines and sprinkled with many-coloured maples, sycamores, and walnuts. And in the valley bottom were Oriental planes in the full glory of their autumn foliage. Through it ran a crystal river. And here were vistas of dazzling snowy peaks, and here glimpses of the placid Wular Lake. The tour through the Lolab has ever remained with us our happiest remembrance of Kashmir.

CHAPTER XIV

INDIAN STATES

A WORD about our attitude towards Indian States. I was once privately rebuked by superior authority for too much interference in an Indian State. I had got rid of a Maharaja's Private Secretary because he was absorbing the whole power of the State into his own hands, to the great annoyance of the responsible Minister, and to the detriment of the Maharaja himself. The matter had not come before the superior authority through official channels. He could only have heard about it from the Private Secretary himself. So I knew the rebuke could not be official, and I gently implied to my superior that if he could return to the State with me and take my place at the Residency office table he would interfere more in one week than had all the Residents in the last twenty years put together. He would be horrified at what went on. And this is perfectly true. The incompetence, the corruption, the slackness to which a Resident has to turn a blind eye and a deaf ear would drive any thoroughgoing British Minister wild. He would be seething all day long and every day to get his finger into the pie and put things right. Why when he had the power should he refrain from making improvements?

That is one side of the question. But suppose a British Sovereign were to throw off his sovereignty for a week and take the place of a Maharaja, wouldn't he be just as horrified at the doings of a worrisome Resident continually beside him meddling in his affairs? Even if the Private Secretary were absorbing all the power and making himself obnoxious to Ministers, what business was that of the Resident?

The business it is of the Resident I have already explained in another chapter. It is through the presence of British authority that the Chief comes on to the gaddi, and remains there, without having to struggle with rival brothers and cousins and uncles. And this being so, the British Government is under obligation to see that the State is not ill governed.

But here comes in the difficulty for the Resident. His own energetic nature, his whole training in efficiency, and the urgent petitions he is constantly receiving from progressive elements in the State, are perpetually goading him on to intervene and see that the State is properly developed, or some corruption removed. And he feels constantly driven to make a representation to the Chief. But as he is on the point of making one he is pulled back by his regard for the Chief's feelings. After all, His Highness is the responsible ruler of the State: why interfere with him?

What then should he do? No hard-and-fast rule can of course be laid down. Chiefs vary in degree of competence; and their States vary in importance. One Chief may be very inefficient in governing his State according to modern ideas, but may, in other respects, be highly worthy of esteem, and be greatly respected by his fellow Chiefs. Rather than offend such an one, the Resident would pass over a deal of backward and corrupt administration. But if the ruler were young and inexperienced, or if his personal character were bad, and he were held in poor esteem, the Resident would feel much less disinclined to give a word of admonition.

No fixed rule can, I say, be laid down, except this, that in all cases the utmost care should be taken to preserve the dignity of the Chief in the eyes of his people. For nothing is more galling to a Chief, and nothing more likely to incur his resentment, than belittlement of him before his own people. Even if remonstrance of some kind be necessary, it should be made to the Chief personally, and when he is alone, and then with every respect. The Resident should be most careful not to lay himself open to a justifiable counter-remonstrance by the Chief that he had been rude and overbearing.

It is also a good, safe principle to go on to assume that the Chief is fundamentally loyal. His administration may be atrociously bad. He himself may be dissolute. For all that he may be, and in all probability *is*, perfectly loyal to the Crown. And his loyalty should be taken for granted, and consideration on that account should be given him.

A further temptation a keen Resident has is to try to 'better the lot of the people,' regardless of the Chief.

He will be scandalised at finding what a huge proportion of the total revenue of the State goes for what is called palace expenditure—for the upkeep of palaces and palace establishment, the purchase of jewellery, gold chairs, State elephants, etc., besides for the personal requirements of the Chief. As much as a quarter of the revenue often goes in this way. Even in States whose finances are supervised by Government, seven per cent. will be devoted to palace expenditure, whereas in England it is not even one per cent.: it is less than a quarter of one per cent. It is a shame, the Resident would think, that so much of the money taken from the poor peasantry should be used for display and luxury pure and simple, outside what is necessary for keeping up the position of the Chief in due state.

And he sees, too, so much that might be done for the good of the peasants who form the great bulk of the population—the improvement of agricultural methods, the lightening of taxation on land, the construction of roads and canals, the provision of courts of justice—that he finds it hard to resist taking a hand himself in carrying out these improvements. He may even be inclined to think that if he can do this for the 'people,' what the Chief thinks about it is of small importance. The main thing, he may say to himself, is to look after the welfare of the great mass of the people, and in comparison with that the feelings of the Chief should count for little.

Against this temptation he must beware. It is fatal to separate Chief and people by getting in between them. The Indian people are extraordinarily loyal to their Chiefs, and this sentiment should be made use of, not sapped into. The Resident must work through the Chief and carry the Chief with him. Then he will have the people too.

But supposing the Chief refuses to budge : what then ? Suppose he simply sulks in his palace, or goes off to England to enjoy himself there, and leaves the administration to jog along as best it can : what then ? Why, then, the spur of emulation must be applied. This is the great goad to progress. Many a Chief remains sadly behindhand till at some gathering of Chiefs, or on some journey, he discovers how backward he is. And when he gets back to his State he begins to make improvements. Admonitions from the Resident may have little effect : they may only arouse resentment. But the sight of his brother Chiefs going ahead of him may stir the spirit of emulation within him.

And it is along these lines that we will be wise to work. If a Chief remains persistently callous about the welfare of his people, and leads a life of purely personal gratification, then he should be shown the coldest of cold shoulders by Government, be passed over in the distribution of decorations, and receive no personal favours from the Viceroy. Both he and his fellow Chiefs should be made to see quite distinctly that he is out of favour with Government. On the other hand, if he bears himself in a way to be worthy of distinction, then he should be very obviously distinguished. There should be no mistake about it. Decorations should be showered on him, guns should be added to his salute, the Sovereign and Viceroy should go out of their way to show him exceptional personal favour.

It is by fostering and making very decided use of this spirit of emulation that stagnation may be prevented and improvement brought about. It is the one great way. And far more attention should be paid to it. Far more pains should be taken to let the Viceroy in India and the Sovereign in England know who are and who are not the Chiefs to make much of. Those that deserve the cold shoulder should have it frozen to zero. And those who have fairly won our esteem should be given it to the zenith.

And most *have* won it. Certainly the Chiefs as a body have. We should never forget the lead they gave to India at the outbreak of the Great War. India was then seemingly full of sedition. Noisy agitators were much to the fore. To the Germans, at least, it seemed certain that, if Great Britain were in danger, India would instantly rise against her. If Indians were rebellious in time of peace, how much more likely they would be to revolt in time of war! Yet without a moment's hesitation, and on the very first day, the Chiefs emphatically declared themselves for us. They gave the lead which the whole of India followed. And we cannot be too grateful to them for it. They should be regarded as the keystone of the arch in the Indian Empire.

We must, then, trust more to emulation and less to direct interference. And if Residents find sitting still and doing nothing irksome, they can find plenty of occupation by identifying themselves with the life of the State they are in, and giving it a stimulus in other ways than by interfering in the administration. Already most Residents engage in sport and games with the Chief. But there are other activities besides sport in which Indians are interested. There is art, for example. Over Indian dramas or Indian music Chiefs and Ministers are often wildly enthusiastic. Or over Indian painting or sculpture some or other of them will show interest. And religion is with every one of them the greatest of all interests. If a Resident wants scope for his activities it would be much better for him to find it by joining with the leading people in enjoying art in some form or other with them and in interesting himself in their religion than in busying himself overmuch in administrative details. In social life also, as far as it is possible, considering the restrictions of caste, he could join. And, in general, he may profit by the example of our own Royal Family in interesting themselves in the many aspects of national life outside politics. It would all help to join India and Great Britain more closely together.

The influence of the Sovereign upon the Chiefs is also one of the most potent influences for good which might be made use of. By their upbringing the Chiefs regard our Sovereign as on the Throne by Divine Right. And they reverence him accordingly. But they also have a very strong *personal* attachment to our Sovereigns, dating from the time of Queen Victoria. A succession of Presidents of Republics could never have inspired such a devotion. Changing every five years, they could at most inspire attachment to the office. But Queen Victoria, on account of her long and prosperous reign, of the sympathy she always showed towards the Chiefs in general, and of the dignity and gracious kindliness with which she received those of them who came to England ; and King Edward and King George, through having personally visited India, have won for themselves a true personal devotion. And this is of a value for connecting Great Britain and India together which we should appreciate far more highly than we do.

So much in regard to the Chief. As to the Ministers : it may be assumed nowadays that they are really capable men. They have a difficult part to play, what with keeping up the efficiency of the administration and satisfying the personal wishes, often whims, of the Chief. The matter of appointments and dismissals alone is enough to exasperate most men. The Chief likes to appoint and dismiss whom he likes. The responsibility of the Minister, as we understand it, is hardly recognised by a Chief. If he cannot do what he likes in his own State, what is the good of being Chief ?—is the way he argues. Palace influence—that is, the influence of Court favourites and the ladies of the Chief's household —has also to be reckoned with. I have known thoroughly well-educated, well-trained, and well-meaning Ministers collapse under the strain of intrigue, quite unable to cope with it. One in particular I remember who came to the State full of enthusiasm and high principles. The 'greatest good of the greatest number,' he told me, was to be his aim. But, poor man, after six months he begged to be allowed to go back to British territory. He could not hold his own against the numbers of men clamouring for favours and working against him if he did not grant them. He complained that the Chief would not support him in his endeavours to remove abuses, and unless the Resident would uphold him he must go.

But here precisely is where the difficulty lies for the Resident. He does not want to place himself in the position of opposing the Chief and supporting the Minister. And yet he shrinks from letting misrule go on unchecked. He will have to decide his action according to the character and position of the Chief. But if the Minister has to go he will have to use all his influence to ensure that the successor is a man not only of education and training but of *savoir-faire* enough to hold his own with the Chief, and insist on the Chief leaving details of administration, and especially the appointment and dismissal of small officials, in his hands.

And with Ministers, as with Chiefs, the main reliance should be placed on emulation rather than interference. Ministers are much in the habit of looking at what goes on in other States, and there is generally a 'model State' which they look up to. That model State should be used for all it is worth. Residents and their assistants have also a wide knowledge of different States, and may be helpful to Ministers in letting them know what experience other States have gained. In agriculture and in education especially, the experience of other States and of British Provinces conveyed to him by the Resident would be invaluable to a Minister. In these and other matters a friendly rivalry between States is a better incentive to effort than the direct intervention of Political Officers.

It may be said that it is easy enough for me in comfortable retirement to lay down the law like this, but difficult to carry it out in practice. A man's very zeal for the State's good in some cases, and exasperation at lethargy and obstruction in others, may make him intervene against his better judgment. And probably I myself interfered much more than I realised. Still we carry on by adding and adding to our experience, and these are the lines I am convinced we should work on. Intervention should be only the last resort. To arouse emulation should be our chief aim. And our method should be the finest discrimination in conferring distinction.

PART III

THE FLOWERING OF ENGLAND

CHAPTER XV

A FUNDAMENTAL INTEREST

Mention has more than once been made of a deeper and greater interest than my military-political work which had been attracting me for many years past. And to this I must now advert. It was not anything which clashed with my professional duties and divided my mind about them. Rather did it strengthen and aid me in carrying them out, for it was something which lay at the foundation of everything I did. But being at the foundation it was not easily seen; and I have only hinted at it in the foregoing pages. Now, however, it was to come prominently into my life; and the time has arrived to describe what it was.

From both my father and my mother I inherited a strong religious disposition. And both my father and my mother themselves came of old-fashioned religious stock. My father was a soldier, my grandfather was a soldier, and my great-grandfather was a sailor. And soldiers and sailors, contrary to what might be expected of them, tend towards religion—tend more towards it than do ordinary professional and business men, for example. Further, I was brought up at a school in which, under John Percival, religion was given much prominence. So I went out to India with marked religious tendencies. By this I do not mean to imply that I went out better than my fellows, but that I was both by heredity and bringing-up as naturally disposed to interest myself in religion as others would be in music, or painting, or shooting, or hunting.

I arrived in India deeply imbued with the conventional Church religion of the time. I suppose it was of the Evangelical type. I had never *thought* about it. I had lived in a religious atmosphere, and had accepted on trust what the Church taught. I assumed without question that ministers and my parents must know about what they were teaching, and that what they taught was true. The religion that was imparted to me I took for granted was perfect, complete, and final, and could not be doubted or improved on. And I concluded that all who did not have it were in varying degrees outside the pale. It was a dangerous and priggish view to have : but it was the logical result of my upbringing.

But as the circumstances of my life of military exploration and political missions on the frontier were continually forcing me to test things for myself ; to size up men and form my own judgments on them ; to study the springs of action both of individuals and of nations ; to study nature, too, and natural history, geology, and astronomy, and learn something of the world we live in and the conditions of our existence,—I came to inquire into the validity of the religious doctrines which had been taught me. And the fact that I was living among men professing other religions than the Christian, who were continually questioning me about mine and comparing it with theirs, and who were far more interested in religion than in politics, increased my desire to test those beliefs which I had accepted on trust, and to take stock of those fundamental beliefs on which I had based my life.

And once I began to doubt and question and examine, the interest increased. As one misbelief was disposed of, some deeper question arose to be answered. I was led on and on, and there seemed no end. Finality faded farther and farther away. The mystery grew and grew. But so also did the conviction that in the background, and at the heart and root of things, was a Power — a Spiritual Power—which, if it is for ever beyond our complete and final understanding, yet is more wonderful, and the more to be worshipped and admired, the more we know about it.

The first opportunity for really deep thought came in 1889 when I was exploring the Himalaya on the way to Hunza. My journey from Peking to India in 1887 had brought me into contact with scientific men, and had led me to read scientific works, and among them books and articles on Darwinism and Evolution. And when I was sent in 1889 on the Mission to Hunza, I took some of these books with me, as well as a book of sermons by an outspoken clergyman, named Momerie, who was making a stir at the time by embracing some of the evolutionary doctrines and attacking the conventional orthodoxy of the Church of England. When we have much to do we find plenty of time for more. What with exploring mountains, glaciers, and rivers ; taking observations to the stars ; keeping together a party of Gurkhas, Ladakhirs and Kirghiz ; keeping a watch on the Russians ; and placating Hunza raiders,—I had plenty on hand. But now and then would come a day's lull, when I could close myself up in my tent at night and read about what was now so deeply affecting me. And in the situation in which I was now placed, strung up to be my best by the responsibilities on me, and by the dangers, both from man and nature, to which I was exposed, I was vividly sensitive to impressions. The elemental nature round me, the magnitude of the mountains, the purity of their snowy summits, the remoteness of this lofty region, lifted high above the common world below, the clearness of the azure sky by day and the nearness of the stars by night—all this had an exalting effect upon me. And when in this uplifted state of mind I read the thoughts of men on the deepest meanings of it all, I was unwontedly elated. I seemed to be on the brink of discovering a new religion. All the unessentials were fading away. And before me was appearing a religion so clear, so true, so convincing, that when men saw it they would surely leap to seize it.

There it was almost within my grasp. But I had not *quite* got it. Further yet I must explore. The old way of life was not the right one. Could I find a better ? I had made my way across the greatest desert and over the highest mountain in the world. Could I pioneer a new way of life ? Almost I had discovered it. I would press on. What greater discovery could any man make ?

Four years later in Chitral I had another opportunity. I was not so strung up and keenly sensitive as before. I was, indeed, lowered by having to wrench my thoughts away from my work, and from this deep interest of my life, in order to read for a devastating examination. But I was among high mountains again, I was in a responsible position, and exposed to enough of danger to keep me alert; and I had books in plenty. And here I determined to make the reform of religion my main interest in life. All other work seemed trivial in comparison. And I felt that I had it in me to carry men on to a truer religion than the conventional religion of the day. The exploring spirit was on me. I would go in front and show the way across the spiritual unknown. I would seek God, seek the inner Spirit of things, and find out what is that highest and best towards which all things are being impelled, and towards which we should strive.

At the end of 1894 I left India with the full intention of devoting myself wholly to this object. The Government of India, by placing me under officers of less experience than I possessed, had shown no marked desire for my services, and I determined to employ the best years of my life in other work. In England I started writing my book of travels, *The Heart of a Continent*, and in the concluding chapter meant to give an indication of what was in my mind. And I also studied science. But when the Chitral campaign came on I hastened out to India again. Contact with the healthy vigour of English life, and probably also a greater healthiness of body brought about by the change to English air and English food, made me realise better the value of the kind of work I had been doing. Government could find no post for me in connection with the campaign, but even as a Press correspondent I was eager to get back to the frontier again, and I gladly accepted the invitation of *The Times* to act for them.

The campaign over, I returned to England for the completion of my furlough, and I determined to make the most of my time in England by studying science in connection with religion. I could never believe that the two were incompatible with one another. But I was very ignorant of science and wanted to know more. Science was very much to the forefront in those days; and I had come under the influence of that dreary old philosopher, Herbert Spencer, who made out that science was everything. The wide sweep of his outlook greatly appealed to me. And to all appearance he was so calm and unbiassed that I thought him the acme of wisdom, and only realised long afterwards what incalculable harm he did me by drying up the fountain springs of my being; and how underneath his apparent impartiality lay a petty-minded hatred of religion.

Under the influence of his teaching of the importance of biology for the understanding of sociology, I joined a Biological Class at the Royal College of Science in South Kensington, and was employed in the gentle occupation of cutting up rabbits, and was anxiously awaiting the moment when we should arrive at the study of the brain, and the instructor would inform us how it produced intelligence and affection, when I was suddenly swept off to

South Africa to report to *The Times* on the Jameson Raid.

What with the desiccating influence of Herbert Spencer and the materiality of the life in South Africa, it was hard to keep myself set in the direction I had laid down for myself in Chitral. I lapsed back badly, and might easily have succumbed altogether. For when you are surrounded by men all intent on the practical work of developing the material resources of a country and earning a hard living for themselves, speculations about the spiritual basis of things is apt to appear futile and of no significance. In comparison with constructing new railways, opening up a country for farming, and sinking mines, and by these means providing livelihood and homes for men and women, of what consequence was it how the Universe was ultimately governed? I was nearly carried away in the swim, and only just managed to keep my head above water. But through all the materiality around me I did still recognise the value of spirituality. And about the Boers I wrote at Pretoria in 1896 that their religious character added greatly to their strength. They were bigoted and prejudiced in their religion. They thought, for instance, that it was wrong to take any measures, except praying, to prevent locusts invading the country, because they believed them to be sent as a punishment from God. Yet they had a firm reliance upon a Power above, and this gave them strength and bound them together. As a mass, the Europeans in the Transvaal had not this deep religious feeling, and they were consequently shaky and shallow in comparison with the

Boers. What, it seemed to me, the present-day European wanted was some central backbone to keep him steady amid the nervous, excited life he led. And that backbone must be religion. He could not keep really steady without that. He must have religion to soothe his nerves and keep him firm and self-reliant. And until he has that there will be no stability in him. This was the conclusion I came to at Pretoria. And I made it my object in life to find that form of religion which would be best adapted to the men of the present day.

I had at one time thought of exploring in Central Africa, combining exploration with the study of science and religion. But I soon began to hanker after India again ; and greatly through the influence of my travelling companion, the brilliant and warm-hearted Harry Cust, I decided to return there. I was feeling the need, too, of *doing* something and not merely observing, studying, and recording. Too much contemplation without action may be just as detrimental as too much action without thought, I wisely opined at Bulawayo.

I returned to England in April 1897, was married in August, and was back in India in November—glad to be at my old work again, though it now lay in the interior of India, in Rajputana, and not in the more exciting and responsible field of the frontier. And next year I was to have one of those experiences which bring us straight up against the fundamental conditions of life. I was to experience both the joy—of an intensity wholly unsuspected—at the birth of a little one, and then the anguish of cruelly losing him within ten days. Both the joy and the grief are common experiences, though quite unrealisable by those who have never had and lost a child. But they are none the less poignant for that. We may accept such things as the will of God, and continue our trust in Him. But we can scarcely help being driven to inquire more deeply into the true nature of God, and to find out more clearly what His will really is.

Experience of the great Famine in India again set me thinking. And in the very height of it, in April 1900, I wrote that of late I had been more and more convinced that deeper religion was required in our national life—that religion was the foundation and stand-by of character, the great motive force impelling to all that is good and great, and that we had lost much by the decay of the religious feeling. . . . I had attached too much importance to science (here I was evidently beginning to free myself of Herbert Spencer's chilling influence) and too little to human character and to spiritual life, I recorded. After learning all that science could teach about the forces of (physical) nature, we had not yet touched the highest wisdom, and we should have gained little towards attaining a higher spiritual life. The *soul*, after all, was the greatest thing in the Universe. It was the soul, the spiritual life, that we wanted to develop. That, therefore, should be our chief concern. And that was why we should have more religion in our national life. And if the present form of religious belief was not adapted to the intellectual needs of the time, we should so alter it that it should be.

At Indore, where I was posted as Resident in 1902, I paid much attention to religion, as I have already related. I studied the Hindu religion with a Brahmin, and I went into the whole question of religious instruction with the Ministers.

In Tibet, in 1903-4, I studied Buddhism. And here I finally rid myself of Herbert Spencer. Not that I had not learned much from him, but he had also harmed me much by overstressing the importance—or rather the scope—of science. In its own sphere science has done wonders, and we are deeply indebted to it. But its sphere is not the soul, and it was with the soul that I was mainly concerned. What it could teach about the working of the Universe I greedily devoured. But I turned more and more directly to religion.

For all the early part of my Mission I had plenty of leisure, as the Tibetans refused to negotiate. I was again in the Himalaya. The old strong impulse towards religion was on me once more. Wordsworth, and Shelley, and James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and Whitman, I read and absorbed as I can only absorb when I am among the mountains and have responsibility on me. And at the conclusion of my Mission, when after being keyed up to the highest pitch the tension was relaxed and I was full of that satisfaction which comes from carrying a big thing through, I had an experience on the mountain-side which I have described in *The Heart of Nature*, and which convinced me with invincible conviction that I had found God. I had sought and sought and sought; and at last, after many years and much tribulation, I had found. I had direct and immediate experience of the inmost Spirit of things. I had experience that the world is not only good and lovable but that it loves—and loves with overmastering power.

And this experience in Tibet was corroborated by a second experience I had after my return to England. I was nearly swept off my feet in the swirl of social engagements and entertainments of all kinds. But I managed to get away twice to see something of the Welsh Revival of 1904-5. It was an opportunity of gaining religious experience not to be missed. I have described in *Within* both the awe which it inspired and the marvellous exaltation it brought. There men felt themselves in the grip of some tremendous Power ; and it filled them with unspeakable awe. Then the awe fell away, and they were in delirious transports of joy. It was only after my return to London that I felt the effect myself ; for in spiritual matters I am very, very slow of apprehension. And then upon me also came this wondrous exaltation—similar, perhaps, to what I had experienced in Tibet, but of even greater power. I seemed able to set the whole world aflame with love ; and life was all buoyancy and light.

The exaltation, naturally, passed away in time. It is impossible to live long at great heights : we have to return to the plains for the daily work of life. But I had known what it was to be on the height, and life on the plains would for ever after be something different from what it was before. A man cannot always be ‘ in love ’ ; but life is a different thing for him after having been in love once.

And, as it seems to me, it was this joy and gladness, this holy ecstasy of life, that Jesus was trying to communicate to men rather than any hard-and-fast doctrines. Only by diligent and disciplined search will this treasure ever be found, and Jesus had to show men the way to it and warn them of the perils they might meet with in the pursuit. But what more than all else He was wishing to communicate was surely this inexpressible gladness He had known—this experience He had had of what God's love for man is.

In Kashmir, where I spent the next three and a half years, I was again among the mountains, and from my garden at Gulmarg could see a peak 26,600 feet in height, which was a constant source of inspiration to me. And I had leisure to feel, and time to read and reflect. And now I finally decided to leave Government service, and devote myself entirely to what had for so long been my main interest in life. The frontier province which Lord Curzon said he would have appointed me to, if it had been vacant, was not now available. The higher appointments in India were reserved for the Civil Service. There was no particular object in my remaining on in India. I could feel that I had made a success of my job there both as a military explorer and as a military political officer. And I could now, with a clear conscience, turn to that wider and deeper matter which underlay all policy and must be at the basis of our national life. So I finally left India at the end of 1909 and returned to England, intent upon working more directly for my own native country and for what concerned its deepest springs of existence.

CHAPTER XVI

PHILOSOPHERS

I HAD retired from the Government service still young enough to be able to enter into the life of England. For twenty-eight years I had been in the service of the Government of India—though much of that period had been spent on military and political missions outside India and on furlough. Now, at the age of forty-six, I was not too old to take an active part in English life. And I looked for two advantages from this. First, I would be freshened by the vigorous, thoroughgoing, competent character of life in England, in comparison with the life among Orientals I had lived for so long. And second, I should have opportunities of imparting to Englishmen at home the results of the wider experience I had had the opportunity of gaining abroad.

A general election was taking place when I landed in England in January 1910; and I plunged recklessly into it, speaking for Unionist candidates in Norfolk, Kent, Lancashire, and Gloucestershire, and finishing up with a week-end at Hackwood with Lord Curzon. But political oratory is not my *métier*; and I was a dismal failure on the platform. For my own particular purposes, however, I was glad of the experience. Coming straight from India, I was impressed with the virility of these English crowds and their strong sense and directness, and with the pluck and good temper required of a candidate. To face these masses, sometimes cheering, sometimes jeering, shouting criticisms and questions, and often deliberately trying to put the candidate off, he must have every weapon at its keenest, his wits must be sharpened to meet every argument, and his courage dauntless. And yet, it struck me that it was not by wits and argument alone, or chiefly, that the victory was won : generous blood, human sympathy, cheerfulness and buoyancy, were every bit as necessary.

In March 1910, in an article in the *National Review* to which I gave the title ' The Emerging Soul of England,' I summed up my impressions of England after viewing her first from a distance and then at close quarters ; and I concluded by saying that what the soul of England hungered after even more than political reform and social reform was religious reform. Behind all political effort and all social endeavour must be the impulse which religion alone could give. It was for the renewal and revitalising of our religion that the English people really craved ; for no political effort had weight, momentum, or lasting effect which had not running through it the impulse and inspiration of religious feeling. We virile races of the North required a religion of *our own*, evolved from our midst and fitted to our character—a religion based on the eternal verities, in touch with reality, and human with the humanity of the home and the streets.

Among Indians I had been accustomed to seeing religion take the first place in their interest and politics follow a long way after. Here in England people seemed to be furiously interested about politics, but strangely supine about religion. I did not believe, though, that people were so indifferent to religion as they seemed. I believed that hidden away in the English people was deep religious feeling, and that they were craving to give vent to it. Much that was presented as religion was distasteful to them, but they were, in reality, by no means the irreligious people they would appear—to an Indian, for example. This was the impression I got, and which I described in this article.

But I felt now the need of getting the intellectual side of religion clear. Religion may be mainly feeling, but it has its intellectual side : we must have certain beliefs. And it was those beliefs that I wanted to see secure. I had given up belief in the bullet-deflecting type of God. I wanted to make sure that there was nothing in the opposite kind of belief—the belief held by many ‘ clever ’ men that the world is cold and indifferent to our highest aspiration, and that in the aimless whirl of worlds and atoms there is no meaning. To me it seemed that nothing — nothing whatever — happened by chance ; that for every event, however insignificant, there was a ‘ cause ’ of some kind ; and that when we see flowers bursting forth every spring, and men all about us striving hard after goodness, or beauty, or truth, and when we know that all the parts are connected in one great whole, we must conclude that the Power which drives that whole is making for what is good and lovely. But I wanted to make sure of this against all that the most cold-blooded 'intellectual' could say in opposition. I wanted to study the philosophy of religion. I had paid much attention to science in former years. I wanted now to turn more to philosophy.

With this object in view I took two steps. Firstly, I consulted Dr. J. E. McTaggart of Cambridge, who was one oft he leading philosophers of the day. And secondly, I joined the Aristotelian Society, a small body of philosophers who read and discuss papers on philosophical subjects.

Dr. McTaggart I had met when Cambridge University did me the honour to confer on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Science in 1905. We had also been at the same school, Clifton. There was therefore a connecting link, and I was anxious to make the most of it, because he was a man of standing in the philosophical world; and his books, *Some Dogmas of Religion* and *Studies in Hegelian Cosmology*, I had studied in Kashmir. They had made a deep impression on me; and I was anxious personally to discuss with him certain main conclusions he had come to. He was a man of exceptional sincerity of thought, and all his best thoughts he had put into a study of the ultimate nature of things. He was the very man I wanted as a guide, philosopher, and friend. True, his main bent of mind was philosophical rather than religious; and in his philosophy he had come to the conclusion that 'there is no God.' But this conclusion was due to his restricted definition of the term 'God,' and did not mean that he did not believe in the spiritual nature of the world and in the value and necessity of goodness. He was a religious and a good man; and I am proud to remember that he gave me the privilege of his friendship up to the day of his death.

But I approached him with awe at first. I was deeply anxious to have his help and advice, yet I feared he would look upon me as too much of an amateur dabbling in profound matters to pay much attention to me. I took the precaution, therefore, of writing out carefully beforehand what my line of approach would be and what exactly I did want of him, so that I might have it clear in my mind. I then went down to Cambridge and called upon him in his rooms.

The questions I had prepared to ask him were truly formidable. But, I argued to myself, they were what all men *ought* to be asking, and were what we should have been informed about before we were sent out into life. We were instructed in many superfacilities, but we were not led even to consider these fundamental matters upon which I now sought M^cTaggart's opinion.

The crucial question I wanted him to help me in settling was whether we were entirely guided and controlled by an outside God, a separate Being altogether from ourselves, or whether we were impelled by an inherent spirit. I had gathered from his books that he held the latter view. In that case I wanted to know whether there was any conscious purpose in that spirit; whether there was any definite end at which it aimed; or whether it was merely a drift or tendency, and, if so, whether we ourselves could direct the tendency and control our destiny. Then I wanted to know what was the goal we should aim at ; what was to be our standard of right ; what conduced towards our reaching the goal ; and whether we had any justification for concluding that good would prevail over evil. Finally, I would ask him where I could find the best metaphysical demonstration of the truth of immortality.

Primed to discuss with him these deepest problems of existence, I called upon him by appointment in his rooms in Trinity College, looking out on to the famous quadrangle. All in the room was scrupulously in order. The furniture was very simple. Rows and rows of books surrounded the room, and each was evidently in its place. And on his desk everything was most neatly arranged. How conducive to study it all was ! How different from the scenes in which I had had to pursue my own searchings ! I felt a perfect child. Who was I to presume to talk over these profound matters with one who had devoted his whole life to their study ? And if the questions I wanted to ask were formidable, McTaggart himself was no less daunting. He in no way made things easy for me. He was a shy and in many ways an awkward man, and very direct and abrupt. I was afterwards to find that he was full of geniality and humour and agreeable conversation. But no one would call his manner to a comparative stranger winning and ingratiating. I had to make my way through some terrifying defences before I could reach the real man.

My line of approach was through a recitation of my experiences in India. I had been brought very close to Nature in her barest aspects. I had had to deal with people professing all the great religions. Many of these had been deeply interested in philosophical questions. I was interested myself; and now I was home I sought the best advice. Could he help me?

Certainly he would, he replied. So far encouraged, I drew myself together for my main question. It was hard to get it out in this cold-blooded way. But it had to be done. What was his idea of God?

McTaggart now showed himself at his best. He answered direct without any hedging and without any fluffiness of thought. He did not believe in a personal God. There *might* be a Being who, though not omnipotent, and not a creator, was yet so far above us other beings as to be able profoundly to influence our development, as a headmaster influences his boys. He was inclined however to the view that running through the world was a spirit expressing itself in personalities and uniting them together. I did not understand from him that this spirit had a purpose. He did not, indeed, think it was a *conscious* spirit. But it certainly tended to unity.

As to guiding our own destiny—we might to a certain degree and within certain limits. But there must be limits. We might collide with another star, or a spider might arise so venomous and in such numbers as to exterminate us. And he was not so sure now as he had been that things *necessarily* worked out for good. He was in fair agreement with Bergson as to there being an inherent impulse at the back of things impelling us on. But of the nature of that impulse—whether it was purposive or not—he was not sure. Nor was he sure that it *certainly* made for good. But with that impulse we must go. We might, like a man in a boat on a river, direct our own course within the limits of the banks, but we could not go against the stream.

Talking of mystics and inspired men, he pointed out that they almost invariably echoed what they heard around them. And what they said under inspiration was generally what they had convinced themselves of already. He noticed however that they gradually got to talk less and less of their immediate beliefs—Roman Catholics of Catholicism, Moslems of Islam, and so on—and more and more of *God*. And the chief impression they had of God was that of a spirit making for unity.

Immortality he believed in, and he was working out the proof of it by metaphysics, but had not so far succeeded. It had not yet been proved. Hegel had just missed it, though very close. McTaggart himself felt near the proof, but had not quite reached it.

Before I left I asked his opinion on the philosophers of the day. He thought Bradley's *Appearance and Reality* the best philosophical book that had been written in England for a long time, though he did not agree with it. He was not quite clear as to what Bergson meant, and was not certain that Bergson himself was clear. But he was the best philosopher of the day. Eucken he thought was only edifying : he contributed nothing new. Pragmatism he considered ‘ wicked,’ because it confused the ‘ good ’ and the ‘ true,’ ignoring the fact that a lot of very evil things were true. Of the coming men in England he said the undergraduates thought most of Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore.

My talk with McTaggart had been most valuable to me, and later he asked me to stay with him, and took me to dine in Hall at Trinity. And here he was a very different man from what he was in his study : he enjoyed a good dinner and a good story as much as any one. After we had first eaten a big dinner in Hall, and then adjourned to the Common Room for wine, we went on to the well-known Dr. Jackson’s rooms to smoke and talk. As in the Army so in the University ‘ shop ’ was eschewed, and there was nothing but good cheer. But walking home I told McTaggart what a privilege I considered it to have his friendship and be able to talk with him upon what had so deeply interested me ; and I was surprised at the warmth of feeling with which he replied that the privilege was to him in having the confidence of one who had led such an active life as I had. Evidently McTaggart had an exceedingly sensitive and kind heart as well as a clear head.

After my first talk with him I wrote him telling him of my experience in the mountains on the day I left Lhasa ; and he wrote in reply a letter which has special interest for me now. ‘ It is a great help and comfort,’ he said, ‘ to know that people feel the same as oneself—especially to find that a man, whose outward life has been so different from mine as yours has been, has found his way to the same inner reality. My experience has been like what you describe—on one occasion, especially, in one of the great churches at Rouen, and once in the National Gallery. I think the best description I know of it are the last lines of Browning's " Saul "—those that begin,

> '" I know not too well how I found my way home in the dark." '

McTaggart then proceeded to pronounce a judgment on this experience with which I agreed at the time but with which I definitely disagree now. He said, ' It is, I think, the highest thing in life but one. Love—just the love of one person for another—is the highest of all. If they could be united at the same moment, if the love for one person could be felt as what did sum up the whole Universe, that would be the culmination of all things. But that I have not *felt* yet, though I believe it to be true.'

This statement is of the greatest consequence. McTaggart believed that love was the highest thing in life, but he held that love could only be between persons ; and by persons he meant individual men or women. Love of country he would not have described as strictly speaking love. It was here that I came to differ diametrically from him, and to rank love of country as higher than love of individual men or women for one another. Queen Victoria had a devoted love for Prince Albert ; but her love of her country and her country's love for her—this reciprocal love—we instinctively, and I believe rightly, put on a higher plane. We never allow individuals' love for one another to take precedence of their love of country. And when we come to the world as a whole, the same standard is necessary. When McTaggart had those experiences of which he wrote to me he was experiencing the love of the world for him as he had loved the world. He had been seeking and loving the highest things in life, and had won and was experiencing the world reciprocating his love. At these moments he was experiencing the nature of the spirit which urges the world. He was averse from using the word God ; but he was in reality experiencing what others would call the love of God. It was akin to love of country, but wider and deeper. And that is why I would put his experience above and not below the love of one person for another ; though in my view, contrary to McTaggart's opinion, both one's country and the world are ' persons '—collective personalities, super-persons perhaps, but at least persons.

Other philosopher friends I made at Cambridge were Professor Sorley, Bertrand Russell, and G. E. Moore ; and I also met that fine-minded and courageous philosopher, James Ward, who had been one of the first to break the spell of mechanically conceived evolutionism so dominant in the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century, and who impressed me by the intensity of his spirituality. Sorley had a greater influence on me at a later date with his Gifford Lectures on *Moral Values and the Idea of God*. Bertrand Russell I used generally to have tea with in his rooms in Trinity when I went to Cambridge. A more brilliant intellect I never met, but he was much more approachable than

M^cTaggart had been at first; and he had a peculiar charm of his own. His writings were most pessimistic, but he himself always appeared in the best of spirits—a feature which I had also noticed in pessimists on frontier expeditions. Apparently the way really to enjoy oneself is to be full of dark forebodings and expect the worst; then if the worst actually happens it is only what one had expected, and if anything less than the worst occurs one can be in uproarious good-humour. We differ profoundly on politics, but one of my most delightful experiences was a voyage to America with Russell in February 1914, when we talked together for the best part of five days. He is a socialist, and I know from his conversations has a very deep and genuine sympathy with the labouring classes. But a greater natural individualist I never came across. He was *born* to stand by himself. Working with others in a body, as we have to in a regiment or in a Government Department, is wholly unnatural to him. Everybody would love him for his charm. But he would make a rank bad Prime Minister of a Socialist State.

From these Cambridge men I received much help and stimulus in clearing my ideas on religion. But I did not go to philosophers alone for guidance. I went also to a poet—my friend from schoolboy days, Henry Newbolt. We had in former years discussed religious matters, and he was as impressed as I was with the inadequacy of the religion presented to us. As is natural in a poet, he is of a highly tense and sensitive nature. His intellect is acute, but with it is sharp intensity of feeling. And this made him peculiarly conscious of the presence in the world of a spirit working mightily for good. I think the words which he put into my mouth in the poem he did me the honour to write on my reaching Lhasa really expressed what was in his own mind—as well as in mine :

'Forward ! in God's name ;
I own no lesser law, no narrower claim.
A freeman's Reason well might think it scorn
To toil for those who may be never born,
But for some Cause not wholly out of ken,
Some all-directing Will that works with men,
Some Universal under which may fall
The minor premiss of our effort small ;
In Whose unending Purpose, though we cease,
We find our impulse and our only peace.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY

M^{c}TAGGART had given me sound advice as to the outstanding philosophical books to read, and I plunged into them. It was hard work—but bracing. There was a grip about them which tightly held me. And a deep sincerity. At all costs these philosophers would reach the truth. But before it was accepted each truth would be tried and tested in a thousand lights. And one could see that at bottom these philosophers were religious men. One and all they were deeply impressed with the spirituality of the world, and had devoted their lives to understanding it better and to helping others to see more light.

Bergson's *Creative Evolution* was the most attractively written of these books, and most easily understood—apparently. And its main idea of an *élan vital*—some kind of inherent impulse—as the ground of things greatly appealed to me. Bergson had all Herbert Spencer's breadth, but had gone deeper. Moreover, he had a grace which the heavy Spencer never possessed ; and he had this in speaking as well as in writing. And of this I had an opportunity of judging ; for in 1910 he came to England and lectured at Oxford and Birmingham Universities. At the former he spoke in French, and at the latter in English ; and I went to both.

In those days Bergson was little known, and at Oxford there were not more than about a hundred to hear him. The address was given in the afternoon in the summer, and some boat races were taking place at the same time, so few attended his lecture. But he was worth hearing, even if you could not understand much of what he said. He was a small man, and ascetic in appearance. But as he spoke he seemed to grow in stature. All of himself he put into what he was saying; and it was his great soul, not his diminutive body, that became more and more apparent as he proceeded. You could almost see his brain actually working to find the exactly right word which would fit the meaning he wished to express. Every sentence was beautifully finished, every word distinctly pronounced. And you came away with the impression that if any man had pierced into the heart of things it was he.

At Birmingham, where he spoke in English and read from a paper, he was more easily understood. But I did not see the man as I had at Oxford.

A philosopher I would have liked to see at Oxford was Mr. F. H. Bradley; but he was a forbidding man to approach, I was told; and he lived a very secluded life, suffering from bad health, and I had no special grounds for inflicting myself upon him. His *Appearance and Reality* was not so attractive as Bergson's book, but it held me tighter. Here was a Titanic brain wrestling with the greatest problems of existence; and it was a delight to watch the struggle. And Bradley worked with something besides intellect. That intellect must have been of steel from the very start; and he had further hardened it as even steel is toughened so that it may pierce the most resisting substances. But we can get glances in his book of a soul behind the intellect—a soul which was the propelling power all through. And the results which had been obtained at the cost of so much labour were in the highest degree encouraging. He insisted on the spirituality of the world. All partake in some degree of the essential nature of the world, and each is necessary to the unity of the whole and contributes to it. But the more a man partakes of it, the higher he is in the scale of being; and the less he has of it, the lower he is. The essential nature of the world must be taken as our criterion of worth. And this seemed to me to be much the same as saying that the more we have of the spirit of God, the better we are.

Another most satisfying book was James Ward's *Naturalism and Agnosticism*. I had read it in Kashmir. But since seeing Professor Ward himself and hearing from Professor Sorley of his fineness of spirit and nobility of purpose, I got more out of it. And Ward from then onward stood before me as a pillar of light.

Bertrand Russell's *Philosophical Essays* and G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* were also most helpful to me. Russell's famous article on 'The Freeman's Worship' is one of the finest pieces of literature I know. He seemed to me to take an unnecessarily gloomy view of the world. But he was ready to face the desperate state with undaunted courage. And both the gloom and the courage he painted with the genius of an artist. G. E. Moore had none of Russell's grace, but he had a downrightness of thought which made his conclusion, that love of love combined with love of beauty was by far the most valuable good we know, specially impressive. And all the more so as Moore was not an idealist; he was a realist, a believer in the reality of matter as well as of spirit. Yet he acknowledged the superiority of the spiritual over the material, and corroborated McTaggart in his conclusion as to the supreme value of love.

Away on the frontier I had only been able to read books. Now I was able to see the men who wrote them; and not only see the men but hear them discuss with one another the subjects of their books. This I did by joining the Aristotelian Society, which in those days used to meet in a room of the Royal Asiatic Society at 21 Albemarle Street. The papers to be read were printed and circulated beforehand, and at the meetings we used to sit round a table and discuss them. Most of the subjects debated were of a highly abstruse character and quite beyond me. But in the discussion great ideas were often very simply stated, and it was these debates that I used to enjoy. Every here and there I would catch a flash of light which would be of the greatest help to me in my own questionings. And the forthrightness of the discussion amazed me. At the first meeting, after the paper had been read, I thought the chairman would make some complimentary remarks about it. Instead, he proceeded to tear it to pieces. It was quite unintelligible to him. Did the reader mean this or did he mean that ? And equally if he meant this or meant that his position was wholly untenable. Other speakers followed, each picking his own hole in the reader's arguments. I thought the poor man, at the end, would feel utterly flattened out. Not at all. He got up most cheerfully and said that he had expected criticism, but if nothing worse could be said against his paper than what he had heard, he was well satisfied with it. He then replied to their arguments to his own satisfaction ; and as he had the last say, he went off triumphant.

Now this, I thought to myself, is just what I want. I can hear fundamental questions discussed fearlessly and thoroughly by the men best trained to deal with such weighty problems. It was not for ten years that I presumed to take part in these discussions myself, but I derived the greatest enjoyment from them and obtained many valuable hints.

The most polished and finished debater was Bernard Bosanquet. He would criticise most acutely, but invariably with the finest courtesy and with exquisite grace. And he did not discuss from mere love of argumentation. From his soul he was an earnest searcher after truth. Equally earnest in seeking for truth but very different in his manner of search was G. E. Moore. There was no grace in debate here—only flat contradiction. 'I absolutely and entirely disagree with every word of the paper' was a typical way of commencing his criticism, until some one asked him what exactly he meant by 'absolutely and entirely disagreeing.'

Once when in a threatening way he asked the reader of the paper, '*Do* you mean this?' he received the non-committal reply, 'You may proceed on the assumption that I do.' The speaker was a Scotsman! Moore's was a sledge-hammer method; still, one felt that in his own way he *was* getting at the root of things.

When he and Bertrand Russell argued together there was always amusement. Moore from sheer earnestness was often heated. Russell was unfailingly cool and smiling. The two chevied each other round and round in a circle. And the argumentation was more joy in exercising their wits than anything else—so it struck me. For they were fundamentally very much in agreement.

A profoundly thoughtful member—and once President—of the Society was Professor Alexander, and his share in the discussion was always helpful. He gave the impression of a man who had deeply pondered over the problems of existence, and who was earnestly anxious to help his fellow-men. He would display no fireworks, but in a quiet, impressive manner show the way to the solution of a problem. And he was himself so sympathetic and receptive and responsive, and so appreciative of other men's work, that he inspired great confidence in his judgment. The discussion of Professor Alexander's book, *Space, Time and Deity*, was one of the things I most profited by in the Society.

A delightful debater was Professor Whitehead. A mathematician by profession, his thought was always liquid clear. He was very pointful, and there was power behind each point. And not only was he extremely skilful in debate, but he had as much grace as Bosanquet, an imperturbable temper, and a saving humour. And he had special interest for me because he was convinced of the value of religion. He was good enough once to spare me an afternoon to talk over fundamental matters with him. His opinion was that religion in the future would be something infinitely more sublime than it is now. Our conceptions of God would change, but would become greater and greater.

It is only recently and very seldom that I have been emboldened to speak at these Aristotelian meetings, and then only when I have been especially stirred. One occasion was quite lately when Professor J. A. Smith delivered a most gloomy address in which he stated that we must choose between *either* the One *or* the Many, and then himself chose the One and proceeded to rule out as valueless many things which most people highly value—individuality among them. I humbly ventured to suggest that there was a third alternative—a One which was composed of Many: our country, for example. England is made up of many Englishmen, but was assuredly one; and the world might be the same. I said the solution was so absurdly easy that there was sure to be a catch in it somewhere. But so far I have not been convinced that there is a catch. And that the world is One—inspired by one spirit—but is composed of Many parts, is my most fundamental belief.

On a previous occasion in which I felt called upon to take part I was in entire agreement with the reader of the paper. It was by one of the younger philosophers, Mr. L. A. Reid, on 'Creative Morality.' He gave me the impression of being on the very verge of something of great importance. Ordinary correctitude of behaviour was not to be the last word. There must be something further. Morality to be of any value must be creative. Artists, poets, men of action, had in special moments visions of this something higher. And that something higher is what morality must create. We must not be content with being merely moral. This seemed to me sound doctrine. We must work *within* the moral laws. But working within them we must create something sublimer far than mere uprightness. I owe very much to Mr. Reid, and am confident that he will one day produce a book of great value ; for his feeling is as deep as his thought is clear.

The organiser and moving spirit of all this activity in the Aristotelian Society was Dr. Wildon Carr, for many years the honorary secretary, and afterwards President of the Society ; and he was always there to lead off a discussion when things were hanging fire. I am most grateful to him also for having invited me to two dinners he gave, one to Bergson and the other to Croce, and thus affording me the opportunity of personally knowing these two distinguished philosophers.

Bergson had great sympathy of manner and remarkable simplicity and charm. You would feel the keen edge of his intellect, but you could also recognise his sensibility. He was clearly open to every impression. When he was lecturing he would summon up all his faculties and resources to produce an impression on you. When you were sitting beside him he was completely relaxed and seemingly much more anxious to receive than to give. And, intense though he was when delivering an address, off the platform he was more of the quiet thoughtful than of the vivid vivacious type. In appearance he was small, thin, and ascetic, and very neat and precise—like a highly respected old-fashioned family lawyer.

Croce was quite different, and did not look like an Italian. He might be a strong-headed, robust, capable English business man. I had but a short conversation with him, but I remember his joy at the fresh beauty of England. He was here in summer, and was struck by its wonderful greenness.

An incident at the dinner given to Bergson is worth noting. After Bergson, Bernard Shaw spoke. As usual, he was very amusing, and when he said that he was the cleverest man there, and had thought of Bergson's main idea long before Bergson had, I assumed that he was chaffing. I had often been entertained by his plays, and thought he only meant to be entertaining us now. But I was wrong. He did expect to be taken seriously. He really did think himself the cleverest man there. And perhaps he was right. On his seventieth birthday the other day, he said that he was extraordinarily clever at his own job, but had no feeling of greatness. This I believe to be true. He is clever, but he isn't great. Cleverness is perpetually fizzing and crackling and sparkling from him. The element of greatness he lacks.

A further activity of Dr. Wildon Carr was to arrange for yearly combined meetings of the Aristotelian Society with one or more similar societies for a week-end of discussion. Such meetings were held in London, Manchester University, Durham University, Reading College, and Oxford University. Except in London, rooms and (on payment) meals were provided for us. We assembled on the Friday, read and discussed papers on Friday evening, Saturday morning, afternoon, and evening, and Sunday afternoon and evening. And we departed on Monday. The papers to be read were all printed and bound in book form and delivered to us previously, so that those we were specially interested in we could read up beforehand. They were generally taken as read at the meeting so as to allow more time for discussion. And being thus with each other for a liberal week-end, we had full opportunity for knowing each other and talking over points in which we were specially interested.

A noteworthy figure at these conferences was Professor G. F. Stout, remarkable for the intensity with which he pierced to the heart of an argument, and the vehemence with which he pressed his point home. And often it was not only his mind and spirit but his energetic little body that he threw into the effort. Other psychologists who took part were Mr. A. F. Shand, who, with his fine, graceful, analytical mind, insinuated his way into the recesses of all problems connected with the *Foundation of Character*; and Mr. C. S. Myers, who would attack the most subtle problem with the strongest common sense.

A refreshing change from purely philosophical discussions was the contribution made by scientific men at some of these gatherings. Science has in the end to broaden and deepen into philosophy, which is the more fundamental activity of the two. But science has to bring the raw material for philosophers to philosophise on. And philosophy has to keep on friendly terms with science, or science may produce some nasty little fact which will kill a too airy assumption of philosophy. Dr. Head, so versed in all that concerns the mechanism of the brain, would almost make us believe that the mechanism was the important thing and thought a mere exudation. Not that he was trying to make us think this, but he showed us so clearly how injury to a certain region of the brain would have such and such an effect on the mind that this *almost* seemed the obvious conclusion. And indeed this question of the relation between mind and body was continually arising in one form or another. It was a particular interest of that kindly and courageous physiologist, Professor J. S. Haldane, who took the broadest possible view of the connection of mind and matter, and believed in the correlation of mind not only with all physiological but with all physical events. The physical or physiological side was, he held, only an imperfect way of looking at the psychical side. It was impossible to separate bodily from psychical activities and processes. They were inextricably bound up together. And medicine and surgery had taught him that Nature, far from being indifferent to human interests, furthered them continuously. If a part of a body were injured by disease or accident, no mechanical or chemical action applied by the surgeon or doctor could restore the amazingly delicate structure, but Nature would all the time be tending to perform this beautiful operation and at the same time be repelling imperfection and harmful influences—tending to make the body ' whole ' again. Living organisms were part of the whole world of Nature, and Nature was no mere mechanical system ; our Universe was a spiritual Universe, and working with us in our struggle to do the right.

Professor Lloyd Morgan was another striking figure at these conferences. Under a more rugged and open-air appearance than the generality of philosophers was hidden an acute and far-reaching mind. For him, too, the relationship of body and mind had an abiding interest, and the conclusion he had come to was that body and mind were both manifestations of spirit. There were not two worlds—a physical world and a psychical world—but one world, psycho-physical from top to bottom.

Besides science, religion also was represented at these conferences. Dean Inge was President one year. Prebendary Caldecott was on the Committee. The Archbishop of Armagh (Dr. C. F. D'Arcy), the Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Temple), and the late Dean Hastings Rashdall have read papers. Dean Inge used to appear to be rapt in a trance while the discussions were proceeding. But he must have been listening to all that was going on, for on one occasion when the existence of the Devil was being questioned, and he was asked his opinion, he unhesitatingly replied : ' Of course there is a Devil ; only none of you have painted him half devilish enough.' Perhaps he was talking in his sleep, or I may have been dreaming, but certainly this is my recollection of what he said.

What to me was about the most interesting debate I heard at the conferences was one between Bishop D'Arcy and Canon (afterwards Dean) Rashdall. The subject was, in effect, the nature of God. And what was remarkable was that these two high dignitaries could not agree on this fundamental question. Not that there *should* be anything surprising in this. It should be obvious to every one that the nature of God is a mystery so profound that no two men can be expected to have precisely the same conception of Him. It is usually supposed that the last word about God has been said when we say that God is Love or that God is our Father. God may be Love, but He may be also a great deal more than any love of which we men have experience. And what exactly do we mean when we say that God is our Father? Is it what a schoolboy means when he says that he is the son of a certain man, or is it what Englishmen mean when they say that they are the sons of England? Did God give us birth as a father gives a son birth, or as a fatherland gives its sons birth? What we mean when we speak of God is in no way easy to say. The Bishop and the Canon of course agreed that God was a spirit and that God was good; but when it got much further than that there was wide diversity of opinion.

The point of debate was whether individual minds—our minds—are or are not included in the mind of God. Canon Rashdall held that they were not. Bishop D'Arcy held that they were.

The Canon believed in God as the ultimate ground of things, but held that *His* mind was other than *our* minds : he insisted on the otherness of God. Our minds could not, he maintained, be part of God's mind : God and man—God and any man—are two minds. He insisted on the superiority and all-pervasiveness of God's mind, but denied the all-inclusiveness : God's mind did not include our minds.

The Bishop, on the other hand, contended that our minds *are* included in the mind of God. He believed in the all-inclusiveness of God. He looked upon God as the Great, All-inclusive Spirit—as the all-inclusive life of the Universe, of the life in which we live and move and have our being. God was a Person—but something more. There was in Him a principle which unifies the seemingly disconnected multiplication of the spiritual world. There was a higher spiritual life in which all human minds are included, and in which every human mind retains its own peculiar individuality and character. And this supreme, all-embracing unity was God. And His activity was everywhere ; in the minds and wills of men as well as in the processes of physical nature.

So, while Canon Rashdall conceived of God as but a part of the Universe, Bishop D'Arcy conceived of Him as including all. While the Canon regarded God and ourselves as separate, the Bishop regarded us as included in God (perhaps somewhat in the way that Englishmen are included in England). The Canon believed that we were persons standing in relation to another, though supreme, Person.

The Bishop believed that we were enveloped in the all-enfolding life of an Infinite and All-inclusive Being.

These two authorities of the Church did, then, differ very widely. And to me their differing brought a sense of great relief. It showed that they acknowledged that even the priesthood has not a full and final knowledge of God, but has, like we others, to be continually probing into the mighty mystery. The Canon and the Bishop neither declared in despair that because they could not know everything they therefore knew nothing; nor did they, knowing something, presume to make people believe they knew all. They devoted themselves—soul and mind together—to understanding more and more of the mystery and to clearing away erroneous conceptions. And in thus manfully struggling with the mystery they increased their own stature and gave encouragement to others.

Canon Rashdall was of the more massive type, powerful in argument and of great sincerity. Bishop D'Arcy was more of the rapier type who might penetrate deeper. In neither was there any heat of animosity. They both recognised that they were in the presence of a problem which has engaged men's attention for thousands and thousands of years, and which would engage it for millions of years yet, and never meet with final solution, for the simple fact that God is infinite. So with all their greatness of intellect each was humble enough to recognise that he himself could not be absolutely right and his opponent absolutely wrong, but that, by frankly discussing, each might help the other to a little fuller understanding of the great mystery of God.

Another member of the clergy whom I heard deliver an address was the Bishop of Manchester (Dr. Temple) ; and he held his own manfully in the subsequent discussion—not an easy thing for a man accustomed to lay down the law to do in the face of men who spend their lives in criticising even the most fundamental laws, and reaching some still deeper and still more widely embracing law, as Einstein with his law of relativity went deeper and wider than Newton.

A profoundly spiritual man who also read a paper was Baron von Hügel. Immense depths he had plumbed to, and every word he spoke seemed to have come from those profundities. And this depth gave him width and height as well. Though he had not the skill in argument of the others, he gave the impression of being in closer touch with the true reality of things.

A circumstance I note about these Aristotelian meetings is that reference to God is much more frequently made now than when I first joined. Fifteen years ago I hardly heard the word at these meetings. I believe this to be due partly to the more spiritual and less material view of the Universe which is now taken ; and partly to the wider conception of God which is now admitted. Occasionally a speaker would say that he would use the word if it had not so many meanings attached to it, but that he avoided it to prevent misunderstanding. But generally when the word was used it was intended to signify the spiritual ground of the world, or the spiritual motive power behind events. And when a man would say—as McTaggart said—that he did not believe in God, there was no occasion to shudder. It did not mean that he had no belief in goodness and condoned wickedness. It only meant that he disbelieved in a certain conception of God which happened to be prevalent at the time.

Sometimes, as I watched these discussions, I would wonder whether by too incessant intellectual discussion the debaters might not lose—or never acquire—that feeling of awe and reverence on the one side and of devotion on the other which a contemplation of the world should bring. As I listened to them I realised that the deepest truths could never be reached by intellectual effort alone. This hard thinking and conflict of opinion were necessary and useful, and cleared away many misconceptions. But with this intellectual effort, and perhaps actually arising from the clash of argument, must be that intuition which flashes straight from the soul. It was that which really brought the light. And sometimes in the conflict I would see it sparkling. There would be a sudden melting of the intellectual hardness, and the truth would emerge simply and easily and as if it were the most natural thing in the world. This does not mean that the previous hard study and thought and conflict of opinion had been unnecessary. Not at all. Without them that flash would never have come. But it did mean that the profoundest truth would often emerge from something deeper or more widely-embracing than the intellect.

Perhaps also a philosopher would arrive at deeper truth if he had more experience of working with others as one body—as a sailor works in and for his ship, or a soldier in and for his regiment. Philosophers lead rather individualistic lives. And I was astonished that they were astonished at the fervour of the patriotism displayed when war broke out. They warmed to it themselves like true Englishmen when the call was made, but it came as a surprise to them that they could be thus carried away. Hitherto they would have thought it almost 'unreasonable.' They had overestimated the power of 'reason.' And the thought would come to me that if they had made such a misapprehension of human nature, they might have equally misapprehended the nature of the world. And this I believe many of them did. Not having understood the love which country can inspire, some were unable to understand the infinitely deeper love which the world can inspire. They had not felt the love of God.

CHAPTER XVIII

'WITHIN'

Having tested my faith against men of thought in the way described in the last chapter, and modified, deepened, and broadened it as their criticisms required, I proceeded to outline a book which would give the conclusions I had reached. But first—in the summer of 1910—I wrote a book on our relations with Tibet from the time of Warren Hastings to the time of Lord Curzon, because—as I attempted to show in my final chapter—these dealings with Tibet over a long period of time do give an example in real present-day life of the working in the world of some active principle, making at least for order as against disorder, and, as I believe, for decent neighbourliness between adjoining countries as against either aloofness or aggression.

The Tibet book being published, I set to work on the final outline of my principal book. And in June 1911 I had just completed the sketch at Spa, where my wife was taking the waters, when I had an experience which was of the greatest value to me, but which was of a kind I would by no means have sought for. I was run over by a motor car. Never in all my expeditions had the smallest accident befallen me. Now, when walking along a perfectly straight road in a civilised country, I was crashed into from behind by a big car with five people inside, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour downhill. Nothing worse than a broken leg was the immediate result. But subsequent complications ensued. A clot of blood got to my lungs. Pneumonia set in. And there was nearly an end of me.

The value of the experience was this. It showed me, as nothing else could, the amazing amount of sympathy there is in the world. When you are on the very verge of leaving the world you realise how lovable the world is and how much you love it. Incidentally, it showed me how painless a thing death must be. Twice, if not three times, I was within a whiff of passing away. But there were none of those agonies which in my childhood I was accustomed to associate with death. It was—like birth—'a sleep and a forgetting'; the actual agonies of combined pneumonia and a shattered leg were passing away. There was not a new agony coming on.

The long months of pain, the lack of sleep, and the effects of morphia affected me for some time. It was some years, in fact, before I had got a firm grip of myself again. But having the outline of my book already completed on the very day before the accident, I was able to begin putting it into shape as soon as I was convalescent. All the time of my illness it had constantly been in my mind, and now I took my accident as a *raison d'être* for such a book as I contemplated. I had meant the last chapters in my books, *The Heart of a Continent* and *India and Tibet*, and also my article on 'The

Emerging Soul of England,' to pave the way. And now I would definitely write on what had been my main absorbing interest for so many years.

'The Inherent Impulse' is what I had originally intended to call the book. Eventually I gave it the title *Within*, and beneath it quoted the words, 'The Kingdom of God is within you.' I can see now that the book really was a rebellion against a perverted view of Christianity which I had taken as a young man. And it was a struggle to reach a truer view. I stated my disbeliefs with perfect frankness, but with perhaps too much of the freedom of expression I had been accustomed to see used in these Aristotelian Society debates. I did not believe in the existence of an Omniscient, Omnipresent, Omnipotent, and Good Being who was ever guiding and guarding us, and who had caused me to be run over in order to punish me and make me better for the future. If such a Being existed and was able to do *any*thing, and was at the same time *good*, he would have warned me in time, or made the chauffeur steer clear of me, as any ordinary human being with the power to do this would have done. In the existence of a Being of that nature I did not believe. But I did assume, 'as the ultimate source of things, the existence of a World-Spirit in actual process of manifestation and of which we ourselves are the latest expression. The mainspring would be something in each of us and not something apart. . . . Of the existence of a Holy Spirit radiating upward through all animate beings, and finding its fullest expression in man in love, and in the flowers in beauty, we can be as certain as of anything in the world. . . . What is striving to burst through and express itself in light is something which is wholly good. And, if this be so, then we may fitly trust it as our God, in place of the discarded Deity of our childhood.' And the Ideal we should have before us should be the ideal of love. 'Love is the supremely valuable thing to lay hold of, to cling to with both hands and with all our might.'

Within was published in 1912, and its reception amazed me. It was well reviewed in the press. But what astonished me was its effect upon private individuals. Some wrote enthusiastically in favour, and said that it expressed what they themselves had always believed though they dared not say so, and of these a few sent books which they had published anonymously. But others wrote in violently abusive terms; and one—a relative—said that she had consigned the book to the fire. I was terribly distressed to have caused such pain. I had hurt the very persons I would not for the world have pained. And I have hated the sight of the book ever since. But this reception made me realise that beneath the placid surface there was deeper religion than I had supposed. Men and women must highly treasure their beliefs if anything said against those convictions could so deeply pain them.

As to the book itself, with fifteen years' more thought and experience I can see that I laid too much stress on immanence and too little on transcendence. God can be above as well as within. He is within the Whole as a whole. But He is both above and within an individual man. He is within microscopic animalculae swarming in the depth of the sea; but being within us also, He is obviously *above* those animalculae. And He is within us but He is also within any higher beings there may be dwelling in the stars; and so He would be *above* us. There may be more in God than has ever yet been manifested to man—even in Jesus. And in that sense He may be above us as well as in us. In any case, He is above us as England, besides being within individual Englishmen, is also above them. And He is above us as 'I' am both above and within the cells which compose my body. I might, therefore, have emphasised the transcendence as well as the immanence of the Spirit.

Also, I certainly stressed freedom too much and discipline too little—perhaps as the result of having so recently got free of Government service. Discipline—both self-discipline and social discipline—is exceedingly necessary if the highest results are to be attained.

And I had come too much under the individualistic tendency of philosophers accustomed to teach in classes and unaccustomed to working in a body. I made too little of the social sense, *esprit de corps*, love of country. I was quite right in saying that society—that is, one's country—ought to be for the homes. I should also have emphasised that homes should be for their country. And love of country should take precedence of the most devoted love of one individual for another.

But in the 'Glance Forward' in the final chapter I would not even now make any modification. We should work for the production of a higher species of men, as superior to ourselves as we are to the crudest savages. 'They will not be men of iron—cold, hard, and inflexible; but men of light and heat—imaginative, flowing, and mobile. . . . And they will lead, not as Nietzsche would have it, by stamping their will on generations of men; not by fixing a type once for all, and forcing men in millions into the self-same mould, but by ensuring for each individual the freedom necessary to fulfil his own propelling needs. Then, generations hence . . . may be, a pure God-Child will arise, more perfect even than Jesus.' I might have added 'as a completer revelation of God'; for it stands to reason that fuller manifestations of God must appear in the thousands of centuries ahead of us; and God, the Infinite, can never be *completely* revealed in any one being.

The publication of *Within* brought me sufferimg in many ways, but in the course of time it brought also much to recompense that pain, and frequently from quite unexpected quarters. Thus I had been invited by the Rev. R. J. Campbell to give a lecture to a society connected with the City Temple. I chose as my subject my explorations in the Himalaya. I found a crowded audience assembled and in the City Temple itself. And Mr. Campbell in opening the proceedings said that I had not been invited to lecture because of my renown as an explorer and as leader of the Mission to Tibet, but because of my having written *Within*. I had an exceedingly warm reception, and this put great heart into me, and I set about my further work with much greater buoyancy and confidence.

I began to find, too, that the fundamental position I had taken up in *Within* was not so very different from what even high ecclesiastical authorities, like Bishop D'Arcy, held. That debate between him and Canon Rashdall, of which I gave an account in the last chapter, took place seven years after, not before, the publication of *Within.* And what he then maintained, as described on page 235, seemed to me substantially the same as what I had written on page 54 of *Within* : ' As by England we mean that spirit which animates all Englishmen and binds them in national unity, so would our God in future be that spirit which animates all living things.' To illustrate my meaning, I quoted Wordsworth's well-known lines commencing ' A sense sublime ' ; and I go on to say : ' That is what we feel is at the back and source of things—a spirit that impels us all and rolls through all things, an indwelling, limitless spirit, infusing itself through the entire Universe.' This I wrote in 1912, and by a strange coincidence Bishop D'Arcy in 1918, in a paper read to the Aristotelian Society, quoted this very passage of Wordsworth as being far more truly applicable to the conception of God he had set forth than to the pantheistic substance.

I could feel, then, that in spite of the pain I had caused I was not at bottom very far apart from one who has since become Primate of All Ireland.

Another encouragement came from Mr. H. G. Wells, who quoted me at some length in his book, *God the Invisible King* (but, I am sorry to say, in the chapter entitled 'Heresies'!), and was kind enough—though I had not the privilege of knowing him—to write me a letter telling me that *Within* had been a help to him in his own writing.

So in the long run my poor book may turn out not to be so egregiously wicked as many have thought it.

CHAPTER XIX

AMERICA, WAR, AND GEOGRAPHY

HAVING had my little rebellion against what I considered to be a false view of Christianity, I determined to work constructively. I could easily have indulged in paroxysms of indignation against much that one has to listen to in church without a chance of protest; but I was at heart too fond of the Church to tilt against it, and I determined to concentrate upon essentials and press them, feeling sure that the unessentials would in time drop off by themselves. For this purpose I began planning another book. But before embarking on it I wished to be on the move once more, for it is when I am actually in motion that ideas come most readily to me. A thorough change of scene and life after my long illness would be refreshing. And I chose America for the field of my travels, because it was so completely in contrast with those ancient countries in which I had spent so many years.

I accordingly set off for a couple of months' journey in the United States in February 1914. My travelling companion as far as New York was Bertrand Russell. He was great at argument in philosophical or political debate; but he did not carry his argumentative habit on to an Atlantic steamer. On board ship he was a simple-minded and delightful companion. We had a small table to ourselves at meals ; and we paced the decks together all day long ; and there was no end to the subjects which interested him.

Arrived in America, I found the energy of American life most invigorating, and the general good cheer and boundless hospitality most refreshing. It was just what I needed after a long illness and nearly thirty years of the East.

Mr. Choate, the most popular Ambassador we have had in England, besides entertaining me at dinner in his own house in New York, did me the honour to preside at a luncheon given to me by The Pilgrims. I was also entertained in New York by Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. Roosevelt's sister, Mrs. Robinson. Mr. Roosevelt himself was away on that adventurous journey up rivers and through the forests of Brazil from the hardships of which he never really recovered. I had met him on two or three occasions in England, but would much have liked to see him in his own country, for I had a great admiration for him, and am sure that he would have made a great explorer if he had not thrown himself away in politics.

Other kind hosts at New York were Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the well-known and energetic President of Columbia University, and Dr. Fairfield Osborn, the President of the Natural History Museum.

At Washington I lunched with Senator Lodge, and met there General Leonard Wood, then Chief of the Staff and now Governor-General of the Philippines. At another lunch I met William Bryan, then

Secretary of State. At Chicago I was entertained by the Adventurers' Club and made a life member of it.

Then I proceeded to Colorado, and was where my heart yearned to be, first on great open spaces and then among mountains. And in Arizona I had the further delight of spending the night with Professor Percival Lowell at Flagstaff, and being shown Mars through his telescope. I could not actually make out the canals, but I revelled in seeing the stars, and especially a beautiful star cluster which looked like hundreds of sparkling gems. I was less fortunate when I went to the Lick Observatory, for the night was cloudy. But Dr. Campbell showed me many photographic plates of the stars, and I liked to ponder over them and reflect that each single one of those myriads of faint little specks on the plates was a sun as great as ours or greater; and that round many of them planets must be spinning with life as high as ours and even higher. Nothing fascinates me more than stars. And I enjoyed my visits to these two observatories more than anything else in America.

California with its golden meadows of poppies and mauve meadows of lupins, its blue sky and background of purple mountains capped with snow, its beautiful harbours and stately big trees, almost took the palm for beauty from Kashmir.

Returning by Boston, I was entertained at dinner by the Taverne Club, with President Lowell in the chair, and met there many distinguished men of art and letters. And next day I had the pleasure of visiting Dr. Eliot, the famous ex-President of

Harvard, and also Professor Royce. The Hon. Cameron Forbes, who had recently retired from the post of Governor-General of the Philippines, entertained me at his delightful country house. And I spent a day with his mother, Mrs. Forbes, a daughter of Emerson—a very charming old lady.

On my way back to New York I stopped over at Yale to have luncheon with ex-President Taft—the perfect type of American gentleman. And my last night in New York I was entertained to dinner by Mr. Doubleday, the partner of the late Mr. Page in the publishing firm.

Thus in a short space of time I had seen a good deal of America and leading Americans. I had been only two months in the country, but I had crossed it from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and I had met a number of representative men, and had been there just sufficient time to realise the difficulty of understanding what our true relationship with the United States is.

Personally, I felt more at home in America than in India. The people talked the same language as we do. They had in the main the same customs. They professed the same religion, said the same prayers, and sang the same hymns. And we had a literature in common. I could not help feeling that they were nearer to me than Indians. And this feeling was increased by the marvellous cordiality of their hospitality.

And yet there is the fact that they are under a different flag—and of their own choice; and that they have a traditional grudge against us, and frequently in their diplomatic correspondence are more curt to us than to any other nation. We slip up, then, if we make too much of the cousinship idea. They are foreigners, and diplomatically can be treated as nothing else but foreigners. But political relationship is not the only relationship. And, socially, we cannot make too much of what is common between us. There are bonds between them and us such as there are between us and no other people ; and every tie that will bind people together is of value. They are foreigners in politics. In society they are cousins.

I came back from America thoroughly revitalised. A good draught of American quick vitality had been just what I needed. And I was getting to work at my next book when all of a sudden we were engaged in a European war. In those days it was almost unbelievable that such a thing could be. We knew that Germany was arming, and especially was increasing her Fleet. And any extensive increase of her Fleet could only be directed against ourselves. But I happened to meet Lord Haldane at dinner with Lord Parker that summer. There was much talk of Germany. But the impression I got was that the Germans were as much afraid of us as we were of them, and that if we both kept our heads we could get on without coming to blows. This was before the Sarajevo incident. But even when that occurred one expected that by the usual conference the crisis would be tided over. And when a sudden swift succession of events swept us into war the unbelievable had happened before we knew where we were.

On the very last day of the war, when news had come that the Armistice was to be signed in a few hours, I was on a visit to the Tank Corps in France, and one of the officers then declared that if we could have said straight out and quite decisively in July of 1914 that we would go to war the war need never have been. This would have been a difficult thing for any Government to say. No Government could be sure that they would have the country with them of a sudden like that. And no Prime Minister would dare to threaten war unless he was certain the country would support him. Nevertheless, I believe that officer to have been right. Keeping our heads is an excellent thing, and we are fairly good at it. But making up our minds, on the instant, and for decisive action, is still better. Soldiers by the nature of their calling have to be decisive. But statesmen by the nature of *their* calling have to be deliberate. This deliberation, however, should not be counted unto statesmen for righteousness. It is a defect. And our national affairs will not be properly conducted till we have found a means of making up the national mind much more quickly. These immense debates in huge Cabinets and in Parliament are too slow-footed to meet the dangers which befall a nation—and which from inside or from without will beset it just as much in the future as in the past, and much more suddenly. We shall have to devise swifter methods of coming to a decision in an emergency. Probably the Prime Minister, as the chosen leader of the nation, will have to take full and sole responsibility upon himself in a momentous crisis, and be held to account for approval or censure afterwards. And this need not mean dictatorship, for we have ample means of replacing leaders of whom we disapprove. But having chosen our leader we should expect of him that he should in an emergency be able to decide for himself what is the common will and intention and what is for the common good, and act on that decision.

This is the main reflection I have to make on the war. It may be assumed that we want peace if we can get it. But it may be assumed also that occasions do arise when the alternative of war is preferable to the alternative of peace. Statesmen have therefore to be constantly prepared for the alternative of war. Much as they may hope and work and strive for peace, they can only expect it, and will only deserve it, if they are known to be ready to go to war the moment a certain line is overstepped.

On the outbreak of war I naturally offered my services both at the India Office and the War Office. But nothing was forthcoming for me. I then offered to raise a Travellers' Battalion on the lines of the Sportsmen's Battalion. But this was not looked upon with favour, on the grounds that it would be impossible to keep it up without official help, and it was easier and more convenient for Government to raise these battalions themselves. Eventually I got some work, though not of a very satisfying kind, at the India Office.

But we who had to remain in England had a gloomy time during the war. Everything was kept so secret that we knew nothing of what was really going on. We could neither cheer troops going to the front nor welcome them on their return, because we knew not when they were going or returning. We did not know how real were the victories which were announced or how serious the defeats. We had no proper means of judging whether our leaders were doing well or ill. And under all these depressing conditions we had to keep up our spirits.

Now, maintaining and raising the spirit of the country during the war was of *supreme* importance. All else depended on it. If the spirit at home flagged, nothing that the troops at the front could do would be of any avail. And to keep up the spirit of the country Ministers went about making speeches. But Ministers had much else to do. And it struck me that others might do this work while Ministers got on with the actual business of the war. So I founded a Society which I named 'The Fight for Right.' Sir Frederick Pollock was our chairman and Lord Bryce our president. We held meetings both in London and in provincial towns. But we avoided inviting members of the Government to address these meetings, for our object was to save them, not to give them more work. Men and women of thought and art we invited instead. And we had addresses from Sir Henry Newbolt, John Buchan, Gilbert Murray, Miss Evelyn Underhill, Dr. Caroline Spurgeon, Maurice Hewlett, and others, and I hope did a certain amount of good.

Looking back now, I think we might have done better if we had allied ourselves more definitely with the Churches, or if the Churches had more definitely taken up our work and used the kind of people we enlisted. For in a struggle for the maintenance of a great principle of public right the Churches are the natural bodies to arouse and sustain and elevate the spirit of the country. And the more we get into the habit of looking to them for that purpose, the better it will be for the country.

At the very close of the war I had one great satisfaction. At the request of the War Office I went over to France and spoke to the troops on India's part in the war. I had splendid audiences of officers and men. And I suppose there never was such a sight as the British Army in France in the closing days of the war. The troops were in magnificent condition and elated by the success of their great offensive. And officers I had known in former times I now found double their ordinary stature—far bigger men than they had ever been before or have ever been since. War has many horrors, but at least it makes men.

I had also the honour of visiting the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow on a like errand. There was not there the same elation as there was in the Army, for the Fleet had not been able to take the offensive like the Army. They had to be ever on the watch, but could not themselves attack. But what was so impressive in the Grand Fleet was the eternal vigilance, the steady nerve, the unrelaxing discipline which had to be preserved, minute by minute, day by day, and month by month, for those four and a half years. Then the lightning speed with which action had to be taken when the decisive moment came. And through all, the awful responsibility. For if a mistake were made the result would be *fatal.* A defeat of the Army in France would have been disaster. A defeat of the Fleet would have been death.

And what a Fleet that was! The most tremendous instrument of war ever fashioned by man. And a combination of both power and speed. Of huge bulk though those great battleships were, they could yet forge through the seas at racing speed. And then one knew that mightier still than either the ships or the guns or the engines was the spirit of the men who directed them. Upon that spirit everything depended in the last resort.

Soon after the war most congenial work came to me. I was elected President of the Royal Geographical Society, and was in my element once more. In my first speech I said I would do my best to encourage the spirit of adventure. And soon an opportunity occurred. Hitherto it had been impossible to approach Mount Everest. But now there was a chance of reaching it through Tibet. And I persuaded the Geographical Society, in combination with the Alpine Club, to organise an expedition to climb Mount Everest. The result I have described fully in *The Epic of Mount Everest.* I will only add here that in this and in everything else connected with the work of the Society it was Mr. Hinks, the Secretary, who did all the drudgery while I had all the enjoyment.

And Mr. Hinks had this additional attraction in my eyes, that he was an astronomer. It was indeed in showing me over the Cambridge Observatory that I had first made his acquaintance in 1905. He now took me to Greenwich Observatory, and to lectures by Dr. Jeans, and we had many conversations about the stars. These were his first love, and for the Earth his love is only secondary. However, he disguises this when he is on the premises of the Geographical Society; and there no one would ever think he had any other love than geography.

Geography used to be a very repellent subject to me at school. But there is no reason why it should be. Geography is description of the earth. And when I had wanted to describe the portion of the earth which I had explored as a young man I had always been pining to describe the beauty of the earth's features, but had been afraid to let myself go, fearing that a scientific body like the Royal Geographical Society would regard this as 'unscientific.' Now, however, that I was President of the Society I made bold to declare that no description of a region was complete until its beauty *had* been described—that a map of it, and details about the height of the hills, and length and breadth and depth of its rivers, were absolutely necessary; but that if we wanted really to *know* a country we must be enabled to see its beauty. We might have the most perfect map of England and full details of its rivers and hills and the population of its towns; but if we had no description of the beauty of England we could not be said to know England. Our geography must be imperfect. This was the thesis of my first Presidential address. And I am glad to see that the idea has been taken up enthusiastically by Dr. Vaughan Cornish.

Another matter I tried to arouse interest in was what I called Home Exploration. After exploring much in Asia I came to the conclusion that I knew little about England. Moreover, I doubted whether there was anywhere available all that there was to be known about England. Round every little town and village how much there is to be known that is not known ! And in every country it is the same. Intensive Home Exploration is as necessary as distant general exploration.

One of the enjoyments of the Presidency is the entertaining and being entertained. Before every lecture there is a dinner at which the lecturer of the evening, and distinguished authorities on the subject of his lecture, are entertained. To the annual dinners distinguished men in every branch of national activity are invited. And the President is frequently invited to dine with the City Companies, and to dinners and entertainments of other Societies. Among the guests of the Society during my term of office were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Spanish and French Ambassadors, Dr. Nansen, M. Venezelos.

I was also honoured with an invitation to take part in the centenary celebrations of the French Geographical Society at Paris. And at a meeting at the Sorbonne at which M. Millerand, President of the Republic, presided I had to make a speech of congratulation on behalf of all the other Geographical Societies. Fearing lest long residence in India might have spoilt the original purity of the French accent I had learnt at school, I spoke in English, and took the precaution to speak very slowly so that they might think that each word was full of wisdom. The result was quite satisfactory. Most of the audience did understand what I had said—which they certainly would not have done if I had spoken in French. And M. Millerand thanked me for having paid such compliments to France.

Later on, as representative of the Government, I took part in an International Geographical Congress at Cairo, where I again urged the necessity of regarding the description of natural beauty as part of geography. On the voyage out, and at Cairo itself, I renewed friendship with the great travellers MM. Pelliot and Bacot, whose acquaintance I had first made in Paris. Like me, they had travelled much in China; and both had that peculiar charm which is so characteristic of the best Frenchman.

I returned through Italy and arranged for another visit to Rome this year. And on this latter occasion I had the honour of being admitted to a private interview with the Pope. As Père Ratti he had been a great mountaineer, and his interest in mountaineering he still retains. He had sent telegrams of encouragement to the Mount Everest Expedition, and presented them with a gold medal. And I now took the opportunity of presenting him with a copy of the latest Mount Everest book. His Holiness spoke most feelingly of the loss of Mallory and Irvine, and was well acquainted with all that had taken place; and at the conclusion of the interview did me the honour of presenting me with a medal 'as a small remembrance.'

I left his presence with a feeling of sadness that one who had so loved the free air and the great mountains, and who had always regarded them as revelations of God, should for the rest of his days be confined to the stuffy atmosphere of the Vatican. It is but another instance of how the highest is only attained by ruthless limitation.

CHAPTER XX

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

My concern for the basis of personal and national life had not lessened while I was engaged in these geographical activities. Through them all I had steadily been pursuing my investigations into the philosophy of religion. Whenever possible I attended meetings of the Aristotelian Society, and I continued to read what I could of the best books. And, quite as much to clear my own mind and to converse with people at large as to lay down the law to them, I also *wrote* books. This is an inevitable result. If you are dead set upon a subject, and it is for you your main interest in life, then if you read much about it you must also either write or speak about it. You must keep up the conversation. My books will be as ephemeral as conversation. But they will at least have served the purpose of helping me to form my own mind. And in the end they may perhaps give to a few just the helpful stimulation they were wanting. For that also we hope when we write a book.

During the war I published the book which had been forming in my mind as I was travelling in America. I planned it during the long railway journeys, and when I was out on the plains, and beside the Rocky Mountains. I expressed my belief that there was no external Being dwelling outside the world pushing atoms or men this way and pulling them that, as a potter would a piece of clay, but that the world was made up of *self-active* beings who, whether atoms or men, acted on their own steam, so to speak, and under the mutual influence of one another. Each atom, or collection of atoms, affected in some measure, however slight, every other throughout the Universe. I wanted to stress the importance of this mutual influence, for it affected men as well as everything else. And if I only had had then an experience which I have had this year I could have made my point better still. I was being shown a very delicate listening-in set, and I was told that if the wire to the aerial were detached and I myself were to take the place of the aerial and hold the end of the wire connected with the receiving instrument, the loud speaker would give out the music then being broadcast. I held the wire, and sure enough the music being played a hundred miles away came out of the loud speaker —not so loud indeed or so clear as it was when the aerial instead of my body was used, but still quite distinctly. Now, this meant that my *body*—and it must be the same with every one—was receiving the impressions radiated from the broadcasting station. And if it were receiving those impressions, what myriads of other impressions it must also be receiving — and impressions not from this earth alone but from all over the Universe! And what expressions it must also be giving out! This was exactly the point I wished to make in my book. We live in a connected whole, and influence, and are influenced by, all about us.

I called my book *Mutual Influence*. It fell quite flat. But at least the writing it helped me to formulate my ideas.

After the war I elaborated my Presidential address on natural beauty to the Royal Geographical Society into a book which I called *The Heart of Nature: or the Quest for Natural Beauty*. It was well received here, and still better in Germany, and was translated into German. A Japanese also asked permission to translate it into Japanese. It is now out of print.

My next book was called *The Gleam*. It was the story of a man whose name I withheld but who was a real person who had 'followed the Gleam,' as in Tennyson's 'Merlin.' I had held great hopes for this book, but they were not realised. The book was only moderately successful, for the story was not well told.

Books never do turn out as you expect. I had taken much trouble about *The Gleam*, and scarcely any about my next book, *Wonders of the Himalaya*. It was written on the suggestion of my friend Mr. Ernest Austin, the musician, and described my early adventures in the Himalaya, but in the light of later experience. I wrote it more for relaxation than for any other reason, and mostly in pencil, in an armchair by the fire during the winter. I scarcely thought it would be worth the expense of typescripting. However, Mr. Murray took it, and it proved more successful than any of my previous books.

Then came another failure. I had taken great pains over a little book which I called *Mother World*. *Mother World : in Travail for the Christ that is to Be* was its full title. It was well reviewed in *The Times*, but received very little notice anywhere else, and no one bought it. Such are the ups and downs of literary life. The idea of the book is this. We bear to the world, and the world bears to us, the same relation that we bear to our country and our country bears to us. The world is to us our Mother World as our country is our Mother Land and this planet is our Mother Earth. We are born of the world as we are born of our country. We ever remain constituent members of the world as we ever remain constituent members of our country. And we bear the responsibility—this was my main point—of doing our best for the world as we bear the responsibility of doing our best for our country. And with this sense of responsibility on us we must set our minds to creating the Christ that is to *be*—carry with us all the best of the past, but look on to the future and concern ourselves with *creating* it.

I drew a picture of the personality, the life and teaching of Jesus as I conceived them. Then I showed that He was not content with the past—with the law and the prophets. He meant to fulfil them. He was original and daring. He meant to bring the good to flower. And we must do the same. We must create the Christ that is to be. Not merely a cleverer man or a man of more forceful will, or even a more benevolent man, than the ordinary man. But one with the intelligence, will, and affections summed up in a higher quality

—an *angelic* quality, something fresh from the Divine, something of which we catch glimpses in little children.

Summing up all that has gone before in a larger simplicity, this Christ of the future would reveal in fuller degree the latencies of that Divine Spirit at work in the world—the higher loves and fuller powers.

After *Mother World* came my boldest venture in the literary way. The kind Miss Wolff, the instructress of our own girl and many other London girls, suggested that I should write a *novel* about my frontier life. The idea had never entered my head before, but as I turned it over in my mind I saw that it ought to be possible for me to get more real life into a work of imagination than into a bare record of fact. The work would be fiction, but taking it as a whole it might produce a truer impression of certain aspects of life than a literal chronicle of events that had actually happened. So I wrote *But in our Lives*.

It was a novel with a purpose, of course. For every novel must have *some* purpose. Neither men nor women take the trouble to write a novel and not have a purpose of some kind in what they are doing. But what the purpose was I left the book itself to disclose. It was disappointing, then, to find that most reviewers saw in it only a tale of frontier adventure. I had failed to make them see that the frontier adventure was only the symbol or outward manifestation of a spiritual adventure, and that though I described adventures on the Indian frontier I meant it to be only typical of the adventures men have in their lives in whatever sphere those lives may be led.

One pitfall I fell into. I made my characters too good. I did not realise this until the reviews came. But when I could create my own characters I had instinctively shrunk from creating bad in them. If I could create a man good, why on earth should I create him bad? And in spite of the reviewers I am not sure even now that I was not right. The great mass of men and women we meet are not sinks of iniquity. We know that they, like ourselves, have their delinquencies, and we allow for them. But if we were writing their biographies and wanted to picture them as they really were, it would not be on their iniquities that we would specially dwell. We would speak of them as one gentleman would of another, and I cannot see why novel-writers should not do the same.

It was the fashion at one time and among certain writers to make their characters not so much good as goody. But the reaction against goodiness has gone too far. Many writers now pose as being more wicked than anybody in the least wants them to be. They write merely for the sake of shocking; and they write about terribly third-rate people whom no one wants to know about. There are third-rate men and women in the highest classes of society; and there are first-rate people in every class, the highest as well as the lowest. But it is in the first-rate that we are most interested, and in their best qualities, not their worst. So I dare say after all I was not very much to be blamed for creating good characters while I could. If people are interested in bad characters they can read about them every day in the papers.

One enjoyment I got out of writing the novel. I could make my hero do all that I ought to have done but did not do myself. I made Evan Lee stick to his regiment in the most exemplary way; but I found difficulty in keeping him there, and I did not really get going till I had taken him to the frontier. Then I felt more in my element. The character I most enjoyed creating was not the hero, though, but Truman. I wanted him to be a true spiritual genius—more malleable and fluid than the soldier, and yet as bent as any soldier on working for the good of his country.

But writing books has not been my whole occupation. I have also delivered lectures at a variety of institutions and societies. I have been frequently asked to speak on India or Tibet or the Himalaya. Some of my best audiences were undergraduate societies at Oxford and Cambridge and at Liverpool and Leeds. Westminster School was also arrayed in full before me on one occasion. And at the Working Men's College, the Oxford House, and the Eton Mission in the East End I have had keen audiences to speak to.

The Royal Colonial Institute, the Victoria League, and the Aldershot Military Society I addressed on various aspects of our relationship with India. And I delivered the Cust Memorial Lecture at Nottingham University, choosing as my subject, 'India, the Need of Faith,' and stressing the importance of religion in our attitude towards India. And, on the invitation of the Indian Students' Hostel in London, I gave an address on 'The Spiritual Outlook,' warning the students against assuming too readily that our civilisation must be all material and mechanical, and telling them of my belief that the whole tendency of modern thought was away from materialism and towards a spiritual view of life, so that if they wished to be thoroughly up to date they should be spiritual to the highest degree.

Rectors have on several occasions invited me to speak in their churches. That most saintly of men, the late Bishop Pereira, as Rector of All Hallows, asked me to deliver an address in that ancient City church on 'God in Nature.' He had read my *Heart of Nature*, and believed that the view of God which I had received from my intimate contact with wild Nature would interest City men. I am not sure that it did, for City men start with the view that explorers should confine themselves to exploration and leave religion to the divines. However, I felt honoured at the Bishop's invitation.

In my own parish of Westerham I have been asked to speak in the church on Armistice Day, Empire Day, and on a Sunday during the General Strike. Speaking in church is a difficult matter for a layman. There is something very cold-blooded about it. He has not even the advantage of a pulpit. He just has to advance to the steps of the chancel and speak. And the audience make no response. They sit there prepared for the worst, and in that drowsy state we most of us reach after an hour of alternate prayers and hymns. On other occasions when speaking in church I have attempted nothing more than reading my address. But when asked to speak on the General Strike I screwed up my courage to speak without notes in order to be more effective. The address was within an ace of being a failure, for I got such a chill on my feelings that my throat and lips became as dry as paper, and it was all I could do to get the words out. Since then I have had the profoundest sympathy with our gallant clergymen who struggle on year in and year out in this Everestian atmosphere so devoid of oxygen. One sermon a Sunday is the most we ought to expect of any single man. And one sermon a month would be nearer the mark of human capacity.

Two years ago I was made President of the Sociological Society in succession to Lord Balfour, and in my Presidential address I attempted to show the objections there are to the theory that all men are equal, that all men are brothers, and that all men should be free. Not equality but gradation—higher and lower—is the rule of the Universe, I argued. Men are indeed connected with each other, and there is close human affinity; but while some really are brothers, most are very distant cousins. And freedom is never unconditioned: it is only a relative term: we never could be absolutely free. The necessary thing was neither freedom, nor equality, nor brotherhood, but a sense of society, and an *esprit de corps* for that society, whether it was the family, or the firm, or the regiment, or the country, or the whole community of countries in which we had to make our lives. We must feel our connectedness — the responsibility of each individual to work for the whole and of the whole to work for individuals; and of the higher to recognise their dependence on the lower and look after their welfare, and of the lower to recognise the ability of the higher to raise them in the scale of being. And every whole should recognise that it is only a partial whole, and is included in the only one true whole, the whole Universe, and must therefore strive to animate itself more fully with the Spirit of that whole from which all these lesser ones have sprung.

To the Royal Society of Literature I gave an address on 'Culture as the Bond of Empire'—culture based on religion. And in addresses to the Quest Society on 'The Sense of Community' and 'Mother World,' and to Leeds University Philosophical Society on 'Patriotism,' and to the Guildhouse Society in London on 'The Basis of all Education,' I developed this idea of *esprit de corps* in various directions. And in the Leeds address I urged that if we wanted peace we must learn of war. It was not to be supposed that war and conflict were so universal as they were if there were no good in them. That good we must learn to appreciate and develop. If peace were only ease and sloth and luxury and flabbiness, we would deserve war and would get it. We would only deserve peace if we kept ourselves as fit in body, mind, and spirit, and be as ready to sacrifice ourselves for the common good, as experience taught us we had to be in war.

I tried also to interest the Press in religion, though without success. I saw the editor of a leading London daily paper—he would consider it *the* leading paper—and pointed out that while great space was given in daily papers to politics, sport, and business, and a little to art, hardly any was given to religion. I suggested to him that English people were more interested in religion than appeared, and that more attention to it should be beneficial to his paper, even from a business point of view. He did not agree. It was already difficult enough, he said, to find room for what he had to put in, and he could not provide more. Then I turned to the editor of a Sunday paper. With him I argued that people had quite enough of politics, business, and sport on the six week-days, and would be glad of a change on Sundays. Why not try a little religion ? No ; politics were applied religion, he said. That was what the people wanted—not religion.

Rebuffed in both directions, I unburdened my soul in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* which I called ' Savages or Saints ? ' and in which I argued that spiritually we were at present savages—only at the barbaric stage of existence ; and that it was up to us to determine whether we would remain savages, or learn to appreciate the beauty of holiness and develop all the splendid possibilities within us. Whether the article had the slightest effect I know not. I never heard that it had.

So I keep on instilling, drop by drop, the results of my experience. Not often is there much obvious effect. But one deep satisfaction I have already had. During the Empire Exhibition there was organised under the tactful chairmanship of Sir Denison Ross, Director of the School of Oriental Studies, a Conference of the Religions of the Empire: Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Confucianism, Taoism, and the primitive religions of Asia, Africa, and America, all being represented; and not only the 'orthodox' form of each, but also the latest developments, such as the Brahmoism in Hinduism, and Bahaiism in Islam. No discussion was allowed, for professors of different religions are not yet accustomed to meeting for friendly debate, and more harm than good might have resulted. But the exponent of each was asked to give a clear and concise account of his own faith. All went off without a hitch, and the collected addresses were afterwards published. And when the book was reviewed in the Press a certain Dean, renowned more for the gloom than the sunniness of his disposition, was good enough to say that my opening address was one of the two gems of the collection, and to make some very appreciative comments on it.

I was gratified by his appreciation, but still more by my wife's joy in this commendation. She has had to suffer through my absorption in this work. To all appearance I have missed much that I perhaps might have had if I had continued on the conventional lines of a Government servant; and there has not been much apparent return. But this appreciation was. The thirty years' devotion which I had given to this cause was beginning to have its effect. And none took greater pride in seeing some result than my wife.

And as the years go by I am more and more convinced that I took the right line in devoting myself to religion. Throughout the world religion is to-day at a very critical stage. The Bolshevists are openly antagonistic to it, and with incredible energy are seeking to destroy it. England itself is full of their pernicious propaganda. Religion is derided and immorality encouraged. Islamic countries, too, are losing their ancient faith in God and turning to materialism. Thousands of men of every form of religion who went to the war came back 'disillusioned,' as it is called. The faiths in which they were brought up they came to look upon as trumpery and of no real use in life. So religion to many millions in every country is now at a discount.

No one who cares for his country can allow this to continue. If, as the editor of the Sunday paper told me, politics is applied religion, then any tampering with our religion will harmfully affect our politics ; and if we want to keep our politics sound we must look to our religion. It is being threatened by some and is failing to attract others ; it must be given the power to repel and the charm to attract. It needs examination and reinforcement. The restatement and renovation of our religious beliefs is the most urgent need of our time.

And, indifferent as men appear to be, and in all too many cases are, to religion, I believe that in England there is a strong and deep religious sentiment. It only needs that we should bring it out. The various churches, under heavy discouragements, are doing a noble work in sustaining the religious life of the country, and each, as we can, should help them in this work. In politics we have by our example been a steadying influence in the world these hard years since the war. In the sphere of religion we can render a vastly greater service. We can bring the world to truer religion. We can make a spiritual contribution which will sweeten the life of all mankind.

This is my conclusion, and it is confirmed by my experience of the greatest men with whom I have had to do.

CHAPTER XXI

GREATEST MEN

Often as I think over the greatest men I have had the privilege of meeting, I have asked myself whether that spirituality to which I have just referred would have been compatible with their greatness; or if it would have militated against their success? Was their greatness only to be achieved by eschewing spirituality, or could the two go together? Must a great man be a hard man? These are the questions I have asked myself. And I have been brought to this striking conclusion, that, being hardy rather than hard, tenderness was one of their most remarkable traits, and had been as essential as hardihood for their success. They have been men of oak rather than of iron. They have had their seasons when they showed the tender foliage of the tree. They did not all the year round show the unbending hardness of the metal. The relentless man of iron is only found in novels and the press and in Russian revolutions. The ordinary great man one meets in the street is of the same composition as ourselves.

Rhodes and Kitchener loom largest, and are most generally thought of as belonging to the hard, severely practical, unyielding type; so I will consider them first.

I saw Rhodes both at the zenith of his power and in the depth of his fall. He had his bad points. They were there sticking out for any one to see. The fundamental goodness of his nature was not so apparent ; and it is worth consideration. That he would throw over any one to achieve his own ends was the common view of him I heard expressed when I was in South Africa. But the event showed that he did not throw over Jameson after the Raid. Not even that blunder was allowed to disturb the friendship between the two men. And to a private secretary he was so devoted that when he died he was broken-hearted, and always in passing through Kimberley he went to his grave. With W. T. Stead he also kept up a firm friendship which lasted through life. Rhodes put on an armour of rudeness. In reality he had a tender and generous heart. He told me once that he was all sentiment —that he was always being carried away by sentiment. I was astonished at the time, for he seemed to be the very model of the relentless business man. But his life showed that he was capable of great and true friendship ; his love of England and of South Africa was manifested by the energy, the money, and the time that he devoted to their good ; and his love of Oxford was shown in the generous contributions he made for her in his will. Rhodes was right : he was full of sentiment.

And he was full of *religious* sentiment. And he had not the Napoleonic hardness which only looked on religion as a useful means for the political end of securing order and keeping people quiet and contented. Religion was the very spring of his activities ; and if only he had taken more trouble about clarifying his religious ideas, his work for the world would have been incomparably greater than it was. At bottom Rhodes was a profoundly religious man. He was the son of a clergyman, and as a young man he had taken pains—though not enough—to learn how this world was run, and how he could best conform to the general intention. The orthodoxy in which he was brought up did not appeal to him ; but in abandoning the conventionalities he did not abandon religion. As Prime Minister at the Cape he strongly advocated religious instruction in the schools. He loved to get away alone in the mountains and the veldt, there to ruminate on the great mysteries of existence. He believed that the work he did was work which Providence meant him to do. He was impressed by men like General Booth and General Gordon as well as by Stead. And it was from his religion that he got both his driving force and his tenderness. His religion may have been crude and ill formed ; but religion was there, and it was the mainspring, not a political convenience or a social formality.

His opponent Kruger was of a very different stamp, though also of strong religious feeling. Kruger cared nothing for material progress. All he cared for was freedom for himself and his fellow-Boers to sit on their farms and smoke their pipes in peace. That those farms happened to contain untold wealth in gold, coal, and iron was for him a calamity rather than a blessing—though he did not mind closing his hand on such wealth as fell into it. Whilst Rhodes would develop the material resources of South Africa to the full, so as to make as many homes as he could, Kruger's view was that the fewer homes there were the better. He would rather not see a single other home from his own verandah. But he was a stout-hearted patriot in his way, and he put up a brave show against those whom he regarded as his country's enemies.

It was the Kaiser who let him down in the end. He had been led to count on German support. He was far too astute to have dreamed of fighting the British by himself. Nor need there have been a South African War if Rhodes had kept to his original plan of winning over the Dutch, and had waited till the more broad-minded and reasonable Joubert had succeeded Kruger.

There was that in both Rhodes and Kruger which might have saved war and brought harmony ; and that was not the hard but the tender part of each.

This brings me to Kitchener. For long he had the reputation of being a hard man of a dominating disposition, who liked to keep everything in his own hands. And Kitchener was hard in the sense of being exacting. He exacted a high standard of competency in those who served under him ; and for the incompetent man he had no use whatever. But he was not ruthless : he was acting under a stern sense of public duty. He himself put country first—country before his own private interests ; and he put it first in dealing with others. Only in that sense was he hard. Similarly with regard to his reputation for dominating. He did have a natural inclination to take up the commanding position wherever he was. He would assume the command even at a dance or a beat for big game. And in official matters he certainly liked to gather as much as he could into his own hands. But he was never arrogant in his dominating habits. In social life he assumed the commanding position in a good-humoured, cheery way. And in official life he was never so silly as to try to do everything himself. What he did, whenever he could, was to select men he knew and could trust, and then leave them freedom to do their own job. And the great Staff officers who came most directly in contact with him found him to be a genial and kindly chief who was ever ready to support them.

His personal staff he treated as his own sons. He had such affection for his A.D.C.'s that when one had to leave he was for days after like a bear with a sore head. One of them, Fitzgerald, he managed to keep with him long after he left India. The two went down together in the *Hampshire*, and Kitchener had provided liberally for him in his will.

He was easily the most impressive personality in any gathering of men—even, we hear, in conferences of the biggest men in Europe. And upon the Russians, especially, he produced a remarkably deep impression. But he did not thus impress men through any deliberate design of forcing himself upon them. He bore with him a sense of power, but a sense of sympathy too: he made men feel that he had consideration for their point of view as well as his own. He would and could stand up for his own, but he could see theirs, and was big enough to find a means of reconciling the two—of helping them as well as himself. Like Rhodes, he realised that in making a bargain both sides must be satisfied: the arrangement come to must be such as to satisfy both.

And it was probably this unsuspected power of sympathy which brought him his marvellous power of insight. He had the knack of instinctively going straight to the essential point and seeing what really mattered. He was a forward-looking man, too, and could see farther into the future than common men.

One last misconception about him needs finally removing. Because he was not married it was supposed that he did not like women. But he was not married not because he did not want to. He did. And he was chivalrous towards women; and with some—and these of the very best in England—he was on terms of firm and affectionate friendship.

In the case of Lord Kitchener there was no question of the finest tenderness going with great hardihood.

Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had much in common and much in which they differed. Kitchener was never so much a soldier as Roberts. He was an engineer to start with, and he always had strong inclination towards great administrative work. He wanted to be Viceroy of India, and would have been but for the opposition of the Secretary of State for India. King Edward wished it; the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) was agreeable; the retiring Viceroy (Lord Minto) recommended it; but Lord Morley opposed it. He had wanted also to be Ambassador at Constantinople. And he was convinced that his greatest service to his country would be rendered in the Peace Conference which must follow the Great War. He had thus a great disposition towards both administration and diplomacy. But Roberts had no such inclinations. He cared only for the military profession, and for the fighting part of it. But in war—in the fighting part of it—he had the same sure instinct that Kitchener had in general affairs. Like him, he could see straight away the essential thing to be done ; though in doing it he was more of an artist than Kitchener, and had the artist's touch and the sense of finish. He had more an attractive than an impressive personality like Kitchener's. And he did not give a sense of power so much as put heart into men. He had the way of carrying men along with him, giving them confidence in themselves and in him, and assuring them of victory. And both instinctively and deliberately he would exert himself to enter into the feelings of those dependent on him, to look after their interests, to show them that their interests were his interest, and in every way to know and be known by his troops and put himself on terms of friendship with them.

On the face of it, one would have supposed that a politician like Lord Morley, who would not go to war, even to carry out our treaty obligations with regard to Belgium, would have been the gentle, sympathetic, modest, unassuming man ; and that Roberts, the fighter, would have been the crafty, dominating autocrat. The contrary was the case. It was Morley who was the autocrat. For every ounce of sympathy that Morley possessed, Roberts had a pound. Keen fighter though he was, and with his whole heart in the fighting profession, he was the gentlest of men. He took an abiding interest in those about him, and had a genius for knowing and remembering the personal affairs of all who had to do with him. Letters and telegrams of congratulation, condolence, or encouragement issued daily from him. And it will be recalled that it was an act of sympathy that terminated his life. Finding that the Indian troops were not wearing greatcoats when he went to greet them in Flanders, he took off his own, and thereby caught the chill from which he died.

It was this sympathy which gained for him such devotion. If he could fight he could also win men. And he could win the admiration and respect even of his enemies. The Germans spoke with respect of him after his death. And of the two, Lord Roberts, who for years had warned Great Britain of the German danger and was ready to go into battle himself when the war came, or Lord Morley, who resigned office when war was declared, I should be very much surprised if even the Germans admired the politician more than the soldier.

Many interest themselves in the public affairs of England and India who are actuated much more by love of pushing a doctrine than by love of country. Lord Curzon was a patriot through and through. He did not trouble overmuch about doctrine, but he had a great love for his country, and a very genuine affection for India. He had personal ambition. All his life he aimed at being Prime Minister, and most people think he would not have refused a dukedom if it had been offered him. But these personal ambitions never stood in the way of his devotion to his country ; and he worked prodigiously for her. The public service he ever put first.

The tragedy was that with all his industry, all his ability, all his training, all his public spirit, he never accomplished what another with half his ability and a quarter of his industry would by that little magic touch of intuition easily have effected. Neither Roberts nor Kitchener ever worked so hard as Curzon did, nor were even they more dutiful public servants ; but they possessed this instinct which Curzon never had—or which, if he had once possessed it, was rooted out of him by his University training, and by having to be perpetually arguing in debate.

His main object in India was, in accordance with Queen Victoria's especial wish, to diminish the gulf between British and Indians. Kitchener could have done this if he had been Viceroy, for while he inspired awe he had also great fundamental consideration, and this power of intuition which enabled him to see essentials and dwell on things which really mattered. But Curzon only widened the gulf. He did much for India and imparted new vigour to the whole administration ; but he did not bring British and Indians closer together : he parted them further asunder. He did really love India, but he did not secure the affection of the Indians, and he aroused animosity among the British.

The truth is, his manner was against him. It was this which repelled when men were perfectly ready to be attracted. A few years with a regiment in the place of an Oxford education might have improved it, and its worst features might have been toned down instead of being accentuated if he had spent in the House of Commons the seven years which he devoted to India. As it was, he never got that hold over his fellow-countrymen which his devotion to his country should have brought him. And at the climax of his career another was chosen and he was left. It was a cruel blow, and it hurt Curzon to the quick. Yet so firm was his sense of duty that in public he never showed by one quiver what he felt; and he contrived to serve his country to the very day of his death, and in his last moments bequeathed to her treasures of her past which he himself had greatly prized.

Mr. Baldwin had shown that he possessed just what Lord Curzon lacked. He may not have had the training, or the wide experience, or the ability of Lord Curzon, or have worked anything like so hard. But he had the manner which dissolves antagonism where it is instead of arousing it where it is not. He had no desire to prove his superiority over his colleagues or over his party, or even over his political opponents. He preferred to seek some common ground upon which he and they could work together for the country's good. And being constantly engaged in this endeavour, he had developed a capacity for trusting his fellow-men which gave him an immense hold over them. They felt sure that he was not working to fulfil any private ambition of his own, but solely for the common good. And, as the good of the whole does in the long run benefit each individual who composes that whole, all—or at least a good majority—worked willingly with him. Mr. Baldwin won by his good manner what Lord Curzon lost by his bad manner. Ability, hard work, and experience counted as nothing in comparison with manner.

Yet Curzon with all his unfortunate ways was a very sensitive man, and *intended* to be a very considerate man. His superior airs arose more from a contempt for incompetence than from any desire to overbear. He worked hard himself, and strove to do to the best each thing he took up ; and if he would take this trouble to be efficient he could not brook incompetence in others. But with efficient men he was in warmest sympathy. Those who had served under him when anything big had to be done were devoted to him. And in private friendship he was tender as well as true. On occasions he could show gentler feeling and warmer consideration than most women ; and personally I had a deeper affection for Lord Curzon than for any man outside my own family.

I may add that Lord Curzon was also a religious man. His views were not very orthodox, and I have heard him make scathing comments on much that is taught as religion. But fundamentally he was religious. He had deep respect for religion as such, and a profound reverence for sacred things.

There are other Englishmen, of whom Lord Grey of Fallodon may be taken as the type, who have the manner which Lord Curzon lacked, and who have many other high qualities. They are sound and dependable and rich in that saving common sense which Tennyson ascribed to Wellington. Every word they utter is heavy with wisdom. Of public spirit, too, they are full. They love their beautiful English homes, and the pleasant country life, with its fishing and shooting and hunting, and birds and trees and gardens. But from a sense of duty they give it up for the toil and clamour of public life in crowded London. They are the backbone of our national life, and we could not do without them.

Yet we are capable of bringing forth greater men than these, and it is superlatively needful that we should. Besides backbone, and besides brains, we want *spirit*. Besides the wooden virtues, over and above steadiness and common sense, beyond cleverness and even wisdom, we want all that is implied in flexibility, mobility, fluidity, originality; we want dash and daring, initiative, fire, and imagination. We may give an excessive attention to solidity and not sufficiently appreciate these higher qualities of leadership. The sound, solid men are good enough as supports. But they are not moving *spirits*. They are not the men to make the country *go*. When the country had need to go—and go all out—they were found too sticky for the pace.

For supreme leadership what is wanted is a quality which has a touch in it of something beyond common sense and steadiness of character—something which will consist of these up to a certain point and then fling them to the winds, and greatly dare without them. We had glimpses of it when

Haig, after long preparation, suddenly smashed through the German lines on August 8th, and then kept on and on at the enemy in a battle of three months, without ever a break, till the war was closed. Byng showed it when he made his lightning stroke at Cambrai. We could catch a sight of it, too, in Beatty's fights in the North Sea, in Fisher's activities at the Admiralty, in Maude's advance on Baghdad, and in Allenby's campaign in Palestine. It is a quality which does not disdain caution and forethought and detailed preparation. It makes the fullest use of these. But it can rise high above them when the great occasion compels, and bring into an action that precious something which will transfigure it with glory.

The ' Nelson touch ' is as good a description of it as any ; and Nelson is still the best example of it. Though even in the present day there is one man I have met who I fondly like to think would have shown it to perfection had he survived. I have already, in the chapter on Chitral, referred to Major Roddy Owen. If Nelson had been born instead of being killed in 1805 he would have come to maturity in peaceful times, there would have been no great events to force this high quality out of him, and we should have known nothing of it. Owen died of cholera on the Nile during the advance to Omdurman, when by his daring in West and East African campaigns he had only just begun to show the spirit that was in him. Had he lived to take part in the battle of Omdurman, in the South African War, and in the Great War, he might in the end have been killed, but he would, in my belief, have established himself in the very first rank of our national heroes. For he was a born leader. He fell naturally into the forefront in whatever company he was in. He had, like Kitchener, the power of impressing himself on men. And he had the same capacity as Roberts for attaching men to him and carrying them along with him. He was a perfect artist in his insight into essentials and love of finish. And he had a quite peculiar gift of so fighting as to make a friend of his enemy.

He would throw himself cheerily into the life about him, whether it were gaiety, sport, or war, and be the soul of any company he was in. And he was full of ambition too. He was determined to gain distinction in whatever he took up. Always he had with him the highest standard of what a good sportsman, a good fellow, and a good soldier should be. If he were racing he would be the finest gentleman-rider of the day. If he were soldiering he would do something big for the Empire. He would put his full power into what he was at, and he had the happy knack of getting others to put theirs in too.

His nerve and daring, both in speech and action, would make men gasp; but it was balanced by the nicest judgment. He was never simply rash. And he was always beautifully in hand; keenly observant of all that went on around him, alert to make the most of the slightest advantage, and ready to go all out to the very *out*most when it came to the finish. And he not only waited for opportunities: he went eagerly out to *make* them. He was a forward-reaching man.

Quick and hot and effective in resenting an injury he might be. And he would stand up gallantly against the roughest. But he was far more inclined to see good than evil in men. He knew them well and liked their company, and they liked him. His pluck, his gay spirit, his good fellowship when racing, had made him a popular favourite in England. And he had in him all the elements which go to make a great national hero. He was of the very type we most need.

But Roddy Owen never had the chance of proving himself on the great scale. And for a supreme example of English genius for leadership and of those qualities which are most necessary in national life, we have still to go back to Nelson. And it is well to go back to him again and again.

Nelson was no hard and rough sea-dog. He was not even a sportsman. He disliked shooting, and never played games. And he was insignificant in appearance. But he was of a high sensitivity and of infinite fire. He had an instinct for instant and vigorous action. And in great action his whole being throve and flourished. *Then* he saw no difficulties ; and dangers only quickened his spirit. If, for the honour of his country, it was worth while to take a risk, then in God's name he would get to work and take it. He would gather together and throw the whole in at the decisive point and stake all on the issue—his own life included. And he was never content with gaining only a victory.

Annihilation was his aim. His zeal for England's glory was satisfied with nothing less.

With this single object ever in view he would ceaselessly watch for any opportunity, and never let the slightest go by unused. Of every favouring breath of wind he would make the utmost. And he would foresee every eventuality and make preparations for it—and see to it that his captains understood his plans so that all would work as one mind. And when, after long watching and waiting, the great opportunity came, and he had issued the last order, he would trust the event to God.

For Nelson was a deeply religious man. He was convinced that God was with him and that, in his frequent phrase, the blessing of God would rest upon his endeavours. Scott, his private secretary, said that he probably never went to bed or got up without kneeling down to say his prayers. Before going into battle at Trafalgar he was discovered on his knees by the signal officer, and on his desk afterwards was found his famous prayer for victory. And when victory did come to him, as at the Battle of the Nile, he commenced his despatch by ascribing it to God.

And with all his impetuosity to ' annihilate ' the enemy, he was chivalrous to his foes after victory. He ordered boats to be lowered to rescue drowning French soldiers at the Nile. And he prayed before Trafalgar that ' humanity after victory might be the predominant feature of the British Fleet.' When his enemies could no longer harm his country he would treat them as fellow-men.

Nor was Nelson either the hard disciplinarian of the Wellington type or the callous superman of the Napoleon type. He was of a kindly and generous temper. As a Captain he was devoted to his ship's company and full of praise for them. As an Admiral his captains were a band of brothers. He had a quick, eager sympathy, and he was more prone to idealise than to criticise ; to say the kind thing rather than the harsh. His charm of manner was irresistible. He had a power of winning confidence and inspiring attachment and affection which spread from the Fleet to the whole country.

He committed one grievous error which need not be referred to here beyond noting that its worst consequences were in dividing his mind and his soul at the crisis of his career. At the moment when it was most necessary that he should be at one with himself and be able to put his whole undivided self at his country's service, he was torn in two. And being thus at conflict with himself he became petulant to Government, and made things harder for them than he need have done. That defect in him must not be slurred over. There is no need to throw stones ; but there is need to note that such faults do prevent a man working his full best for his country. Setting that aside, however, what we have to note is that Nelson was of an exceptionally affectionate nature. His brother-officers he would address in the most endearing terms. Over the death of a favourite midshipman he grieved as for the loss of his own son. And for the welfare of his men he cared in a way unknown in those days.

And this affection for his comrades, this zeal for his country's honour, this chivalry to foes, and this unfailing trust in God—all combined with his daring and courage—have made him more loved than any other of our national heroes. Wellington is admired. Nelson is loved. A wreath is never seen on Wellington's statue. On Nelson's every year wreaths are sent from all over the Empire. The man of saving common sense, the stern disciplinarian, will always be honoured. But the man of impetuous daring and of great-hearted love Englishmen have quite rightly placed on the highest pedestal in the heart of their capital city.

So it was Nelson, more than all the heroes of the present great times—more, too, than any hero of the past—who had that rare something above and beyond wisdom, above and beyond character, which we treasure as most precious in our national life. And Nelson was the most spiritual of our heroes—the most religious, the most affectionate-natured, and the finest fibred.

Thus spirituality is not inconsistent with greatness, and does not militate against success in great action. Greatness is not achieved by eschewing spirituality. Those who have had to contend against the hardest realities and meet the gravest emergencies have manifested a spirituality of the finest order. In their fierce and earnest striving they have had experience of a spirit within them and about them which has first unbent, loosened, and melted them, and then set them vehemently striving after the very best they can conceive for their country.

In the English genius tenderness is not incompatible with hardihood. It goes with it. And the two are equally essential ingredients in the highest leadership.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FLOWER OF ENGLAND

WHEN these great men of whom I have written devoted their lives to their country they must have longed that she should love them as they had loved her. And it behoves us, their successors, to enter into their spirit, so that it may enter into us and enable us to carry on their work.

Their bodily, their material presence, can never be with us again. But their *real* presence, their spiritual presence, we may make ourselves feel to-day and whenever we will. And a sustained effort to feel it will be our best memorial to them. We may do much more than only remember them—than have them only as *memories*. We can experience for ourselves their ambitions and hopes and aspirations ; we can think again their thoughts and ideas ; we can wish again their most ardent desires ; we can live as they would have had us live ; till we shall feel them still living in us, and through us still carrying on the work they had so strenuously set their hearts upon. And in no better way can we return the love which they so generously gave to England than by seeing that England makes a worthy contribution to the world.

And what does the light of experience show is the best contribution that we English, here at the heart of the whole British Empire, can make for the good of mankind ? What special gift is it in our power to offer to the Empire, and through the Empire to the world ?

This is a matter I used often to ponder over in my travels abroad. Being accustomed to observe and reflect on the character and activities and possible developments of the Russian, Chinese, and Indian Empires, I used to carry the same habits of observation and reflection with me when I travelled in France and Italy, Egypt and America. I would have only a glance at those countries ; still, when your whole training has been to observe and to act on your observations and reflections you can see a good deal. You can often see a leading characteristic better than if you had lived for years in the country and devoted yourself to a meticulous study of it. And the object I had in view in observing France, Italy, and other countries was not to form any conclusions as to what they might or ought to become : it was rather to compare them with my own country and get hints as to what *she* should be made to become. I looked at them, marked what seemed to me their good and bad points, compared them with our own good and bad points, and then thought how we could profit by their example.

From some height in Paris, New York, Rome, or Cairo I would look down on the crowds swarming like ants in the streets—seeming so busy but looking so puny in their queer hurryings to and fro. They were all engaged at something or other, I knew ; they were not wandering aimlessly around.

But what were they busy about? What should I wish for my countrymen that *they* should be busy about? And how could I influence them to achieve it?

These were the thoughts I had. But who was I to be of any influence? How could a single individual have any effect? How could any *one* of those myriad little mites effectively influence the others? They were so numerous and so minute, it seemed impossible that a single speck among them could produce much effect. Yet I knew that, as a fact, even one of those mites does at times profoundly affect millions of others. The thing is not impossible. And if the marvel is possible, in what direction would I wish my own countrymen to be influenced?

In Rome, particularly, such thoughts came to me. As I stood on an eminence, with both the ancient and the modern city spread out before me, and with the crowds hurrying to and fro below, as they must have hurried, without a day's cessation, for three thousand years, I would wonder what in the end should we most like as the result of all this busyness. It was from this very spot that men had gone forth nearly two thousand years ago to conquer and civilise Britain and to occupy it longer than we have been in India. It was to this very spot that a missionary had come from Palestine nineteen hundred years ago preaching a new religion. And it was from here that five hundred years later another missionary went forth to convert my own country to this new religion. Greatness had come to Britain through both Julius Caesar and St. Augustine. Could not England in return contribute to the world some original greatness of her own?

This was the question which incessantly came to my mind. Now, in every country I had observed that the buildings it was most proud of, and which foreigners most admired, were not government, or commercial, or industrial buildings, or even art galleries, but religious buildings—churches. And I had noted also that the men whose memory a country most honoured and revered were not great conquerors or statesmen, or even great poets, but saints. In Italy not even Dante is so revered as St. Francis. And in France even Napoleon is not so revered as Joan of Arc. The church and monument to the saint are outward and visible signs that the deepest devotion of men is poured out on religion and those who most perfectly profess it. This has been so in the past. And when we consider the way in which people flock to the churches in times of great national crisis, and the pilgrimages that are made to the scenes of a saint's activities, as to Assisi, we may believe that it is so to-day. And observation of this phenomenon confirmed me in my conviction that the chief greatness of a country must be a greatness based on religion.

If England is to display any original greatness it must, I was convinced, be founded on religion. But in what should it *flower*? That is what I was always thinking over. We are not content with only wisdom and common sense and steadfastness of character. Even now we aspire after the Nelson quality. But is there anything better still that we could contribute to the world, and by our contribution excite the admiration and secure the gratitude of all mankind ? I believe there is. And it is something which Nelson himself possessed at heart, or he would never have been able to attach men to him as he did. It is nothing inconsistent with the quality our greatest men have shown. It is a development of it. They have formed the bud. This will form the full flower.

From both knowing my country well, and also being accustomed to view her from a distance, I can perhaps see what many are blind to. And I see in England a quality which is not indeed peculiar to her in the sense that it is found in her and in no other country, but which she does possess in a special degree, and is capable of developing further yet till it expands into the very flower for which we seek.

When a stranger lands in England and travels to London, either from Dover through Kent, or from Plymouth through Devon and Somerset, he is transported with delight. Everything is so fresh, so green, so neat, so homely. The whole country is a garden. Other countries may be grand with the splendour of titanic mountains. Others may be spacious with the freedom of wide plains and open prairies. But over England there is a wondrous beauty which is all her own.

For where do the flowers smell so sweet, or the fruits taste so good, or the birds sing so sweetly as in England ? What is so sweet as an English cottage, an English garden, or an English village church ? Where else is there such sweetness as in English children ? Have we not still the tradition that Pope Gregory called them angels when he saw them in the Roman market? And who is so sweet as an English girl or an English nurse? And what singing is so sweet as an English song? What words so sweet as an English poem?

And this English sweetness has nothing insipid about it—nothing of the hothouse or the drawing-room. It is of the fields and the woods and the open air; of the primrose and the hedge-rose, the thrush and the blackbird; strong to endure the winter of pain and suffering, and to burst forth in the spring-time as the perpetual song of a soul in directest contact with the loving heart of the world.

We are still rough, and too often coarse and vulgar, and we have much yet in us to transform. Our English sweetness may take many a long year more to come to its full perfection. But if we could bring it to maturity it would be something which would purify the most dissolute and gladden the heart of the saddest, shed a new joy over the world, and compel all other countries to it. I believe we have it in us to produce it. And I believe it is this which should be our special contribution to our fellows.

This is what may be if we will it. But if this maturity of sweetness is to be produced it must spring from that blend of hardihood and tenderness that our greatest men have always shown. The hardihood is our own; the tenderness we owe to Christianity. I do not say that Hinduism and Buddhism do not also inculcate tenderness; but it is from Christianity that ours has come. It was Christianity that taught us that we are all members one of another, and must therefore show chivalry, compassion, and consideration. We might have been confirmed upholders of the frightfulness doctrines if Christianity had not brought us its large lovingkindness. And this strain of tenderness which has come to us through Christianity we shall have to fuse still more closely with our own native hardihood till the blend is complete.

Taking not the letter of the Gospel records but the true spirit of Christ as our guide, we will both make Christianity our own and make our own Christianity. We will absorb its spirit, assimilate it, and give it out in our own way. The fibre of our native hardihood we will toughen to infrangibility ; and the tenderness we will let melt us to the tear point. When we have accomplished this we may hope to bring forth something really original and arising clearly out of ourselves. And the product will be the flower of England, which in time will ripen into fruit, and scatter its seeds over all the world to bring new beauty into every land.

Already we have seen the warmth in the heart beneath the tough exterior integument of our greatest men. In the fulness of time the bud will open and the colour burst forth in all its glory. Made perfect through winter's suffering, through strain and stress and stern discipline, there will come to flower in England a true spiritual genius—one who will embody and express the genius of the whole great world out of which we were born and in which we live and move and have our being, reveal to us its most hidden beauties and fill us with everlasting joy and gladness.

And he will be a religious genius of our own, speaking in our own tongue to men of our own day. He will do as Jesus did — look into the heart of things for himself, and from that Divine Source of all that is most good and most lovely and most true draw the inspiration which will make him say and do what will bring refreshment to the souls of men. He will take the ancient Gospel as Shakespeare took some ancient story, and by the fire of his genius impart to it a fresh life and a new meaning. And he will live the life as well as tell the story, and so make England a land of pilgrimage for all the world.

Compared with such a one even the greatest of the past will be only the preparers of the way. Greater even than Shakespeare or Milton, Fox, Wesley, or Nelson, and English as these to the core, he will yet be so universal that every other country will claim him as its own. He will speak for all men because he will be speaking out of the mouth of that God which is in every single one of us.

This is what the light of experience shows me it should be the ambition of England to produce. Our special contribution to the world should be one who can instil a divine sweetness into mankind.

INDEX

Abruzzi, Duke of, 178.
Albert Victor, Prince, 49.
Alexander, Professor S., 227.
Amar Singh, Raja Sir, 176.
Americans, relations with, 251.
Amir of Afghanistan, 4.
Ampthill, Lord, 103.
Aristotelian Society, chap. xvii.

Baldwin, Mr. Stanley, 285.
Bayley, Sir Charles, 157.
Bell, Colonel Mark, 12, 13, 28, 32, 37.
Bell, Moberly, 121.
Benares case, 167.
Bergson, Professor, 222, 229.
Boers, 127.
Bosanquet, Professor Bernard, 226.
Bozai Gumbaz, 59, 63.
Bradley, F. H., 223.
Brahmo Samaj, 162.
Brander, Colonel, 93, 102.
British Army in France, 256.
British officers, 66.
Bruce, Hon. C. G., 67.
Bundi, 141-2.
——, Maharaja of, 142, 145, 151, 152.
Butler, Nicholas Murray, 249.

Campbell, Dr. R. J., 295.
——, Dr. W. W., 250.
Carr, Professor Wildon, 229.
Chamberlain, Joseph, 131.
Chilas, 181.
China as a military Power, 40.
Chinese, character of, 25.
Chinese Turkestan, 31.
Chitral, chap. vi.
Choate, Ambassador, 249.
Connaught, Duke of, 49.
Croce, 229, 230.
Cromer, Lord, 117.
Cronje, Commandant, 126.
Crosthwaite, Sir Robert, 138.
Curzon, Lord, 63; and Chitral, 68, 76; India, 80; and Tibet, 81, 84, 90, 102, 111; 149, 152; conflict with Kitchener, 166, 209; character of, 283.
Cust, Henry, 131, 133, 137, 204.

Dalai Lama of Tibet, 98.
Daniell, Major, 110, 181.
D'Arcy, Archbishop, 233, 234-6.
Darjiling, 82.
Deoli, 141.
Dufferin, Lord, 4, 8, 16.
Durand, Colonel Algernon, 43, 65.
——, Sir Mortimer, 44.

Esprit de corps, 271.
Everest, Mount, 84, 257.

Famine, Indian, 145.
Forbes, Hon. Cameron, 251.
Forbes, Mrs., 251.
Frontier method, 110.

Gabet, Père, 96.
Geographical Society of Paris, 259.
Germans and India, 17.
Gilgit, 43.
Gobi Desert, 30.
Gordon, Lieutenant J. H., 67.
Goschen, Sir Edward, 22.
Grand Fleet, 256.
Grey, Lord, of Falloden, 286.
Grombtchevsky, Captain, 44, 45, 54, 55.
Gurdon, Lieutenant B. E. M., 71, 78, 181.

Haig, Sir Douglas, 87.
Haldane, Professor J. S., 232.
Haldane, Lord, 252.
Hari Singh, Maharaja Sir, 182.
Hart, Sir Robert, 24, 25.
Hastings, Warren, 110, 167.
Haworth, Lieutenant, 149.
Head, Dr., 232.
Himalaya, 35.
Hinks, A. R., 257.
Holkar, Maharaja, of Indore, 152.
Huc, Père, 96.

India, our position in, 11; sedition in, 173.
Indian Army, 17.
Indian States, chap. xiv.
Indore, chap. xii.
Inge, Dean, 233.

Jacob, Lieutenant, 149.
James, Sir Evan, 12, 18.
——, William, 206.
Jameson, Dr., 125.
Johannesburg, 122.
Joubert, General, 126.

Kangchenjunga, 82.
Karakoram Pass, 54.
Karo La, fight at, 97.
Kashgar, 32.
Kashmir, chap. xiii.
——, frontier, 43.
——, late Maharaja of, 174-6.
Khamba Jong, 84.
King Edward, 103, 165.
Kipling, Rudyard, 7, 8.
Kitchener, Lord, and Tibet, 85, 86, 104; in Kashmir, 169; character of, 279.
Kruger, President, 127-9, 278.
Kuropatkin, General, 9.

Landon, Perceval, 98.
Lansdowne, Lord, 48, 61.
Lhasa, chap. viii.
Lolab Valley, 183.
Lowell, Percival, 250.
——, President, 250.

Macartney, Sir George, 53, 58.
Macdonald, General, J. R. L., 88, 89, 91-5, 102.
Macgregor, Sir Charles, 10, 12, 13.
McTaggart, Dr. J. E., 212-19.
McWatt, Dr., 149.
Manchuria, 11.
Manners-Smith, Lieutenant, 66.
Mastuj, 68.
Minto, Lord, 170, 172.
Moore, G. E., 225, 226.
Morgan, C. Lloyd, 233.
Morley, Lord, 172, 282.
Mustagh Pass, 35, 36.

Nanak Chand, 155, 158-9.
Nelson, 288, 290.
Newbolt, Sir Henry, 220.

O'Connor, Sir Frederick, 82, 89, 98, 102.
——, Sir Nicholas, 19.
Owen, Major 'Roddy,' 72-5, 288.

Pamirs, 52, 53, chap. v.
Penjdeh incident, 5.
Petrovsky, 32, 56, 57.
Pope, the, 260.
Potala of Lhasa, 100.

Rashdall, Canon Hastings, 233, 234-6.
Reid, L. A., 229.
Rhodes, Cecil, and Jameson Raid, 121, 124; in Rhodesia, 131-6; character of, 276-9.
——, Colonel Frank, 122, 127.
Roberts, Lord, 7, 38, 39, 61; character of, 281.
Robertson, Sir George, 67, 71.
Roosevelt, 249.
Rosmead, Lord, 129.
Ross, Sir Denison, 273.
Royal Geographical Society, 257.
Russell, Hon. Bertrand, 219, 220, 224, 227, 248.
Russia, advance of, 3, 11; and Tibet, 80, 104; our attitude towards, 51, 106-9.
Russian officers, 20.
Russian 'scares,' 10.

Salisbury, Lord, 60.
Shand, A. F., 231.
Shaw, Bernard, 230.
Shelley, 206.
Shimshal Pass, 45, 55.
Simla, 9.
Smith, J. A., 228.
——, Sir James Dunlop, 148.
Sociological Society, 270.
Sorley, Professor, 219.
Spencer, Herbert, 202-3, 205, 206.
Stewart, Sir Donald, 5-7.

Taft, ex-President, 251.
Temple, Bishop, 237.
Tibet, chap. vii.
Tibetans, relations with, 101.
Ti Rimpoche, 98.
Tista Valley, 83.
Tseng, Marquis, 26.

Uitlanders, 123.

Wakefield, G. E. C., 149.
Walsh, Mr., 102.
Walsham, Sir John, 21-3, 29.
Ward, James, 219, 224.
Westerham, 269.
White, Claude, 81, 102.
Whitehead, Dr., 227.
Whitman, Walt, 206.
Wilton, Sir Ernest, 82, 89, 98.
Wolff, Miss, 266.
Wolseley, Lord, 130.
Wordsworth, 206.

Yanoff, Colonel, 58, 59, 60, 61.
Younghusband, Lady, 149, 273.
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